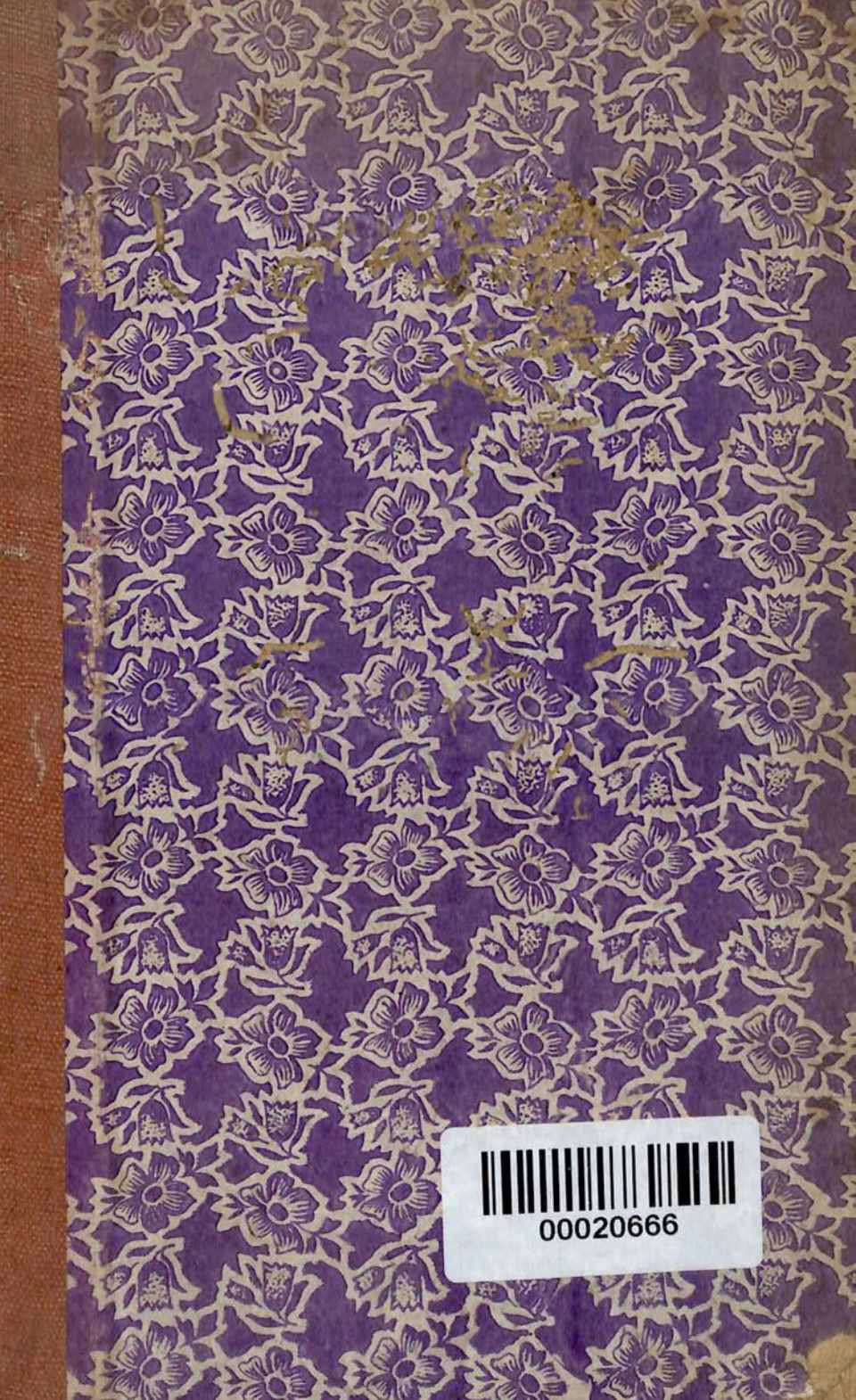
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LIVES

OF

THE LORDS STRANGFORD,

WITH

THEIR ANCESTORS AND CONTEMPORARIES
THROUGH TEN GENERATIONS.

BY

EDWARD BARRINGTON DE FONBLANQUE,

AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BURGOYNE,"
"THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF ALBANY FONBLANQUE," &c. &c. &c.

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TO

EMILY, VISCOUNTESS STRANGFORD,

THE LAST SURVIVING BEARER OF THE NAME,

This Volume is Inscribed

IN TOKEN OF

A LONG AND SINCERE FRIENDSHIP.

E. B. DE F.

London, 1877.

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LIVES
OF
THE LORDS STRANGFORD.

I.

CUSTOMER SMYTHE AND HIS DESCENDANTS.

A.D. 1552—1635.

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A.D. 1552 TO 1635.

In the early part of the reign of Henry II. we find "John Smythe,[1] Yeoman," settled in the parish of Corsham, Wilts, upon a freehold farm, which descended in unbroken succession from father to son through the course of two centuries, gradually increasing in extent. John Smythe, who by his will, dated in 1496, left considerable sums to be expended in several parishes in "masses for my sowle," had not only materially added to the paternal acres, but had acquired "a weeving mill," which thenceforth became an heirloom in the family, and we read in his will that "John Smythe, Clothier," who died in 1538, leaves a life interest in the mill to his wife, the daughter of Robert Brouncker, with remainder to a younger son.

In the next generation the family had risen above the rank of "yeoman and clothier." John Smythe is now described as gentleman, receives the grant of a coat

[1] In successive generations the name is variously spelt as Smyth, Smythe, Smith, and Smithe.

of arms, and marries a daughter of John Lygon, of Richard Castle, Herefordshire, Esquire. One of his younger brothers, Thomas, born in 1522, who inherited under his father's will "lands to the value of £20 in the Hundred of Ambresbury, Co. Wilts," instead of cultivating his acres, started off to London to seek his fortune, and what is more rare—to find it.

A stout-hearted, quick-witted lad, with the frame of a giant, adventurous and enterprising, sailing on voyages of discovery to distant lands, opening up new fields of commerce and industry, discovering a silver mine,[1] and finally marrying a Lord Mayor's daughter. This lady was Alice, co-heiress of Sir Andrew Judde,[2] the founder of Tunbridge Free School, whose wife's sister (daughter of another Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Mirfin) had, in 1518, married Sir Richard Williams (afterwards Cromwell), and was the great grandmother of the Lord Protector.

Thomas Smythe, as he has come down to us, is a pleasant type of the civic worthy of the sixteenth century; a self-made man in the best sense of that much-abused term: proud of his success in life, yet modest; accumulating money, but spending it generously, and giving largely in charity, and winning golden opinions among all classes. He had obtained the lucrative privilege of farming the Customs of the Port

[1] At a later period he obtained a patent for working this mine; and old Fuller tells us that "Customer Smythe, who hath discovered silver at Abersteith, hath sent it up to the Tower of London, with great expense, to be coyned."—Fuller's "Worthies," vol. ii., p 551.

[2] A lineal descendant of Sir Robert Chichely, Lord Mayor of London in 1411 and 1421, whose younger brother, Henry, was Archbishop of Canterbury, and founded All Souls College, Oxford.

of London and its dependencies, from Queen Mary, and was confirmed in it by Elizabeth, who, with her usual sagacity in matters of finance, however, put the screw on the Customer as soon as she had reason to think that the bargain was a losing one for her Government. In spite of the intercession of Leicester, Burleigh, and Walsingham, whose influence Thomas Smythe had secured in his favour, the Queen raised the annual rental payable by the Customer from £13,000 to £42,000, and ultimately to £50,000.[1]

To compensate him for this heavy mulct upon his monopoly, however, Elizabeth honoured him with a visit at his mansion at Deptford[2] and during one of the royal progresses "lay one night at the house of Customer Smythe, at Ostenhanger," an estate which, with several others, he had bought in the county of Kent, and the possession of which, in addition to the manorial rights, was supposed to confer the baronial title formerly attaching to the land. The Customer's claim to the barony by proprietary right was referred to the law officers, and after a long controversy disposed of in this summary: "Thomas Smith of the county of Kent, esquire, the owner and possessioner of an ancient mannor in that county called Ostenhanger, which is said to have been the head mannor of a very antient baron in times past. If he hath writt himself in his evidences Lord of the said mannor as he rightly may, yet it doth not therefore follow that he thereby is ennobled to the state of a Baron.[3]

[1] Baker's "Annals," A.D. 1589, p. 380.

[2] This house, which is described as "the stateliest mansion ever seen in thes parts," was destroyed by fire in 1618.

[3] Harleian MSS., 6778, p. 171.

This opinion was probably afterwards confirmed in more decisive terms, for we hear nothing more of the claim.

Ostenhanger[1] remains at the present day a very remarkable fragment of the fortified manor-house of the thirteenth century, and we can still trace the broad moat, with the ruins of the drawbridge which surrounded an extensive quadrangle, the massive walls of which were defended by nine turrets, alternately round and square, one of which long bore the name of Rosamond's Tower, owing to a tradition that it had been inhabited by the ill-fated mistress of Henry II. before her removal to Woodstock.

Here Customer Smythe lived in state, dispensing a lavish hospitality, and giving largely to the poor. He was also a liberal patron of literature, as we may infer from the fact of several works of note being dedicated to him. Among others a translation of John Leyland's "Life, Actes, and Death of Prince Arthur," published in 1582, is inscribed by the author to his principal patrons, Lord Grey de Wilton, Sir Henry Sidney, and Customer Smythe," and another rare and curious volume entitled "The Ancient Order, Society, and Unitie of Prince Arthur," published in 1583, is likewise inscribed to the Customer as "Chief of the Worshipful Society of Archers."

He was a jovial soul too, as we may gather from

[1] Now called Westenhanger. The original name was not, however, derived from the geographical position of the place, but from its having been built by the Oescings, Kings of Kent. "Hanger," a term common enough in Saxon nomenclature, signifies a corner of land. The ruins are visible to travellers on the South Eastern Railway, a few miles from Folkestone.

frequent allusions in contemporary correspondence. At the conclusion of the amusingly pompous letter which Laneham, the Clerk of the Council Chamber, addressed to Master Humphrey Martin, Mercer, describing the festivities at Kenilworth on the occasion of Elizabeth's visit in 1575, we read:

"In the meantime, commend me, I beseech you, unto my good friends, almost most of them your neighbours, Master Alderman Pulison as a special friend of mine, and, in anywise, to my good old friend Master Smith, Customer. By that same token—

"'Set my horse up to the rack,
And then let's have a cup of sack.'[1]

He knows the token well enough, and will laugh I hold you a groat."

The Customer died in 1591, and by his will directs to be buried in Ashford Church,[2] "without any of such vain funereal pomp as the world, by customs in times of darkness, hath long used, but rather that all superfluous cost be spared, and the same bestowed upon the poor."

The Customer's eldest son Andrew having died unmarried during his father's lifetime, he was succeeded by his son John, born in 1556, and married in 1576 to

[1] Sir Walter Scott drew upon Laneham's letter for his "Kenilworth," and put this distich into the mouth of Giles Gosling.

[2] The beautiful parish church of Ashford, one of the most ancient in England, was almost entirely rebuilt during the reign of Edward IV. A considerable number of the Smythes lie buried here. The monument over the tomb of the Customer represents his own figure and that of his wife lying at full length under a canopy, and at the base their six sons and six daughters kneeling, each holding an open prayer book.

Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of John Fineux[1] of Herne, in Kent, who brought him the manors of Whitstaple and North Court. William Fleetwoode, writing to Lord Burghley in August, 1575, says: "I hear Mr. Customer Smith maketh a great marriage this next week between his sonn and the daughter and heire of Mr. Fenex of Kent."[2]

Of the Customer's younger sons, Thomas, the third, rose to distinction. He was sent to the Tower by Elizabeth on suspicion of complicity in Essex's conspiracy, but was released and knighted by James in 1603, and succeeded his father as Customer. He was "Governor of the Society of Merchants trading to the East Indies," or, as it would have been called in later times, "Chairman of the East India Company;" he took a leading part in the colonisation of Virginia, and in 1614 was sent as English Ambassador to the Court of Muscovy. He died in 1625, and his widow (third wife) re-married Robert Sidney, the first Earl of Leicester.[3]

The Customer's fourth son, Sir Richard Smythe, of Leeds Castle, was Receiver of the Duchy of Cornwall, Surveyor-General of the Revenues of Prince Charles,

[1] A son of Sir John Fineux, who was Chief Justice of the King's Bench in 1497, and died 1525. (See Lansdowne MSS., 874.)

[2] "Queen Elizabeth and her Times," vol. 2, p. 113. London, 1638.

[3] This was the first of the several intermarriages between the Smythes and the Leicesters. In addition to those in the direct line, Sir Thomas's grandson, Robert Smythe, of Bounds, Bidborough, and Sutton-in-Hone, married, in 1652, Dorothy, Dowager Countess of Sunderland, a daughter of the second Earl of Leicester (Waller's Sacharissa). This branch of the family became extinct on the death, in 1778, of Sir Sidney Stafford Smythe, whose widow left the sum of £300 to the fifth Viscount Strangford, on condition of his relinquishing his claims as heir-at-law to her late husband's estate.

and a Privy Councillor. In the correspondence of Sir Symons d'Ewes[1] we read: "This week (25 July, 1628), died Sir Richard Smythe, who left behind him £4,500 a year in land, and £6,000 in money, plate, and goods; he hath given a little dwarf daughter of his £2,500, and £300 a year in land."

The Customer's youngest son, Simon, was killed at the siege of Cadiz, in 1597, and of his six daughters, two married into the Fanshawe family, and another became Lady Mayoress by her marriage with Sir Rowland Hayward.[2]

John Smythe, of whom we only know that he served the office of Sheriff in Kent in 1600, and was knighted in 1603, died in 1608, leaving an only son, whose wardship became an object of eager competition even before the breath was out of the father's body.

Among other applicants for the office was Sir John Roper, who "understanding the Sir John Smythe of Ostenhanger, who married my near kinswoman, deceased, is in some danger, being falne into a kind of letargie," prays the Lord High Treasurer to bestow upon him the guardianship of the son, then nine years of age, "*compounding for the favour to your lordship's best liking,*"[3] from which it would appear that Lord Salisbury was not above accepting consideration for the bestowal of his patronage. In this instance, however, the guardianship was conferred upon a more powerful candidate, the Lord

[1] Vol. 2, p. 205, edition of 1845.

[2] "Sir Rowland Hayward hath married Customer Smythe his daughter, a grave matron of XVI. years."—Lodge's "Illustrations of English History," vol. 2, p. 244.

[3] "Correspondence of James I.," vol. 46. State Paper Office.

Saye and Sele, who did not neglect his ward's interests, for on Thomas Smythe attaining his majority he found himself in possession of large estates in Kent, besides a very considerable sum in money. He was a worthy gentleman, devoted to improving his property, and advancing his social position. On the Coronation of Charles I. he was made a Knight of the Bath, and in 1628 created a peer of Ireland, under the title of Viscount Strangford.

Previously to this elevation he had married a daughter of Robert Sidney, first Earl of Leicester,[1] and thus the grandson of Customer Smythe became allied with one of the most ancient and distinguished families in the kingdom; for the pedigree of the Sidneys then dated in a direct line through fifteen generations from Sir William, chamberlain to Henry II. down to Sir Henry Sidney of Penshurst, the father (by his marriage with the Lady Mary Dudley, daughter of the Duke of Northumberland, and sister to the ill-fated Guildford Dudley) of the illustrious Philip Sidney, and of Robert the first Earl of Leicester.

It is difficult to abstain from dwelling upon such a character as Philip Sidney, whose history is written in our national annals in letters of gold. Distinguished and accomplished alike as scholar, poet, courtier, statesman, and soldier, where shall we find one who in every relation of life has so completely realised our ideal of an English gentleman? There was no pedantry in his learning, his verse was as pure as his life; he had

[1] Who must not be confounded with his maternal uncle, Robert Dudley, first Earl of Leicester, the favourite of Elizabeth.

all the graces of a courtier, but no servility,[1] all the tact of a diplomatist, but no duplicity. In the field he combined the skill of a general with the headlong courage of a soldier, and as he lived, so he died—gentle, brave, and true to the last. The tale has been told so often, yet we cannot think of Philip without lingering over the scene where, lying under the walls of Zutphen with a shattered limb, he was about to raise a cup of water to his parched lips, when he met the wistful glance of poor trooper, "who had eaten his last at the same feast."

"Drink, friend, thy necessities are greater than mine," said Sidney, as he handed the untasted cup to the dying soldier.

Count Halleck lay at this time sorely hurt upon the same field, and when the surgeon, in the act of applying a bandage, informed him that Philip Sidney had received his death-wound, he refused all further care, saying, "Let me not see thy face again till thou bringest me better tidings of him for whose redemption many such as I were happily lost."

"This is Sidney," says old Camden, "whom Providence seems to have sent into the world to give the present age a specimen of the antients. Whatever we loved in him, whatever we admired in him, still con-

[1] Philip was but a boy when the Earl of Oxford, his rival in love as well as in Court favour, put a gross insult upon him, which he resented as became a Sidney, with his hand on his sword-hilt. When Elizabeth reproved him for having "forgotten the respect due from a gentleman to a nobleman," he boldly retorted, "Nay, though the Earl of Oxford be a great lord by alliance and grace, yet he is no lord over me, and therefore the difference in degree between freemen can challenge no other homage than precedency."

tinues in the memories of men, through the revolutions of ages and the annals of time:

"'England hath his body, for she it fed,
Netherland his blood in her defence shed;
The Heavens have his soul, the wits have his fame,
The souldiers the grief, the world his good name.'"[1]

It was but two years before the death of Philip (1586), that his younger brother Robert had succeeded in carrying off the great matrimonial prize of his day; this was Mistress Barbara Gamage, a beautiful Welsh heiress, for whose hand the noble youth of England eagerly contended. She was an orphan, and living under the roof of her cousin Sir Edward Stradley of Douatt Castle, Glamorganshire, and among her more prominent suitors were Sir Robert Lindsey, second son of David Earl of Crawford, Sir Thomas Johns of Abermarles, Carmarthen, and Herbert Croft, the heir to one of the principal families in Herefordshire, who, backed by powerful Court favour, was indeed permitted to pay his court and to consider himself an acceptable suitor. In the meantime, however, the Earl of Pembroke, the most influential man in North Wales, claimed the hand of Mistress Gamage for his countess's younger brother, Robert Sidney, and solicited the interest of Sir Francis Walsingham in his behalf. So great an heiress was not, however, to be disposed of without a struggle, and Lord Burghley, master of the court of wards and liveries,

[1] An inscription in the spirit of these lines was found engraved upon the sword of a royalist officer who fell in the wars of La Vendée:

"*Ma vie au roi, l'honneur à moi,*
A Dieu mon âme, mon cœur à Madame!"

set the law in motion to restrain her from marrying any one without her Majesty's consent; while Sir Walter Raleigh, with other views again, interposed the queen's command that the lady should be brought to court, and placed under the charge of the Lord Chamberlain. Elizabeth's orders, as conveyed by Raleigh to Sir Edward Stradley, are clear and peremptory:

"SIR EDWARD,

"Her Majesty hath now thrice caused letters to be written unto you, that you suffer not my kinswoman to be bought and sold in Wales without Her Majesty's privilege to the consent, and advice of my Lord Chamberlain and myselfe, her father's cozen-germeyne, considering she hath not any nearer kyn nor better. Her father and myself came of two systers, Sir Philip Champernon's daughters. I doubt not but that all other perswasion sett aparte, you will satisfie Her Highness, and withal, do us that courtesie as to acquaint us with her matchinge. . . . I hope, sir, you will deal herein most advisedlye, and herein you shall ever find us readye to requite you in all things to our power. And so, with my very heartie commendations, I end. In haste, from the Courte, this xxvi. of September, 1584.

"Your most willinge friend,

"W. RALEGH."

The mandate came too late, for two hours before its arrival Robert Sidney, who had lost no time in his wooing, had secured the heiress in marriage. Walsing-

ham, who, while affecting to carry out the Queen's wishes had clandestinely supported young Sidney's claims, thus condones Sir Edward Stradley's disregard of the royal commands:

"SIR,

"Whatsoever blustering wordes are given out against you by younge Master Croftes and his friends there, you may be sure you did not lack friends to defend you, and to stand betwixt you and any blame that may be layde upon you. The only advantage they mean to lay against you is, that you had directions to bring the young gentlewoman up before the marriadge; but for that, the messinger affirmeth that he arrived two hours after the marriage was solemnised, there is no fault layde upon you by Her Majestye; the marriadge being generally well liked of, savinge by such here as are parties to the cawse. And so with most hearty thanks both unto you and my lady your wife, for your friendly dealings in this cause, which I will be glad with any thankfulness during my life, I commit you to God. At the Courte this xxviith of September, 1584.

"Your assured friend,

"FRA. WALSINGHAM."

Sir Henry Sidney expressed his lively satisfaction at the match, "thanking the right worshipfull Sir Edward Stradley and my lady his wife, as his most loving allies, more heartily for your great love and friendship showed unto my son Robert Sidney, in the

matter of his marriedge, than I am able to express with my pen."

Instigated by some of the disappointed suitors, and more especially by the family of Mr. Croftes, Lord Burghley was induced to threaten legal action, contending that, although the Crown had "no jurisdiction over the heiress as a ward, because she was of full age, yet she was not to have possession of her landes but by composition with her Majesty for her livery." Sir Edward Stradley was accordingly directed to "surrender her, her house, and evidences," to the custody of a local lawyer. But the heiress probably found means to assuage the wrath of the Lord High Treasurer, for the young couple were no further molested.

Robert Sidney's advancement in life was now rapid. In 1585 he was returned to Parliament for the shire of Glamorgan; in the following year he was knighted at Zutphen by his uncle, the Earl of Leicester. In 1603 he was created Baron Sidney of Penshurst; in 1605, being then Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, he was advanced to the dignity of Viscount Lisle; in 1616 he was elected Knight of the Garter; and in 1618 the Earldom of Leicester was revived in him as the representative of his maternal ancestors the Dudleys.

Robert Sidney's marriage with the Welsh heiress proved as conducive to his domestic happiness as to his success in public life. In his "Address to Penshurst," Ben Jonson has immortalised the lady's merits, assigning a high place to her housewifely qualities, which he illustrates by her preparedness to afford an honourable reception to King James and his son, when they

paid an unexpected visit to Penshurst, and where she had:

> "Her linen, plate, and all things nigh,
> Though she was far; and every room was drest
> As if she had expected such a guest."

In the exceptional praise, however, which the poet here bestows upon Lady Leicester's conjugal virtue, he surely belies the women of his generation:

> "These, Penshurst, are thy praise, and yet not all;
> The lady's noble, fruitful, chaste withal;
> His children thy great lord may call his own,
> A fortune in this age but seldom known."

Fruitful the lady certainly was, for there were no less than twelve children, eight of them daughters, born of this marriage, and it was to the youngest of these, the Lady Barbara, born in 1599, that Sir Thomas Smythe, the first Viscount Strangford, was married in 1622.

Like his father before him, the new peer lived in state at Ostenhanger, where on two occasions he entertained royalty, which is about all that is publicly recorded of him. He died suddenly, in his thirty-sixth year, in 1635, leaving an infant son, Philip, and three daughters.

Eighteen months later the widowed Lady Strangford, to the extreme displeasure of her family, conferred her hand upon Sir Thomas Colepepper, knight, an event which Lady Leicester thus announces to her husband on 1st February, 1637:

"Since the last week I have heard of your sister Strangford's marriage, who hath bestowed herself on a

colonel whose name is Colepepper; it is said on ten days' acquaintance she contracted herself to him, and, after a few more, was married, and given away by my Lord Crewe."

A few days later she writes again :—

"This night your new brother-in-law came to visit me, which is a very extraordinary civility, for I never saw the man's face in my life, and have not heard a word from your sister since the marriage, which makes me wonder the more at his cavalier compliment. What she finds in him I do not know, but if he be not a very ass I am deceived." [1]

It is quite clear that the lady most nearly concerned in the question did not share this opinion of Sir Thomas Colepepper's merits, for in her will, dated in 1638, she not only bequeaths to him all that it was in her power to dispose of, and certain property over which she had no rights, but revokes an anti-nuptial deed under which he had bound himself not to "intermeddle with the wardshippe of the body and landes" of her son, Viscount Strangford, and prays the Court of Wards to appoint her husband guardian conjointly with her brother, the Earl of Leicester, a request which the Court declined to comply with.

By her second marriage Lady Strangford had two children, of whom the following grim story is related in contemporary memoirs[2]: "There lives not far from

[1] The originals of these letters are among the Sidney papers at Penshurst.

[2] "Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe," 1663, page 172.

Canterburie a gentleman named Colonel Colepepper, whose mother was widow unto the Lord Strangford. This gentleman had a sister who lived with him, as the world said, in too much love. She married Mr. Porter. This brother and sister being both Atheists, and living a life according to their profession, went, in a frolic, into a vault of their ancestors, where, before they returned, they pulled some of their father's and mother's hairs. Within very few days after this, Mrs. Porter fell ill, and died. Her brother kept her body in a coffin set up in the buttery,[1] saying it would not be long before he died, and then they would be buried together; but from the night after her death until the time that we were told the story, which was three months ago, they say that a head, as cold as death, with curled hair like his sister's, did ever lie by him, wherever he slept, notwithstanding he removed to several places and countries to avoid it, and several persons told us they had felt this apparition."

The Mr. Porter here referred to was Thomas, a son of Endymion Porter, whose family became by marriage yet more closely connected with the Strangfords of the next generation, and whose interesting career, not to break the chronological order, may here be sketched.

[1] There is a corroboration of this part of the story in a memorandum relating to St. Steven's Chapel, signed by Goodman Hobson, as follows:—

"Lord Strangford will take up the bodye of My Lady Strangford, his and Colonel Colepepper's mother, and Sir Thomas Colepepper, who was buried in St. Steven's Church, *and also the body of Mrs. Robert Anna Colepepper, who was buried in Colonel Colepepper's house,* and bury them in the church of St. Steven, because State resolved to pull down the chapel of St. Stevens, and make lodging rooms thereof."

II.

ENDYMION PORTER.

1586—1649.

my dutie and Loyaltie have taught mee to followe my King and master, and by the grace of God nothing shall divert mee from it,

Endymion Porter

Endymion's Ancestors—His Birth at Aston-sub-Edge—Edward Villiers—The Duke of Buckingham—Endymion's Marriage—The Lady Olive Boteler—Loving Correspondence—Mission to Madrid—Earl Bristol and Count Olivares—Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain—Mrs. Porter is Jealous—Failure of the Spanish Match—Clerical Adulation—Sir John Crofts—Death of James I.—Marriage of King Charles—The Plague in London—Mrs. Angela Porter—Another Spanish Mission—A Suspicious Letter—Death of the Duke of Buckingham—Letters from his Widow—Endymion's Influence at Court—A Bishop's Petition—The King's Evil cured by the Royal Touch—Mission to the Low Countries—Balthazar Gerbier—Gentlemen of the Bedchamber—Endymion's Emoluments—A Trading Charter—The East India Company—Van Tromp and the Spanish Fleet—Sir W. Davenant and other Poets—Rubens and Vandyke—The Scotch Covenanters—Charles Porter killed at Newbury—The Gathering Storm—Endymion expelled from the House of Commons—Taken Prisoner at Derby and denounced as a Traitor by the Parliamentary Commissioners—His Eldest Son deserts the Royal Cause—The Stuarts in Exile—Mrs. Porter deported as a Spy—Execution of Charles—Death of Endymion—His Will—His Character.

A.D. 1586 TO 1649.

Towards the end of the fourteenth century there flourished at Nether Ellington, in Warwickshire, a gentleman of substance named Porter, whose son William became, by marriage, lord of the manor of Colleweston, Northamptonshire, was knighted by Henry IV., and founded the "Grey Friery" at Stamford,

in the vaults of which his remains lie buried. This knight's grandson Richard settled at Mickleton in Gloucestershire, the register of which parish records his marriage with the sister of Sir William Latimer, knight, His son William, who died in 1513, was Sergeant-at-arms to Henry VII. Of his two grandsons, still of Mickleton, one married Grisogona, daughter of Sir Edward Stradley, knight; and the other, while attached to the English embassy in Spain, the Donna Juana de Figuera Ynonsalve, for which outlandish match he was disinherited.

In the next generation, however, the family feud was healed by the marriage of Angelica, the daughter of Giles Porter of Mickleton, with Edward, the son of Anthony Porter of Aston sub-Edge, in the manor-house of which latter parish Endymion Porter was born in the year 1586.

He was in early boyhood consigned to the care of his maternal relations in Spain, where he served in the household of the Conde D'Olivares, a Grandee of the first class, and one of King Philip's most influential ministers. Endymion thus "had the language, but found no other fortune there than that brought him over to be Mr. Edward Villiers' man in Fleet Street, which was before either the Marquis or his master was acceptable in Whitehall" (*i.e.*, before the accession of James).[1]

This Edward Villiers was a son of Sir George Villiers, and a half-brother of George afterwards Duke of Buckingham, the same who, in 1620, was, through his brother's influence, sent on diplomatic mission to Bohemia to escape the consequences of the gross frauds

[1] "Court and Times of James I." By Arthur Wilson.

he had committed in connection with his monopoly of gold and silver lace, for which his less fortunate accomplices, Sir Giles Monpesson and Sir Francis Michel, were tried, and disgraced.[1]

Service in the household of men of high rank was in those days considered an honourable employment for cadets of gentle birth; and when we find a person of the condition of Endymion Porter speaking of Olivares, and afterwards of Buckingham, as his "masters," it must be taken rather in the sense in which a Scotchman speaks of the head of his clan, or a military officer of his commander, as "chief," than as implying a position of domestic servitude.

Very shortly after Buckingham's accession to the royal favour, we find Endymion employed as his master of the horse, and that such an office was not considered derogatory to the position of a gentleman is evidenced by the social consideration which he evidently enjoyed at this time. We find it recorded, for instance, among contemporary gossip, that "Mr. Porter, who waits upon my Lord Buckingham, shall, if general voice deceive not, set my Lady Roos at liberty, and enjoy her for his wife," the lady being a court beauty of great wealth.[2] Endymion does not, however, appear to have had any matrimonial projects in that quarter, for he was then already a suitor for the hand of the Lady Olivia, daughter of my Lord Boteler, a near relation of the Villiers family. The marriage took place in 1619, and shortly after Endymion was promoted to the per-

[1] Monopolies of this nature were, under the Tudors and Stuarts, a fruitful source of Court patronage.

[2] A daughter of Sir Thomas Lake, and widow of William Lord Roos.

sonal service of the King as Gentleman of the Bedchamber; he also obtained a lucrative patent office connected with the Customs of the Port of London.

The fair Olive, in spite of faults of temper, which occasionally betrayed themselves in fits of angry jealousy and rebellion, proved a true and faithful wife; and when, in later years, Endymion's loyalty involved him in the ruin which overtook the king, she more than once risked life and liberty in the cause her husband had at heart.

His letters to her (of which the almost uninterrupted series has been preserved in the State Paper office) not only throw a pleasant light upon their married life, but afford glimpses of what was doing behind the scenes of the public stage where kings and ministers played their parts.

The correspondence opens with a reproach for some anti-nuptial coquetry on the part of the lady:

"Dear Harte,

"I assure you that nothing could have prevented my writing unto you, but want of health, which hath been the cause I have not troubled you all this while with my letters. I make no doubt that your careless disposition will not lett you perrish with anie want of my lines, for I thinke that my presence afordes you noe more joy than my love obliges you to, nor my absence no more sorrowe than you not caring whether you ever see mee again or noe. Howsoever, you profess otherwise, and this I gather by the salutacion I had in the Parke from you when I was last there, which strikes in my mind, but cannot anie whit diminish that resolution I have so constantlie settled in my thoughtes to love you;

for now I find that neither scornes from you, nor favours from anie other creature can alter

"Your Servant,

"ENDYMION PORTER."

The next letter appears to have been written from Salisbury in 1624, when King James visited that town.

"MY DEARE OLIVE,

"God in Heaven bless thee, and send thee a very safe deliverie. My Lord will by no meanes consent that I should come unto you, which grieves me extreamely, and, for God's sake beleave it, there never happened a thing that dothe so much trouble me. Good sweethearte, show thy love to me now by excusing the wrong I do to thyselfe, in not leaving the commands of a Master, to see so good a wife at such a tyme. I protest to God I am distracted with discontent, and know not what to say more than that I love thee as my life, and will ever be Thine (both friende and husband). "ENDYMION PORTER."

Here we have the first symptoms of that jealousy against which Endymion had so often to defend himself as time went on, and his absences from home became more frequent and longer.

"MY DEAREST OLIVE,

"Thy care in sending to me shewes me how truly thou lovest me, and thy fear of my inconstancie argues no want of affection, but of faith, which if any good works of mine may strengthen, I will come on my

knees to see thee, and putt out my eies rather than looke with an unchaste desier upon any creature whilst I breathe, and to be more secure of me I would have thee enquire if ever I was false to any *friend*, and then to consider what a traytor I should be if to a *wife* (and such a wife!) so vertuous and good, I should prove false, and not to my friends. Deare Olive, be assured that I strive to make myself happie in nothing but in thee, and, therefore, I charge you to be merrie, and to cherish your health and life, the more because I live in you. But what can I saye, or what in the least little can I do? Love you? That I do, and ever shall, as he who vowes never to be any bodies' but

"Your true husband,

"ENDYMION PORTER."

"MY DEAREST LOVE,

"I will write you from Theobalds, but having so fitt a messenger I could not lett this occasion slipp without the remembrance of my best love to you, and I hope you will thinke it no trouble, for I doe as I would bee done withall. If you did but as truly love me as I do you, nothing would make a difference between us; but the want of a true affection on your side gives way to an easie beliefe of unworthines in me. I have no reason to flatter you, nor do I fear anything you can do, but wrong yourself, which if I seeke to prevent, you ought rather to cherish me as a true friend, than by your unkindness make me your enemie. I protest to God I love you as my own soule, and as by choyce you were pleased to thinke me worthie to be your husband, soe I desire not to change the constant resolution I

made God witness of, when I took you to be my wife. Let us, therefore, enjoye one another with that true content that nothing may make us sorrie for our choyce. I will ever endeavour to let you see that I esteem you above all earthlie things, but still I shall wish that you would knowe I must govern you, and not you mee. My dear Olive, farewell, and lett me hear from you, for next your companie your lines afford me the greatest comfort I can ever have. In haste, with my blessing to my babes, and praying God will give you his, I rest your true and loving husband,

"ENDYMION PORTER."

In 1622 Endymion was despatched upon a special mission to Madrid, ostensibly with a view to negotiations on behalf of the Prince Palatine Frederick,[1] but with secret instructions to sound the Court of Spain as to its views on the projected alliance between Prince Charles and the Infanta, upon which James I. had set his heart. He embarked early in October, accompanied by his brother Thomas, a captain in the royal navy, but made an inauspicious start, his ship having foundered on the French coast.

In a letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, then our Minister at the Hague, Sir Thomas Leake writes:

"This day came news that Endymion Porter, who was lately sent to Spaine, was very likely to have been drowned about Calais, and that he lieth sore bruised, by seeking to save himself by leaping out of his ship, which was split, into another. His crew was drowned.[2]

[1] King James's son-in-law, he having married the Princess Elizabeth.
[2] Arthur Wilson.

Endymion loses no time in writing to reassure his wife:

"My Dear Olive,

"Although I writt you in my last that I was well, it was not being so, for I had my share of the hurte and all the misfortune. My shoulder was broken, which now is as well it ever was in my life, and Tom and I are verrie merrie, and doo heartilie drinke your healthe, wishing it were possible to have you here with us. On Wendesdey, if it please God, I propose to goe for Spain, till when I have entreated my brother to staye with me, and then I will write unto you more at large. My sweete and kind Olive, I protest to God I am nowe merrie, well, and ioyde, to think how thy good prayers did preserve mee. When I returne I will thank thee with as manie kisses as thou canst let me take, wherein I knowe thy bountie will afford an equalitie to my desires. God of Heaven bless little George, and make him a dutiful child to thee and his grandmother, to whom I desier to be remembered, for I love her dearly; and I praye you forget me not to Sir John and My Ladie, and to Mall, and all the rest of our worthie freendes. Farewell, dearest love.

"Your true loving husband,

"Endymion Porter.

"Callis, this Monday morning, the 14th of October, 1622."

Whereunto is appended this considerate postscript in the handwriting of the sea captain:

"As I hope to bee saved, my brother is very weel. I thanke God for itt, and I ame,

"Youer trew lovinge Brother,

"THOMAS PORTER."

Porter's instructions were to remain but fifteen days in Madrid, and to inform the king that if his demands were not complied with within that term his mission was to be considered at an end. The Earl of Bristol, ambassador at the Spanish court, was not disposed, however, to facilitate the labours of the special envoy, and assured Endymion that the course prescribed was "a threatening way to which they were not used, and said and bound it with an oath that was the way to destroy all."[1] His lordship pledged himself to procure him an early interview, and continued to amuse him with promises till in this wise he had "spent his fifteen days and four times fifteen days attending his despatch, and was still told by the ambassador he would be well despatched."

The young courtier was evidently no match for the wily English diplomatist, who had his own game to play, but, finding that he was making no progress, Endymion sought an interview with his former patron, the Conde D'Olivares, who received him cordially, and promised him "a good despatch."[2] On hearing the nature of the

[1] The conduct of Lord Bristol in thwarting the policy of the English Court led to his being impeached. The above and subsequent quotations on this subject are taken from Endymion Porter's evidence before the Committee of Impeachment in the House of Peers in 1626.

[2] Wilson says: "Bristol fed him with hopes which were empty ones; whereupon Porter went boldly to Olivares, who, in an open-hearted way,

English demands, however, the Conde "started as if he had been shot, saying, However wilt thou demand such an unreasonable request? Wouldst thou have the King of Spain declare himself against the Catholic League, against the Emperor, against the House of Austria? I am ashamed thou shouldst ask such a thing." Endymion represented that his demands were no more than the Spanish Government had already promised Lord Bristol to agree to; to which the Conde replied, that if Lord Bristol had said so "he lied a thousand times." On Endymion repeating this to Lord Bristol, the latter was "very angrye, and said that Olivares should know that an Earle of England was as good as a Conde of Spain, and that he would justify to the Conde's face all that he had said;" but, when it came to the point, the English ambassador declined the interview, as he "thought it best not to vex and anger so great a minister."

With that directness and honesty which Endymion Porter displayed in all his diplomatic negociations, believing what he was told, and calling it a lie if it proved to be untrue, he again urged Olivares to give a favourable hearing to his demands, but met with a positive refusal as regards the Palatinate, while as to the marriage "he knew nothing of that; let the Pope and them shift that amongst them."

Porter accordingly returned to England in January, 1623, having failed in his mission; but his description of the charms of the Infanta were such as to fire the imagina-

told him plainly that Spain meant neither the match nor the restitution of the Palatinate."—"Court and Times of James II.," vol. i., p. 164.

tion of the young Prince, who, with Buckingham's support, succeeded in obtaining the king's permission to visit Madrid incognito and pay his court in person.[1]

Among the English people the project of the Spanish marriage was viewed with much alarm and dislike; it was warmly supported, however, by the Catholic party, and the king favoured it, not only on account of the magnificent dower which the Infanta would bring (it was estimated at nearly a million sterling), but because he believed that the matrimonial would be the precursor of a political alliance between the two countries, and result in the restoration of his son-in-law.

Prince Charles, accompanied by Buckingham, Cottington, and Endymion Porter,[2] left England secretly in the middle of February upon their romantic expedition —love pitted against statesmanship, the fascinations of a young prince against the policy of a king and his ministers.

Endymion thus reports their progress:

"My Deare Olive,

"Since my departing from you I have enjoyde verrie little content, although I have had healthe and

[1] The scene in which, in presence of "Baby Charles and Dog Steenie," the king consults with Sir Francis Cottington as to the expediency of this project, is graphically described by Clarendon.

[2] Arthur Wilson complains of the insufficiency of this suite, "not that it is intended to vilifie these persons, being men in the world's lotterie as capable of advancement as others, but to show in how poor a bark the king ventured the rich freight, his son, having only the Marquess to steer his course." Isaac Disraeli, in his Commentaries, takes a similar view, describing the prince's attendants as being "the harebrained parvenus of Buckingham."

every thing I could desier, wanting nothing but your sweete companie, by which you maye perceave in howe greate a mesure I esteeme yours, that can preferr it before a Prince's and a Lord's, bothe whom I honor and love as my life, and the worst of them would serve for a companion to the best man living. I give God thankes wee are all safelie arived att Paris, where it hathe pleased his highness and my Lord to staye this daye to see the towne.[1] To-morrowe wee sett forwards from hence towards Spaine, and, good Olive, let us have your prayers everie daye along with us to helpe to conduct us thither. I make no doubt but wee shall have them hartier for our returne; by cause I feare there maye bee a grudge remaining still in you for not acquainting you first with my journie, butt I was conjured to the contrarie by my master, which I hope will fully satisfie you that I ought not to have doon it. I would have you send Charles and the Spaniard along with the Prince's servaunts that cum by sea. They are to bee allowde as my men to cum in the shipp, and lett them bring mee one douzen of sherts and little George his picture, and yours in the gould case, which is at Gerbiers,[2] and halfe a douzen paiers of silke stockings, three black and three cullers, and your chaine of diamantes, and lett mee intreate you to make much of your selfe that I maye hear of your healthe, which news will sumwhat mitigate the paine of this absence. Little George and Charles will serve to putt you in minde howe much you are to love me, and my own conscience shall make mee remember that I am

[1] Prince Charles also saw the Princess of France, who three years later became his queen, and who lived to see him led to the scaffold.

[2] Sir Balthazar Gerbier, the miniature painter.

not to doo anie thing that maye ofend the faithe I owe to so good a wife. Farewell, sweet Olive, and God Allmightie bless thee and thine. I will ever bee thy true loving husband,

"ENDYMION PORTER.

"Paris, this 22 of Februarie, 1622.

"You must not lett it be knowne from mee whether wee are gone, but saye you knowe nothing, nor speake to Charles till you heare farther from mee of cuming, for the Prince will not have it spoken of, and I charge you not to tell anie bodie whither I am gone. Remember my humble dutie to my Mother, and burne this letter."

"MY SWEETEST LOVE,

"Allthough I have so much employment here att Madrid, that I have scarce tyme to dress myself, yet if I should not watch and loose my sleepe to write to thee, I were unworthie of such a wife, and could not deserve the smallest parte of thy inestimable love to mee. . . . . The Prince and my lord are well, and have been here the braveliest receaved that ever men were. Yesterdaye the King and Queen came pubblicklie abroade, and the infanta with them in the coache, where my master and my lord, with the ambassadors and myselfe in another coache (with the courtens drawne in the streets) staide to see them goe bye, and the Prince hathe taken such a liking to his mistress, that nowe hee loves her as muche for her bewtie, as hee can for beeing sister to so greate a King—she deserves it, for there was never seene a fairer creature. All-

though the Prince was privat, and the courtens of his coache drawne, yet the serching Vulgar took notice of it, and did so press about the coache to see him that wee could not pass through the streetes, in so much that the king's gard was forced to beate them from it, and make waye through the multitude; they all cried, 'God bless him!' and shewed as much afection generally as ever was seene amongst people; only they took it ill he shewde not himself to them in a more publick manner. Last night the King of Spaine had a greate desire to see the Prince, and, in a coache only with the Conde Olivares my lord marques and myselfe, he came privatelie att eleaven of the clock att night, and met the Prince in the fields w^th^ owte the towne, who came w^th^ the two ambassadors only, and there they discoursed in the coache above an ower, and the King used him w^th^ so much love and respect, giving him the better hand still, that hee is as well afected to his maj^ties^ noblenes and courtesie as to his sister's bewtie. Dear Olive, all these things I thought fitt to acquainte you w^th^ all, that you may not saye I never tell you anie thing; but, all these things compared to the desier I have to see thee are nothing butt vanitie . . . I will never fail to bee

"Thy true loving husband,

"ENDYMION PORTER.

"Madrid, this 10th of March, 1622."

Writing to Secretary Conway in March, 1623, Porter says:

"The prince, my master, and our lord, are verrie well all, and seem to receave all manner of love and respect. I make no doubt we shall win a good success. His highness visited the Infanta yesterday, whose bewtie gives him a just occasion to love her, and whose goodness makes us all hope for the match."

Mistress Porter's jealousy seems once more to have been aroused during her husband's absence, for here he is again defending himself against her suspicions.

"My Deare Olive,

"Since my cuming into Spaine I have receaved fower letters from you, and the twoo first wth so much kindness in them, as I thought my love rewarded; but the twoo last are so full of mistrusts and fallsoodes that I rather feare you have changed your affection, than that you have anie sure grownde for what you acuse mee of in them, for as I hope for mercie att God's hands, I neither kist nor touched anie wooman since I left you, and for the Inkeeper's daughter att Bullen, I was so farr from kissing her, that as I hope to bee saved I cannot remember that I sawe anie such woman. No, Olive, I am not a dissembler, for I assure you that the grief w^{ch} I sufferd att the parting wth you gave mee no leave to entertaine such base thoughts, butt rather lasted in mee like a consumpcion, increasing daylie more and more; butt seeing you have taken a resolucion (wthowt hearing what I could saye), "never to bee confident of mee againe," I will procure to bee worthie of your best thoughts, and studdie howe to have

patience for anie neglect from you. I understood that you sent mee twoo kisses by a Gentleman, God reward you for them, and since your bowntie increases, I think it unfitt my thankes should diminish. I perceave you would bee glad to heare of my kissing of innkeepers' daughters everie daye, that you might have sum excuse to doo that, w^ch^ nothing butt my unworthines and misfortune can deserve. Alas! sweete Olive, why should you goe abowte to aflict mee; knowe that I live like a dying man, and as one that cannot live long w^th^owte you; my eies growe wearie in looking uppon anie thing as wanting that rest they tooke in the companie and sighte of thine; nor can I take pleasure in sportes, for there is none that seems not a monster to my understanding where my Olive is wanting. W^th^ thee I only entertaine myselfe, and were it not for the force of remembring thee, I knowe not howe my life should have maintainde itself so long. You have a greate deal of advantage of mee in this absence—your twoo little babes and their affection—they serve to entertaine you, and it teaches you to forgett mee, yet for pittie in this banishment and miserie, lett mee heare of your healthe and theires, and I assure you it will bee no small comfort for mee. Good Olive lett mee receave no more quarrelling letters from you, for I desier nothing butt your love, it being the thing that only afords mee pleasure in this vile world. Send mee word howe the children doo, and whether Charles bee black or faier, and who hee is like; but I am sure that nurse will swere that hee hathe my eies or nose, and you may perchance bee angrie and saye you never sawe aniething so like sum brother of yours as hee. I would to God

I could heare the discourse, I would never come to Bullen to kiss my hosts' daughter, although you would intreate mee. The Prince visited the infanta yesterdaye, whose bewtie gave him a just occasion to like her. The marriage will bee as yet I knowe not when; butt if my desiers to see you could hasten it, I asure you I would make bould to trouble you before the twoo monthes end, w^ch^ you allowe mee in your last letter. I have sent my Ladie Villiers a Tobacko box; I hope she will esteeme it as a token of my love, and that you will deliver it w^th^ the best grace your father taught you, w^ch^ is, 'hould upp your head, Olive.' Nowe, I am sure you laugh, and thinke that I have forgott the just cause I have to bee angrie w^th^ you, butt till I receave more kisses from you, I shall not be well pleased. I praye you remember my humble service to my Ladie, and tell her that my Lord and I wish you bothe here verrie often, for w^ch^ I hope you will pardon us. Wee live verry honest and thinke of nothing but our wifes. I thought to have sent you a token of some value, butt I fownd my purse and my good will could not agree, and I, considering that my letter would bee wellcum to you, I leave to doo it, only this ring, w^ch^ I hope you will esteeme, if not for love, I thinke for charitie. The conceite is that it seems twoo, as you turne it, and 'tis but one. God Almightie bless you, and George, and Charles, and give you His grace, and I praye you remember to praye for him that will ever bee

"Your true loving husband,

"ENDYMION PORTER.

"Madrid, this 17^th^ of April, 1623. New stile."

Endymion was probably quite sincere in his assurances of personal fidelity; but our confidence in him is a little shaken by the testimony he bears to the conjugal virtues of Buckingham during their stay at Madrid. Contemporary gossip was then very busy with the name of the royal favourite in connection with his gallantries at the Spanish Court, and there are, moreover, certain entries in his "book of private expences,"[1] which he would have found it difficult to explain to the satisfaction of his Duchess.

Endymion himself doubtless found sufficient employment in promoting the legitimate gallantry of the prince, without seeking adventures of his own, for many were the devices resorted to to obtain stolen interviews with the Infanta, and to elude the strict laws of Court etiquette. We find it recorded that on one occasion "Endymion Porter helped his highness to escalade the walls of the palace garden to catch a glimpse of the Infanta;" and Disraeli relates that the lady having "gone one morning to gather May-dew, the prince rose with the sun, and, in company with Endymion Porter, explored the house and gardens."[2]

Lest, however, mere verbal protestation should fail to allay his wife's doubts, Endymion tries the effect of diamonds and money, and further resorts to a well-known principle in matrimonial tactics by preferring counter-charges.

[1] See *Additional MSS.* 125—28 in the British Museum; also Wilson's "Court and Times of Charles I.," vol. i., p. 104, where it is stated that the brother-in-law of the Conde d'Olivares had challenged Buckingham in vindication of his sister's honour.

[2] "Commentaries," vol. i., p. 63.

"My Dear Olive,

"This day I writt unto you and sent you by Mr. Knowles a jewel of diamonds, worth some hundreds of pounds, and also 2 boxes for my lady Marquisse, of the same worke my Ladie Villiers's was; and I now send you by this bearer a box of perfumes of another kind; I hope you will esteem them as tokens of my love, not regarding the valew. If you did but knowe how truly I love you, you would never be jealous of me, and had you such reports of me as you conclude for truths, yet if you loved me halfe so well as I deserve, you would not give credit so easilie to them. I know you are not so sorrie as you w^d^ make me believe for my absence, for I heare you are very merrie, and can take upon you to commaund other young men to travaile from their wives! Long may you be merrie, and if I thought my companie w^d^ diminish it, I love you with that extremitie that to give you as much content as I can, I would bar myself from the happiness of seeing you, as long as my manie desires would give me leave, and my master's buisness keep me here. My Brother Ned writes to me that Charles his nose and his are very like; but that he is very prettie. God of Heaven bless him and my George, and send you as much happiness as I can desire for myself, the chiefest whereof is to be accompted

"Your true loving husband,

"Endymion Porter.

"Madrid, 16 of May, 1623."

"DEARE OLIVE,

"At this instant I receive a letter from you, wherein you find fault with me for my opinion of you. I hope I shall have no just cause to accuse you; but give me leave, 'till I bee better satisfied of some reports, which cannot bee till my coming home, to suspect something; not that you can be unworthie, but that I can be unfortunate. But, for God's sake, do not put me in minde of anie unkindnes, lest my grief helpe to make an ende of that life which gloried in nothing but you. I sent you the ring enclosed in the letter, therefore I know you could not miss of it; but it may be somebodie else liked it, and soe it lost itself. I had no monie to send you, but I here send a jewell, which you may pawne if we have no more credit. My L^d^ told me that my Ladie should furnish you with what you wanted. I know not whether he hath done it yet or no, but I am sure he will. The jewel which this gent^n^ brings you is a very prettie one, therefore I would have you keep it and wear it everie daye, to put you in mind of mee; and, be you what you will, the world shall ever know that you had and have in me one that loves you as his soule, and as well as you can deserve. I have sent my Ladie and my Lady Denbigh, each of them a boxe. Remember my humble service to them, and assure yourselfe I will ever be,

Your true loving husband,

"ENDYMION PORTER.

"Madrid, this 16 May, 1623."

"My Deare Olive,

"I wonder why you should finde faulte w^th^ mee for not writing by those I never heard of till they were gone; and God is my witness tis true; therefore you have as little cause to bee angrie w^th^ mee for that, as for my kissing of the inkeeper's daughter att Bullen.

"Assure yourself it hathe not a little greeved mee to thinke you want for money, for there can bee nothing in this world that I would not doo to make you see my care of you is greater than of my selfe; and should you doo anie thing that were not fitting for your modestie, it would greeve mee more for the loss you would sustaine, then for the shame could cum to mee of it! I have no newes to send you, nor secretts to write unto you, for w^ch^ I am sorrie, that you might discourse w^th^ the one and tell the other; this last letter you sent mee was the kindest I have yet receaved, w^th^ w^ch^ I am so contented that I can vaine gloriously bragge of it, and by that meanes deserve the like hereafter.

"Sweete Olive, remember what it is to bee good, and forgett not howe often you have sworne you love mee; so shall you preserve my honor and your owne, and make your vowes true w^th^ a pure consience.

"I take no pleasure in anie other thing but you, w^ch^ makes mee write you long letters, if they trouble you pardon mee, and beleeve that it proceedes from the love of him that will ever bee

"Your true loving husband,

"Endymion Porter.

"Madrid, the 7^th^ of June, 1623, newe stile."

Here is another letter, beginning like one of Horace's Odes, and concluding with a bold prophecy regarding the Infanta:

"Howe happie was I, dear Olive, when I lived att home, secure of your love, and never did suspect that anie thing could have made you forgett mee; but nowe, I see your memorie failes, and my misfortune increases, and I feare that absence hathe made you neglect writing unto mee, and changed that constant love w^{ch}, in my opinion, was whollie mine; but, it may bee, I lived deceaved then, and God hathe been pleased, wth this occasion, to open mine eies that I might see howe little you esteeme mee; heare have cum two posts, and I have receaved no letters from you, it maye bee mine have been so long that bycause I should not trouble you wth so much letter, you thought good to forbeare writing, thinking I could not bee so shameles as to doo it wthowte correspondence!

"Alas, sweete Olive, if my love were like yours, I could ferbeare to shewe it; but 'tis impossible; for if you did butt knowe howe miserablie I pass this life from the sight of your eies, you could not chuse butt pittie mee. I left my hart wthin your sweete brest att my departing from you, and am united there with you, in despite of this tedious intermission of my joyes, w^{ch} makes mee live here like a man wthowte a soule, therefore you aught to love that love w^{ch} is in mee, though you have none yourselfe; lett me intreate you to have a care to lett mee knowe howe you and your children doo, though you write not to mee, for that is sum cumfort, and makes mee enioye myselfe a little; I wonder my

mother would forgett me, butt sure, she knewe not of the post's cuming. I sent you by Dick Grimes[1] a chaine of gould, w^ch^ is of the prettiest making that ever I sawe; I prey you, wear it, and lett noboddie knowe howe kinde I am to you less they laugh att mee for my fondness; by Killegrewe I send you a feather, butt I feare I shall trouble you with tokens as I doo w^th^ letters; yett I would willingly have no boddie cum w^th^owte sum small remembrance to you w^ch^ makes mee send you this poore token nowe; I want a better, butt cannot tell where to have anie thing riche enough for my desier, w^ch^ could not bee satisfied, though I were powerfull to send you the King of Spaine's welthe.

"You never send mee word howe my ladie dothe, nor whether shee bee w^th^ childe or no; I praye God send her much happines howsoever, I hope to see her mother of manie children. Our business here is not liklie to hould, wee are to cum home suddenlie, w^ch^ I desier for nothing but to see you; and as I was writing this, the prince concluded the business himself w^th^ the king, so that it is nowe finished, and I hope wee shall all receave a greate deal of cumfort in it; for sure there was never a better creature than the infanta is; he is to bee contracted presently, and then hee meanes to goe awaye from hence w^th^in these three weekes, so that wee shall bee att home suddenly; *shee is to bee delivered in Marche next;* God bee praysed for so greate a blessing as wee shall all receave by it. And thus w^th^ my prayers to Almighty God for your healthe and your children, whose blessing and mine light uppon

[1] Sir Richard Graham.

them, I kiss thy sweete mouthe a thousand tymes, and rest

"Thy true loving husband,

"ENDYMION PORTER.

"Madrid, 17th of July, 1623.

"I have sent you one hundred sixpences for counters to playe at gleeke."

The failure of the Spanish match, the accomplishment of which had been so confidently relied upon, and so openly proclaimed in England was generally attributed to the secret machinations of Buckingham, who had, while at Madrid, made an avowed enemy of Olivares by his attempts upon his beautiful wife[1], and given offence to the whole Spanish Court by the arrogance and insolence of his demeanour. Smarting under the repeated delays and evasions which Philip now interposed to his suit, Prince Charles took his departure abruptly at the end of September, and in the following year a declaration of war took the place of the projected matrimonial alliance.[2]

Although the Spanish match had been looked upon

[1] Doña Maria de Zeniga, daughter of the Marchese de Trastamare. In a letter to Endymion Porter, dated in March, 1623, the Earl of Carlisle desires his "humblest service to the Conde and to the angelical lady his wife"

[2] Pinkerton in his "Medallic History of England" (plate 19, fig. 3) gives a representation of a medal which, in 1636, King Charles presented to Endymion Porter, in commemoration of his Spanish love affair. The monarch is represented as Jupiter, and the subject as Mercury, who, the better to mark his position in the royal household, is armed with a key, the motto is—"*Ille qui videt recipit. Ego video et recipio.*"

with "preposterous terror"[1] by the English people, yet Charles on his arrival, and while the failure of his expedition was not generally known, was welcomed home with an enthusiasm more befitting the reception of a hero returning from foreign conquests and the achievement of national triumphs, than of a young prince coming home after an amorous escapade in foreign parts. Churchmen in particular distinguished themselves by the extravagance of their eulogies in print and from the pulpit.

John Earle, afterwards Bishop of Sarum, wrote some Latin iambics entitled, "*Carolus Princeps ex Hispania redux*," the fulsome flattery of which was only exceeded by that of another aspirant to episcopal honours, Archdeacon Harry King, who, in his "Exposition upon the Lord's Prayer," under the head of *Thy kingdom come*, says, with reference to the prince's return: "Did he teach us only to pray for kingdoms and princes, and not to return thanks for them? And if for princes, how much more for the best of that rank? How can we effectually pray for the coming of Christ's kingdom, and not first give thanks for the coming home of our own?"

This divine (it does not appear whether he ever attained the mitre) concluded by comparing the services of the prince to those of Germanicus, and by asking why the English should be less grateful than the Romans? After his return from Spain, Endymion remained in close attendance upon the king, during which the following letters were written:

[1] Disraeli's "Commentaries."

"Rufford, this 12 August, 1624.

"My Dear Harte,

"This is the third letter I have sent you, and the first I have rec[d] from you. I thank you for it, but I wonder you will urge mee to come away sooner than the appointment we had agreed upon. I protest to God I have appointed to me business of so much importance which cannot be dispatched so soon as I could wish;[1] but if you thinke my sudden presence might help you to any ease I would leave anie thing that could import mee to see you, for I looke upon nothing beyond your health and content. You have with your letter amazed me, and I wonder your love could give way to lett you tell me that unless I presentlie depart from hence you cannot live; and sweet Olive, take heede how you conjure me by such uncharitable means, for as I hope to be saved I rec[d] your letter but now this 12 of Aug[t] in the afternoon, and it is an impossibilitie to be with you the 14th, but so soon as conveniently I can I will leave all and come to you. O how it grieves me to thinke that you should take it unkindlie if I should not be better than the first promise! I protest I thought to have come 2 dayes sooner than we had appointed, and nowe I am sure that will be no kindness, by reason you command me to come sooner than anie thing can

[1] Endymion would probably have been employed as confidential secretary in transcribing correspondence, and it was from Rufford, and upon this date, that the celebrated letter from Secretary Conway to Lords Carlisle and Howard upon the French marriage was written. (See "Hardwicke Papers," vol. i., p. 523.) This would fully account for Endymion's "business of so much importance."

flie. My dear Olive, be assured I misse your companie more than you can mine, and desire it as health; therefore you should not presse me so violently to do a thing of so much pleasure to myself, and that which I soe heartilie desire. My content is not to be found out of your companie; nor can the want of that make me forget to love you; the first foundation of which was an everlasting affection, which I will maintain constant while I live. Had I not those dear pawnes of George and Charles, yet I could love you for the first cause, which was yourself, *that* I assure you, wheresoever I be, shall ever make me

"Your true and loving husband,

"ENDYMION PORTER.

"God's blessing light upon you and my children."

"Royston, this 22, 8^{m}, 1624.

"MY DEAR OLIVE,

"I rec$^{d.}$ the answer of my letter, and perceive by it that I must putt off my hatt first—your will be done! Sweete harte, for otherwise we shall have but little quiet. You send me word that on Thursday you are to be churched, I entreat you heartelie it may be so, for on Friday, being this daye sennet, I purpose to be with you; and, sweet Olive, remember that you love me still with that same affection when first you gave me your hearte, for I esteeme it above all earthlie pleasure. The newes you sent me of my George put me in a great deale of sorrowe for a long time. God of

Heaven bless them all, and give thee as much content as he can! I knowe not anie for myself out of thy companie. Farewell, my dear love, on Fridy night thou shalt have

"Thy true loving husband,

"ENDYMION PORTER."

In the course of his duties Endymion had, on several occasions, accompanied the king to Little Saxham, near Newmarket, the seat of Sir John Crofts, to one of whose daughters James I. had paid such marked attention that it was rumoured that he had married her.[1] The mere presence of a pretty woman never failed to arouse Mistress Porter's jealousy, and so she now writes to her husband:

"DEARE HARTE,

"Though you could not afford me so much favour as to let me have a letter from you, yet I could not neglect this fit opportunity of sending to you, but I cannot blame you, *knowing so faire neighbours live by you*, if you forget your poor wife; but assure yourself you will never find so constant a lover as your obedient wife,

"OLIVE PORTER."

To which he rejoins:

[1] The lady is referred to in terms of extravagant eulogy in Nicholl's "Progresses," vol. 10, p. 587; also in Walter Yonge's Diary under date of February, 1621. She married in 1629 Mr. Thomas Killigrew, a gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles I.

"My Dear Olive,

"I hope that you have forgotten all the unkindenes of the last night, allthough I must confess I did suspect by your letter there was sumthing remaining in your minde, for it came not accompanied w^th^ that hartie expression of afection as att other tymes, or ells it may bee my iealosie; let mee not see the true meaning of it! Olive, beleeve me, that whatsoever I am, beeing angrie, when it is past, I love nothing in the world nere a comparison to you; all the ioye and comfort I have is in you; therefore, blame mee not if I desier to have you according to my own hearte, and asure yourselfe that wee shall never agree if wee seeke not to please one another. Bee you still to mee as I shall deserve, and lett mee want that happines of your afection, if ever I faile to shewe myselfe a carefull frend, and a true husband to you. God knowes howe unwilling I am to shewe anie kinde of distaste when you cross mee, butt to prevent a greater mischiff, I think I had better make shewe of anger for small offences then conceale them, and lett greater bee the ruin of our loves. Wee have been nowe more then fower years married, and God hathe blest vs w^th^ children. Lett not our carridges make the world take notise of soe much inconstancie in us, that tyme should deminish the obligations we have to love eache other. Beefore I gave you my hand of husband, you did engage your word to mee, that in whatsoever I should advise you, nothing should hinder you from following my directions, and I swore to you, that if you did so, no man breathing should love a wooman more then I would you. I have

kept my oathe, and whether you have your promise, that I leave to you; butt, my dearest Olive, I woonder why you should suspect me for Saxum, when, as I hope to bee saved, I thinke of nothing butt thy sweete love, w^ch^ to mee is above all the bewties that ever God created; bee carefull to preserve the best parte of us bothe, w^ch^ is our afections, and when I faile lett God plague mee w^th^ thy neglect, which would bee the worst of all diseases. God bless our babes, and send mee the blessing of seeing thee quicklie; till when I rest

"Thy true, constant,

"loving husband,

"ENDYMION PORTER."

Numerous were the applications for the royal favour addressed to Endymion Porter. Here is a curious letter from one of the Villiers family, who had just been created Earl of Anglesey:

"Lord Anglesey to Endymion Porter.

"SERVANT,

"Your love and hastie occations caused my guns to hayle bullets in a showre of rayne, but so discritely as I hope, if not yourself, your trustie cittisen, or Weekes will wish for one of Faros kine to eate him with all, if not, assure your selfe the grounde affords noe better, and yet still I must bee your debter; for this morneing I left with my brother L'isle a letter which I would entreate you out of the love you aught to my Brother William Villiers to procure his Ma^tie^ to

alow of, because it will bee both for the good of his wife, the ward, and rest of there children. I tooke the advice of S^r^ Ha^r^ Holdcraft, and likewise of laweyers, which makes mee confident you cannot fayle to have it effected. Now, in my one perticuler I command you, good Servant, to make my excuse to our Master for my absence, since such a lameness is the cause of it, as were I rich, I should suspect the Goute, but as I am, noe man can make mee doubt it, but to his Ma^tie^ I hope you will bee as just in your promis as my self, and then I shall hope to see you at Hampton Court, where you may sweare your self to bee heartely welcome and my neece, to whome lett my service and wifes bee remembred as to your sèlf. So I rest, good dorekeeper, your loving unkell,

"ANGLESEA."

[Indorsed.]

"To my dear Nephew, Mr. Endymion Porter,

"One of His Ma^ties^ Bedchamber, these."

In the interval between this and the next letter James had died, and the Princess Henrietta of France had become Queen of England. Coincident with her landing on these shores there was a terrible outbreak of the plague in London, which caused a general scattering among those who were in a position to escape from the metropolis. Endymion writes to his wife from Canterbury on 11th June, 1625:

"The Queen is expected this night at Dover, and on Wednesday we shall all be at London. The K. will not come to Greenwich at all. I pray for a care of

my children, and suffer not Gaiters to come into the house, for he runs into all the ale-houses in London."[1]

On his arrival in London Endymion sent his wife to the care of Lord Boteler, and placed his children under the charge of his mother at Aston-sub-Edge. She appears to have been a highly-cultivated woman, and, from the glimpses we get of her character, a most charming one. Her letters are faultless in point of composition, and afford a striking contrast to those of the Duchess of Buckingham, who frequently writes to her "sweet cusen" with a bold disregard of grammar and orthography. Here is one of Mrs. Angela Porter's letters:

"My Dear Son,

"You have now given me all the consolation that this will give you, and at the same time myself, and if you had communicated good news respecting the health of my Daughter-in-Law, nothing of what I most desire would have been wanting; but I hope in God that I shall hear of her health, and I beg of you to order your servant to communicate with me relating thereto on the first occasion, for I am well aware you have other things to occupy your attention, and truly I cannot be so happy as these pretty children give me occasion to be until I hear that she is entirely restored to health.

"I wish that you could see me sitting at the table with my little chickens, one on either side; in all my life I have not had such an occupation to my content, to

[1] This caution evidently refers to infection from the plague. According to Sir S. d'Ewes, 4,463 persons died of it in London during this week.

see them in bed at night, and get them up in the morning.

"The little one is exactly like what you were when you were of his age, and if it was not for tiring you, I would give you such a sermon, but I take up too much time when speaking of them.

"You may rest assured that you need not be anxious; this situation is healthy, and no care that can be bestowed upon them is wanting to keep them in health. In reference to what you say regarding their food you must know that they have here butter and cheese in abundance. They have also very good cows, and before the children came they killed a sheep once a week and sent it to market, for beef they do not kill on account of the heat, and veal and lamb sometimes they buy in the market; other times they kill when the cows breed. It would be well to do all that I have talked over with her; but I can assure that she is well pleased that you have again trusted her.

"I will inform you respecting everything, but I must now go and see my little one to bed.

"The Lord bless you, and allow me to see you as I would wish.

"Your mother,

"ANGELA PORTER."

And now we have the fair Olive in a repentant mood:

"SWEETHART,

"My brother tells me that you are very angrie with me; still I did not thinke you could have ben so

cruell to mee to have stayed so long awaye, and not to forgive that wich you know was spoke in passion I know not howe to begg your pardon, because I have broken my worde with you before; but if your good nature will forgive mee, come home to her that will ever bee

"Your loving and obedient wife,

"OLIVE PORTER."

Endymion's anger was ever short-lived:

"MY ONLY DEARE LOVE,

"Doo not think it anie neglect in mee my not cuming to see you since my departure, for as I hope to bee saued there could not be anie thing in the world so pleasing as thy sight, nor a greater affliction for mee than this absence. I was att Ashton, where I had the happines to see thy picture, and that did sumwhat please mee, butt when I founde it wanted that prettie discourse w^ch^ thy sweete companie dothe aford. I kist it with a greate deale of devotion and w^th^ manie wishes for the originall; there I left it! Nowe I am cuming nearer towardes you, butt cannot as yet have so greate a blessing as these lines shall have, to be seene by you, butt when the King cums to Windsor, I will hazard the loss of all my frends, rather than bee a daye longer from thee; in the meane tyme lett ower soules kiss, and, my faithe and true love shall never faile to asure thee thet though fortune hathe not given you a riche and powerfull man, yett God hathe bestowde one on you that will live and die

"Your true loving husband,

"ENDYMION PORTER."

In 1628 Endymion was despatched upon a secret mission to Madrid, with a view to negotiating terms of peace with Spain on the basis of greatly extended privileges to the Catholic party in the United Kingdom and the removal of their civil and political disabilities. He was accompanied by Dr. More, an Irish Jesuit priest, who ostensibly held the position of physician to the Duchess of Buckingham, over whom he exercised much influence. It was while employed in this mission that Porter received the tidings of his patron's assassination by the hand of Felton—the first shadow that had fallen over the sunshine of his life:—

"Nowe my dear soule I could wish myselfe whings to flie unto thee, for this daye I sett forwards towards the sea side to seeke a shipp to carrie mee for England, and if I finde one reddie, I shall quicklie bee there, but if in the porte I goe to there be none, then you must not expect mee soe soone and therefore if this letter cum to you before you see mee, bee not afrighted wth anie thing, for by the Grace of God I shall cum safe unto you. You cannot beleeve what a comfort your letter was to mee, for till I sawe it I have suffered the ill newes of the miserable loss of my Lord Duke, which noe man can suffer soe much as I, and my verrie sowle hathe been sencible of it. Good sweete Olive make much of your selfe that by seeing of you I may receave a remedie for the hurte that grife hath caused in mee. With a thousand kisses I rest

"Your true frend and loving husband,

"ENDYMION PORTER.

"Madrid, the first of December, 1628."

On his return to England Endymion met with an inhospitable reception[1]: "Mr. Endymion Porter, coming from Spaine homewards in a Spanish ship, was on our coast chaced by a Holland man-of-war, and driven into the Severn near to Portland, on the Welsh coast, forced to run astrand, and all in her to wade up to their necks to land. The ship was afterwards rifled by the Hollanders, and the men imprisoned by the Welsh, and even also Mr. Porter, and not only took from him and his company all that they possessed, but stripped him and them of all their clothes, and left them so naked afore they would afford them any harbour or courtesy, although Mr. Porter cried out that he was the king's servant."

During his visit to Madrid Endymion had made the acquaintance of a Doña Francesca Juarez, and it is to be hoped that the following letter from Sir Robert Wynn did not fall under the eyes of Mistress Porter:

"Noble S^r^,

"I have had the happines to here the voyce of that angell you stile your mistress, which made my eares stand upright, put the rest of my sences into exstacie, and forced my body to melt with a heavenly dewe. I herd such notes, cadences, and devisiones, as passing corporall sound, must needs com from her verie soule. I leave to comend anie other her partes or qualities, for it was by candle-light I saw her, but I presume they are raire, and I shall be able to give you a better accompt of them the next tim I have the good fortune to see her, for I was so taken with her singing, as my thoughtes

[1] Harleian MSS., 383, fol. 53, dated 2nd January, 1629. See also Wilson's "Court and Times of Charles I.," vol. i., p. 399.

were of nothinge els, that desiring you to intreat the kinge to make no peace unles hee have her as on of his hostages; I end in hast, and for this curtesie alone will ever bee

"Your obedient and humble servt,

"Ro. Winde.

"Madrid, 1st of March (stilo novo), 1629."

The death of Buckingham was a severe blow, not only to his personal friends and adherents, but to the hopes of the Roman Catholic Church in Great Britain. Mead writes to Statesville on 11th October, 1628, that "a great father of the Jesuits had wished the Felton's knife had been in his heart, so the Duke had escaped, whose untimely death, he confessed, was the greatest blow their Society ever had."

The duchess, though she took advantage of the event to declare herself a Roman Catholic, and dismiss all her Protestant servants as a tribute to her lord's memory, seems to have borne her loss with becoming resignation, for within the first year of her widowhood she writes to Mrs. Porter:

"Dere Cusen,

"Dockter More will tell you how I am. I have sent the dockter's leter to him. I am in good helthe I thanke God, and I hope in the end I shall be as well as ever I was. I pray pray for me; remember me to your husband and sonns, and I do not doubt but we shall be mery agane in Yorke Howse. Amphill is now sould, I thanke God, and we shall, by living here a

while, redeeme our selfs out of debt, I hope in Jesus. Farewell swett cusen.

"Your most constant frind,

"K. BUCKINGHAM.

"Durby, the 28th of July, 1628.

"My Co: remember his service to you.

"To my dere cusen, Mrs Porter."

Here is another letter from her Grace:

"GOOD CUSEN PORTER,

"There is one John Eve of Danbury, in Essex, who hath unfortunately slayne Robert Kemington, of Malden, in the same countrey, on Thrusday last, and is likly to be convicted for the sam, and go to lose both life, lands, and goods. My Lord's ould servant and min, John Backer, hath intreated me to be a sutor to his Ma^tie^ for his estate if he be so convicted. I pray therefore in my name present his request as my humble sutte, and adde thereunto your best furderances, for wh^ch^ I will ever remayne,

"Your tru loving frend and unfortunat cusen,

"K. BUCKINGHAM.

"this 5 of July, 1628."

[Indorsed.]

"To my very lovinge cosen,

"Mr. Endemion Porter,

"a court this."

Endymion's influence at Court must have been great to account for the numerous, and, in their nature, various solicitations addressed to him. Some of these petitioners do not scruple to urge their claims by means of money or less direct bribes, while other suitors seek to obtain their objects by fulsome flattery. Here is a letter, some of the metaphors in which do not certainly flavour of their episcopal origin, from the pen of Theophilus Field, Bishop of St. David's, to which see he had been translated from Llandaff in 1627, in succession to Laud:

"NOBLE S^R^,

"To sollicite the Kinge of Heaven by advocates is a forbidden will-worshippe; but in a distance commaunded by good manners we used to commend o^r^ causes to Kinges on earth by intercessors. Hence, least any (like strange-temperd multiplying-glasses) should present my stayinge heere in y^e^ deformity of disobedience, I have made choice of you (as a True Mirrour) to represent to his Ma^tie^ the true causes y^t^ detain me heere, and this my humblest petition:

"'That whereas his Ma^tie^ hath beene pleased to nominate me of the Quorum in 2 Commissions of review, one in y^e^ cause of Vaughan and others, commended by y^e^ late intended Parliam^t^ to my Lo: Keeper; the other in y^e^ controversie betweene S^r^ Thomas Mansell and S^r^ Thomas Aubrey, which (as y^e^ case now standes) cannot be spedde w^thout^ my presence, neither some other law-suites against refractory opposers of my jurisdiction and rightes in y^e^ countrey. His Ma^tie^ would be further pleased to give me leave to execute the same his commaund, and (in a subjects common libertie) to prosequete my owne causes personally.'

"You may be pleased to adde, That want of health

and meanes of recovery in that desolate place (where is not soe much as a leach to cure a sicke horse), myselfe and second selfe, often visited w^th^ torturinge fittes of the Stone and Gowte, besides 2 of my children taken with a suddaine deafenes, have made this journey as necessary as life. But alas! we meete with death if o^r^ Soveraignes displeasure meete w^th^ us; since it is not for them who stand w^th^ one foote in the Grave to stand w^th^ the other before that wrath which y^e^ peaceablest Solomon judged as y^e^ roaringe of a Lyon.

"And further, That my Goods, my poore estate, the whole stay of my posterity, left here in untrusty and suspected hands behind me, required my comminge up to recollect and settle them, to bringe these and other businesses to perfection, would require a Longe daie, but I desire, few longer then y^e^ shortest of Winter daies to prevent a double winter journey. A sooner journey will be very combersome and jeopardous in regard of wayes, now deepe and dangerous, at all times steepe, craggy, and welshly teedious, wherefore (I trust) his Ma^tie^ will not denie soe old a servaunt such a winter suite, but be as God unto me, who desireth not y^e^ death of a sinner, neither will y^e^ Kinge my master desire y^e^ death of a most loyally faithful subject.

"I dally not with his indulgence (as this licentious age doeth too much) but not w^ith^ standinge his Ma^ties^ former Gratiousnesse y^e^ justice of my present businesse, the neerer I am to my Jupiter, y^e^ more have I learnt to feare y^e^ thunderbolte; if He be propitious, the lesser Gods I neede not feare. May you be pleased to be the Mercurie, y^e^ Interpreter of his Will and Messenger of his good pleasure. You are that Laurell whose vertuous

shelter I implore, y^t^ I be not strucke or blasted. This tast of yo^r^ favo^r^ will assure me of yo^r^ better affections and strongly binde me, more faithfully and fervently (if more may be) to serve his Ma^tie^ and to wisk y^t^ may ever be a flourishing Laurell (y^e^ Ensigne of Victorie) when the blossomed and spent Almond Tree shall be the true embleme of

"Your most truely and devoted and obliged friend,

"THEOPHILIS MENEVEN.

"Broad S^cty^ October y^e^ last, 1629."

Here we have an appeal for a very peculiar mark of the royal favour, no less a thing than for a touch of the king's hand for the cure of disease:

"S^r^ W. Russell to Endymion Porter.

"22 December, 1629.

"MY HONO^BLE^ FRINDE,

"If yo^u^ please to knowe y^r^ self to be the choyse my hart hath made, to whome (above all the worlde) it owes a faythfull reverence; it will advantage me to presume on yo^r^ favor, beinge w^th^ necessitie prest to adresse my self unto it. I am made beleeve (by the opineon of the best of our countrie cirurgions) that my sister Wintone's eldest boye hath the kinges evill growing uppon him, and that there is noe cure but from the kinge for it; yet before I did presume to bringe him upp, and to crave to yo^r^ meanes to have him unto the kinge, I thought fitt to enquire yo^r^ pleasure, when I may best trouble yo^u^ w^th^ him; for I conceave there

are onely certayne times prefixte that the kinge eddmits sutch unto his presence unlesse yo^{r} powre may give extraordinary dispatch in it; w^{ch} submittinge to yo^{r} noble thoughts, wth my humblest service to yo^{u} and Mrs. Porter, I remayne

"Yo^{r} faythful servant,

"WILL. RUSSELL.

"Witley, 22 Decemb^{r}, 1629."

This superstition prevailed to a comparatively recent period, when the afflicted would visit the parish church at Ashburnham where the watch and clothing worn by Charles I. at his execution were deposited as holy relics. The watch had been a gift to the king by Endymion Porter, who thus refers to it in a letter to his steward, Hervey, in May 1639:

"I left a watch with Este[1] to make for the king, and he had a curious case of gould enamel of me, so that he makes nothing but the entrails; he is to have seven pounds for it."

One of the pious pilgrims to Ashburnham church, not believing perhaps in the efficacy of touch alone, carried away with him this "outer case of gould enamel" and its "entrails," whereupon the remaining relics were transferred for safe custody to the Earl of Ashburnham's residence at Battle.

There are several other references to the cure of

[1] A famous watchmaker of those days, who is referred to in the Verney papers, published by the Camden Society, p. 187.

king's evil in Porter's correspondence. In a letter to his son in February, 1640, he writes:

"Your bottle of dietary goeth away with Mr. Sares, who is a very honest gentleman, and the king will cuer his daughter to-morrow."

When, in 1634, the Cardinal Infanta, Ferdinand of Spain (brother to Philip IV.) was appointed governor of the Low Countries, Endymion Porter was despatched on a special mission, having for its object "to presse the Infanta for speedie justice in the grievances complained of by his Majesty's subjects, as well in the wrongs and depredations committed by their men of warre at sea, as in the interruptions and oppressions of free trade." The mission was, according to a statement in the Strafford letters, originally entrusted to the Duke of Lennox; but, from motives of economy, an envoy of less exalted rank was subsequently selected. Endymion was not despatched without dignity, however, his suite having consisted of twenty gentlemen, including Sir Frederick Cornwallis, Sir Henry Mundy, and other persons of consideration, with a large retinue of servants.

Sir Balthazar Gerbier,[1] who was at this time our

[1] Balthazar Gerbier d'Ouvilly was a native of Antwerp, born about 1591. He came young to England to practise the art of miniature painting in which he attained some eminence, though, according to Lord Orford, "his talents were rather those of a courtier than an artist" Indeed, on one occasion he indignantly disavowed the imputation of being a painter by profession, as derogatory to his rank. He became a favourite with Buckingham, who employed him on several diplomatic missions. His family were noted for their beauty, and were painted by Vandyke. One

resident minister at Brussels, received his old friend Porter with much cordiality, and lost no time in presenting him to the Prince Cardinal, "to whom I will only say 'you are the man sent by his Majestie,' and then it is my duty to retire, the day being yours."

Endymion states that he was received at court with much honour, "the Count Noyelles cuming for mee in on of his highness's coaches." His official report to Secretary Windebanke is as follows:

"Bruzuls 5 December, 1634.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOR,

"The last weeke I gave you an accoumpt of what had paste till then; since w^ch^ tyme I have had another audience w^th^ this Prince, wherin I represented unto him the complaints of our merchants for the laying of neue impositions uppon our cloths and other comodities here, contrarie to the artickles of peace; and allsoe, of the excesses and robberies committed by those of Dunkerke uppon our merchants in generall and in particuler uppon the fishing busses, for all w^ch^ I hoped his highness would give order to see his ministers here, that full satisfaction and remedie might bee had, and to that purpose (w^th^ Mr. Gerbiers advise) I drue a remonstrance, and it is referred to the President of the Councell of these Countries, whoe seemes to bee a wise

of his daughters was maid of honour to the Princess of Condé, and when the latter was imprisoned at Chantilly by Mazarin, Madlle. de Gerbier effected her royal mistress's escape by personating her. (See "Memoires Lenet," vol. i., p. 189.)

and an honest man; and gives mee hopes that all shall be doon as is desired, w^ch^ is the only cause of my staye nowe.

"I write your honor no newes, for the Resident will doo it better then I can; he usethe mee soe extreame kindely as I must intreate your honor to thanke him for it, and when it lies in my power to requite it, I will not forget the obligation I have to serve him. Your honor maye bee confident of my love and respects to you, and whensoever you shall bee pleased to comaund mee, I will not faile to make my actions run equall w^th^ my words, as one that desiers to bee esteemed

"Your honors true frend and humble servaunt,

"ENDYMION PORTER."

The negociation was conducted with all despatch and apparent success, but on taking his leave the envoy encountered a difficulty on the score of etiquette; for the king of England having addressed the Infanta as *altesse*, the latter could not in reply use other terms but *vous*, though he would consent to sign himself as *cousin et serviteur* instead of *cousin et ami* as he subscribed himself to the French king. Endymion declined to be the bearer of a letter couched in these terms, and finally departed with only verbal assurances of redress, and with "a faire present of a brush sett with diamonds, and to his two sonnes each a diamond ring."

Here are some of Gerbier's quaint letters on the subject of this negociation:

"M. Gerbier to Sir John Finet.

"Brussels, 29 December, 1634.

"SIR,

"I had your letter by my noble friend Mr. Porter, who returnes againe for the land of Canaan; he came hether admirably well accompanied, his behaviour, like himselfe, noble, and who but a true blode of an English man doth well when imployed? I can tell you noe great newes from hence; Christmas time only ten dayes ere yours, masking and dancing but by spurts, 'cause the noise of drums, trompetts, and canons, suffer noe such devises, but while Mars, for few nightes in winter, seemes to winke att the making of a new Maister de Camp general, that pass dub, dub, dub, sleepe you but few nights, and if I act next spring here the sentinell, I shall not be sparing soe farre as I may to send you some Gazettaries Romances. Now I kisse your hands w^th^ resents of soe many kindnes exprest in your said letter to me w^ch^ make me a Debtor but no Lazarus, being, &c. &c.

"GERBIER.

"Bruxelles, this 29 Dec., 1634."

"M. Gerbier to Endymion Porter.

"NOBLE S^R^,

"I have y^rs^ of the 24th September therein recommended y^e^ case of y^e^ party w^ch^ hath a suite depending in this Admiralty Court, and y^t^ about Tobacco. May y^e^ case not vanish in smoake considring y^e^ kind care you take in your frind's interest. I have done all w^ht^

possible in y^t^ business ere itt suffered debate by law, in w^ch^ once entered this Prince excused to his Mag^tie^ y^e^ delivery of y^e^ smoaky stuffe, ere tryed by fire; for soe processes well may be termed. The parties recommended are overthrowne att Duncquerque, worse than w^ht^ some believe of Purgatory, since none doo come out of itt. Nothing of w^ht^ may doe for y^e^ parties shall be ommitted, then cause to debate by y^e^ law of God of w^ch^ Druines interpretors, by y^e^ law of y^e^ Kings tried by Articles of peace, and by y^e^ law of nature, to w^ch^ no Phisitians, except naturalists, shall be called. Priests make no difficultye to administer y^e^ holly sacram^t^ unto men who immediately before have taken Tobacco, cause itt rather takes than gives. The Articles of peace confiscate butt w^ht^ prohibited Tobacco fire, since passed for marchandise and no placcart against y^e^ same. Phisitians say itt rather stupifieth y^e^ stomach or appetit, then gives any alim^t^ all w^ch^ is confirmed by the faculty of Louvain. What will come of itt sticks in y^e^ brest of these juges whoe are att home, soe I have done w^th^ y^e^ first part of your letter. I reply to y^e^ second (w^ch^ consists in kind expressions as you are wont) to ressent very much your love, and as much as ever cause some w^ht^ more obliges me thereunto.

"Thanke you also for w^ht^ wisht in y^e^ postcript in your letter, God and Kings doe things in their owne time, w^ch^ powre creatures must attend, and in y^e^ interim boulle out y^e^ time best possible. To be merry abroad and wise att home, as you say, is fitt butt more sweeter I confesse then boild mutton and turnips to be wise and merry att home: where God grant I may once see y^e^ time to witnesse unto you how I ressent ould

kindnesse of y^e^ sweet Masters time, and for what els offered by you in this of y^e^ best and y^e^ best of princes. How would y^e^ Mother-sheepe and all y^e^ little lames skip and kish y^e^ happy English ground. Well, they are all proude you remember them considring they are in so miserable a place, a denne of infection, w^ch^ I shalbe constrayned to leave for a time if God w^th^drawes not y^e^ plague from itt, and other places more sure then they are att present. I am tedious by too long discourse, humbly kiss hands.

"GERBIER.

"Bruxelles, 5 October, 1635, stil: loc:

"I shall not forgett y^r^ salutation to y^e^ Marquis de Vieuxville, who is in thousand feares of y^e^ plague att' Audenarde."

In 1638 Endymion Porter signed a petition to the King to restore to the gentlemen of the Privy Chamber the privileges they had enjoyed under former reigns, among others that of "keeping the linnen of his Majesty, and that his Majesty may not be put to needless expences in his linnen, and therefore none is damned without his knowledge and approbation." The petition also prays that "such partes of his Majesty's dyett as shall reste when he eateth privately be served the Gentlemen and grooms of the Bedchamber, and their leavings to his Majesty's barber and pages, who are otherwise unprovided." In spite of these grievances, however, Court favour under the Stuarts appears to have been a very substantial thing, and Endymion had his full share of the crumbs that fell from the royal table. When, in 1627,

the Earl of Cork's rich estates were confiscated, they were divided in equal portions between the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Holland, and Endymion Porter. The latter at this time had no less than sixty spiritual livings in his gift, was Colonel of the Seventh Regiment of Foot,[1] and Captain of the gentlemen of the trained bands, "being four hundred all trained martialists."[2] He had been elected Member of Parliament for Droitwich in 1626. Between that year and 1640 we find warrants issued granting him leaseholds, at a nominal rental, of two manors in the Duchy of Cornwall, of Robey Park and of Mersby Park, and of the Forest and Chace of Exmoor. He had further the recovery, for his own use, of all fees levied in excess of those authorised by the sheriffs and their deputies, a commission on fees for patents, and a moiety of the fines levied by the Star Chamber. He enjoyed, moreover, the monopoly of the manufacture of white writing paper, a percentage on the proceeds of the sale of Crown lands, and several sinecure offices. When he discovered defalcations on the part of public officials, he received a share of the sums recovered; and we find, among other "gratifications" received by him, a grant of money "for the discovery that the dignitie of baronet is not descendible, but that the king may avoid whom he pleases, and retaigne only those that deserve his grace and power."

One of the most important grants obtained by Endymion Porter was a charter to trade in the East Indies, under which, he, conjointly with two other "adventurers,"

[1] Pinkerton's "Medallic History."

[2] See "Biographical History of the Rev. S. Grange," by Bindley.

Sir William, Courtein, and Samuel Bonnell, fitted out an expedition of six vessels, which sailed from Dover in 1634, with full authority to form commercial treaties, and establish factories in the name of the King.

From the journals kept by the commanders[1] it would appear that the profits of legitimate trade were largely supplemented by "reprisals and indemnities," and that this merchant fleet carried matters with a very high hand indeed. Only a few days after setting sail they "fell in with a certain French bottom" which, neglecting to salute the English flag, "was taught better manners by a shot or two bestowed upon her."[2]

A rival speculator in the East, Captain Cobbe, a marine free lance cruising in the Red Sea, "having by his depredations made the name of an Englishman odious in those parts," was overhauled by our adventurers, and robbed of £8,000, or as they expressed it "subjected to a fine" to that amount. The terms of this charter encroached seriously upon those of an older trading company. A contemporary writer says, under date of 8th November 1637[3]: "The East India Company here are giving over their trade, the disturbances created abroad by ships sent out in the name of Sir William Courtein and Endymion Porter having so disordered their affairs that except they receive present comfort from the King and State and be by them protected they can no longer subsist.

[1] Bonnell was one of the wealthiest merchants of his time, but was ruined by his zeal in the cause of the House of Stuart. His life, written by Archdeacon Hamilton of Armagh, was published in 1757.

[2] "Journell Contayninge the Memorable Passages in the Voyages of the Shippes Dragon, Sunne, Katherine, Anne, and Discoverrie, for East India, from the Downs, 14 April, 1836."—State Paper Office.

[3] Stafford, "Letters," vol. ii. p. 87.

They are resolving to call home their men, goods, and shipping, and thus breaking, will certainly for a time diminish His Majesty's Customs, as men conceive."

This passage has a curious significance read by the light of the present day when the English sovereign has sought to add dignity to the crown by assuming a title connecting it with this little trading company threatened with bankruptcy by the grant of a rival charter obtained by a gentleman of the bedchamber.

The historian of British India[1] records the fortunes of the adventurers in their conflict with the East India Company, their temporary triumph, the attempt to give them a preponderating influence, and finally, from financial considerations rather than motives of justice, the confirmation of the older charter, and the withdrawal of that obtained by Porter.

The following letters to Secretary Windebanke relate to one of the numerous encounters in English waters between the Dutch and Spanish fleets. The king professed to maintain a strict neutrality, but it is not difficult to perceive upon which side his sympathies lay. Endymion seems to have been perfectly impartial, his only anxiety being lest the destruction of the ships on either side should impede the navigation in our harbours.

"Endymion Porter to Sir F. Windebanke.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOR,

"Last night, at nine of the clock, I receaved your honor's letter, w^th^ one inclosed from Don Alonso de

[1] Mill's "British India," vol. i., chapter ii.

Cardenas, and I acquainted his Ma^tie w^th the contents of it, and hee comaunded mee to lett your honor know, that hee would have you make answer to the resident (if hee requier it) that the King hathe shewde his care of the Spanish Fleete, w^th all the kindenes that could bee expected, and that if the winde sitt where it dothe, it will bee impossible for his shipps to cum to protect them against the Hollander, but his Ma^tie will doo the best hee can. Howsoever, hee would have the Spaniards prepare themselves for the worst, for they cannot imagin but that hee will bee prest to limit a tyme for theire abode in his porte, and in the meane tyme, hee shall keepe them from hostilitie, if it bee possible; and his Ma^tie hathe given the best order hee can to that purpose; and your honor can informe them howe greate a prejudice it would bee to the King, if they should fight in the Harbor, for if anie shipps should miscarrie and bee sunke there, it would bee the ruin of the best harbor in the Kingdom; but it seemes the Spaniard regardes nothing but his own acomodation, nor will they looke abowte them, untill the Kinge assigne them a daye to sette saile, the w^ch will be requierd from him; and when theye are owte of the Porte, they must trust to theire owne force, for his Ma^tie will protect them no farther.

"As for theire makeing anie proposition, I thinke they are such dull, stupifide sowles, that they thinke of nothing, and when I acquainted his Ma^tie w^th theire negligence in that particuler, hee towld mee that the resident was a sillie, ignorant, old fellowe. I would I could serve your honor in anie thing; I have so manie reasons to doo it, as I should be accoumpted

by all the world an ungratefull man, if I were not inviolablie

"Your honor's most devoted,

"humble servant,

"ENDYMION PORTER.

"Windsor, this 9th of
"October, 1639."

"Endymion Porter to Sir F. Windebanke.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOR,

"His Ma^tie having taken into his gratious consideration what maye happen, if the Hollanders should, in an hostill manner, fall uppon the Spaniards in the Downes, and by anie such act, drive them to run on shore for safegarde of theire lives, and thereby those that scape maye bee much necessitated, bothe for victuall and lodging, and the king's subjects damnifide by the unruly carridge of sowldiers in want; His Ma^tie (owte of his pious care to prevent disorder on all sides) hathe comaunded mee to lett your honor knowe that it is his royall pleasure you signifie unto the Lord Warden of the Cinck Portes and to the deputie liftennants of Kent, that they (in such case of necessitie) see provision bee made for the billeting of strangers in such places, as for theire monnies they may have all necessaries of meate, drinke, and lodging, that thereby the world maye see His Ma^tie's Christianlike intentions to the subjects of his frends and alies. These are his Ma^tie's comaunds; and when I can make your honor anie returne for the favors I daylie receave from you in my

particuler, I will freelie lett you see that I have hartie desiers to be accoumpted

"Your honor's most faithefull, humble servaunt,
"ENDYMION PORTER.

"Windsor, this 10th
"of October, 1639."

In the end the Spanish fleet was all but annihilated by Van Tromp, who, with only twenty-five sail, attacked the sixty sail of the Spaniards, out of which only ten escaped with their admiral, Oguendo, into Dunkerque.[1]

The fair Olive having about this time again lost her temper, she is thus rebuked :—

"OLIVE,

"I writt unto you a letter by this gentleman w^{ch} it seems you take unkindely. As I hope for salvation I knowe no cause for it; but sure you are apt to mistake mee, and are fearfull that I should oblige you overmuch to esteeme mee; wherin, though you shewe but little love, yet 'tis signe of a good conchience. God continue it in you, and send me grace to mend my life, as I will my manners, for I will trouble you wth no more of my letters, nor wth anie designe of mine, yet I will not dispaire of you, as you doo of mee, for I hope that age and good considerations will make you knowe I am "Your best frend,

"ENDYMION PORTER.

"Commend mee to the children, and send this inclosed to Davenant wth all speede."

[1] See Whitelocke's "Memorials," pp. 31, 32.

The Davenant here named is Sir William, the poet, with whom Endymion lived upon terms of intimacy, and whose works he had protected against the squeamish censorship of the Master of the Revels.

Payne Collier[1] says:—"Through Endymion Porter Davenant complained to the king of this exercise of authority; and on the 9th January the king called the master of the revels before him, and directed that he should allow "such words as death, faith, and others, to stand as asseverations only, and not as oaths."

In return for this service Davenant dedicated his best comedy, "The Witts," to Endymion; to whom, as well as to his wife, there are repeated complimentary allusions in his works, and when in 1648 Porter was in poverty and exile, the poet inscribed to him his "Madagascar" with these words: "If these poems live, may your memories by whom they are cherished live with them." Other authors showed an equal appreciation of Endymion's friendship. Thomas May, the translator of "Lucan," dedicated to him his "Antigone," and Dekkar his "Dreame." Herrick addresses to him no less than five of his poems; and Warmstrey's "England's Wounds and Cure," published on the assassination of Buckingham, was inscribed to "that great patron of all ingenious men, especially of poets, Endymion Porter, whose native place, though obscure, yet was he so great a man and beloved by two kings; by James for his admirable wit, and by Charles for his general learning, brave style, sweet temper, great experience, travels, and modern languages."

[1] "Dramatic Poetry," vol. iv., p. 57.

In his life of Shakespeare, Rowe introduces a conversation between Sir John Suckling, Sir William Davenant, Endymion Porter, and Ben Jonson, on the subject of the great poet's acquaintance with the classics, from which we may infer that Porter had known Shakespeare personally; this he might well have done, for he was already thirty years of age when Shakespeare died, and Aston-sub-Edge is within a few miles of Stratford-on-Avon.

Endymion also cultivated the friendship of the painters of his time; and the fact of the king having repeatedly employed him in purchasing pictures and statuary abroad, proves him to have merited Pinkerton's eulogium as a connoisseur as well as "a man of excellent natural parts, adorned by arts, languages, and travels." He lived on intimate terms with Rubens during that painter's stay at the English Court, and maintained a life-long friendship with Vandyke, among whose well-known pictures is one of Endymion and his family, and another of the artist and Sir Endymion Porter,[1] now in possession of Lord Buckhurst, at Knolle.

In 1639 Endymion accompanied the king to Scotland, and was employed in negotiating terms of peace. Clarendon asserts that in the treaty with the Covenanters, "the most material matters passed in discussion, and very little was committed to writing," but this is contradicted by Endymion's letter, written on the spot:

"RICHARD HARVYE,

"The peace is now concluded, and I have sent my wife the Articles and Condicions w^{ch} you maye

[1] We frequently find the prefix of knighthood attached to Porter's name, and it is difficult to account for the fact that the honour, then much esteemed, should never have been actually conferred upon him.

coppie oute and send to Sir William Calley, and I praye you remember my service to him and my Ladie, and to the yong man and his wife. If George Shawe bee gone I pray you open this letter w^ch^ is enclosed and deliver that w^ch^ is w^th^in his, or send it, as the superscription directs. I wonder you heare not from Sumercoates; I writt a sharp letter to them, but they are bothe cowsening kaves, and I will make them repent it. I praye you guett my pencion if you can, for all my monnies are spent; and so not doubting of your care in everie thing I comitt you to God, and rest

"Your true friend,

"ENDYMION PORTER.

"From the Campe this
"18th of June, 1639."

Among other privileges enjoyed by Charles' courtiers was, it appears, that of importing their wine free from duty:

"Endymion Porter to Farmers of the Customs.

"9 July, 1640.

"Endymion Porter, Esq., desiers a Bill of Stores for 4 hogsheads of graves white wine, and halfe a hogshead of Reanishe wine, packed up in drie caske w^ch^ came from Amsterdame in y^e^ Elizabeth; y^e^ M^r^ name being Michael Jockley, M.^D^, w^th^ y^e^ marke in y^e^ margent, it beeing for y^e^ expence of his owne table. Y^e^ ship lieth at Somers Key.

"If you will not allowe me a bill of store for my

wine, I will bring my frends to your howses, and all those that cum home to mine shall drinke water, for I live by your favours, and am

"Your humble servant,

"ENDYMION PORTER."

'In May, 1640, Endymion's son, Charles, serving as a cornet of horse with the king's forces in Scotland, wrote to his father:

"I heare, sir, that you have receaved the trunke and sworde out of Spain. Prey, sir, if you please, make that sword of Luis de Ayola be putt into such a hilt as my brother's blake one, and let it be deep enough that I might thrust both my fingers into, for I like a good sword extreamely."

A few weeks later the brave boy fell, sword in hand, while attempting to rally the English troops at "the infamous rout at Newburn."[1]

This blow fell heavily upon Endymion, at a time, too, when the clouds were beginning to gather thickly over the throne of England. The excitement created in the capital by the seizure of the five members had induced the King to remove with the Royal family from Hampton Court to Windsor, from whence Endymion Porter, who was now fully sensible of the perils that threatened his master, wrote those true and loyal words which have been chosen as the motto of this chapter, and which so honourably distinguish him from the time-serving courtiers who, when popular indignation broke

[1] Rushworth, vol. ii., p. 1238.

forth, according to Clarendon, "durst hardly avow waiting upon the King."

"Endymion Porter to his Wife Olive.

"My Dearest Love,

"As for monnies, I wonder you can imagin that I should helpe you, but you alwayes looke for impossibilities from mee, and I wish it were a tyme of mirrackles, for then wee might hope for a good success in everie thing. Whither wee goe and what wee are to dooe, I knowe not, for I am none of the councell; *my dutie and loyaltie have taught mee to follow my king and master, and by the grace of God nothing shall divert mee from it;* I could wish you and your children in a safe place, but why Woodhall should not bee soe, I cannot yet tell. I could likewise wish my cabinetts and all my other things were at Mr. Courteene's; but if a verrie discrete man bee not there, and take the advise of the joyner to convaye them them thither, they will bee as much spoilde in the carridge as w^th^ the rabble. Dearest love, to serve God well is the waye in everie thing that will leade us to a happie end, for then hee will bless us, and deliver us owt of all troubles; I praye you have a care of your selfe, and make much of your children, and I presume wee shall bee merrie and enjoye one another long.

"And soe good night, sweete Noll.

"Your true frend and most loving husband,

"Endymion Porter.

"Windsor,
"This 14th of Januarie, 1641."

It was not long before Endymion Porter's faithful adhesion to the cause of the King brought upon him the wrath of Parliament. In August, 1641, the Committee in Grocer's Hall formally required the King to remove him from about his person and Court, as "of evil fame, and disaffected to the peace and prosperity of the kingdom;" and early in the following year the Speaker issued a summons requiring him to attend the House forthwith on pain of expulsion. The King represented to the Speaker (Lenthall) that the services of Mr. Porter were required at Court, whereupon a month was allowed him to put in an appearance or to be committed for contempt. In May a resolution to declare him a delinquent was defeated, but in the early part of the following year an intercepted letter from Endymion to his wife, in which he imputed the distracted state of the country to "ambitious villains," was read in the House, and he was formally declared disabled "from taking his seat during the present Parliament."

In September, 1642, Endymion was taken prisoner at the Grange near West Hallam, by the Mayor of Derby and a party of Parliamentary soldiers, but effected his escape,[1] and in the following year he was included among those to whom the Lord General was instructed to extend no mercy in the event of their falling into his hands.[2]

In the same year the Parliamentary Commissioners at Uxbridge denounced Endymion Porter as "one of those who, like Prince Rupert, Earls Derby, Newcastle,

[1] See a pamphlet in the British Museum, entitled "Exceeding Joyful Newes."

[2] See "Perfect Diurnel," No. 15.

and Bristol shall expect no pardon," but, although they did not succeed in wreaking their personal vengeance upon him, they inflicted a severe blow by their successful attempts to seduce his eldest son from the Royal cause.

George Porter had married a daughter of the Earl of Norwich, and from the first outbreak of the civil war had taken a conspicuous part on the side of the Royalists. In February, 1745, however, while holding a commission of lieutenant-general of horse in the King's forces, he secretly took the oath of abjuration before two justices of the peace for the county of Middlesex:

"The Committee for compounding with delinquents records that George Porter Esquire being a gentleman very considerable on that side, he was sollicited by Sir Thomas Fairfax and Colonel Cooke, as very much conducing to the parliamentary service."

Colonel Cooke, in a letter dated 26th Nov., 1645, writes to George Porter:—

"I have Sir Thomas Fayrfax his passe for you, and as many officers and gentlemen and servants as will be with you, and if you will send me worde by my trumpter precisely when I will meet you at Stoke, I will not fayle to meet you and carry you to my quarters, where, after one night of merriment, w^e^ will go to the General, where you will be sure of his and Cromwell's best service. Come; y^e^ more y^e^ merrier."

The treachery and desertion of his son, of that first-born of whom in early happy days he wrote so fondly and

proudly to his young wife as "a future St. George," was bitterly felt by Endymion, now working indefatigably in the service of the King; at one time in attendance upon his person, at another beating up recruits all over the country, or negotiating loans and alliances at foreign courts. When he here congratulates Lord Ashby on the increasing number of the Royal army, he little dreamt that his son had already in secresy abjured the cause which he believed to be a sacred and a righteous one.

"My most honoured Lord,

"I give your Lordship infinite thanks for your kind letter, and by this I perceave that unexpected favors oblige more than those which by importunitie are obtainde. Indeed my Lord, you cannot imagine how much I honor your Ldp. for this remembrance of mee. But what shall I return? Faithe, my Lord, an honest harte, as full of true love and gratitude as you can wish or I thinke, and w^th^ such a one I will pay the interest of the debt 'till better times make m^e^ able to satisfie your Ldp. to the full. It is good newes to hear how your armie encreases, and we all think it a happiness to that gallant Prince Rupert in that he enjoyes your Ldp's companie in those enterprises His H^s^ undertakes against the K's enemies, and by y^r^ Ldp's good advice I hope he will be able to curbe the unruly ambition of distracted Rebbels, and bring them quickely to a knowledge of their errors which have brought our pore nation to a miserable condicion. I shewde His M^tie^ your Ldp's letter, and he charged mee to remember him to you, and pubblickly exprest with large kindnes the confidence hee had in your worth and courage. I beseech your Ldp.

present my humble dutie to Prince Rupert and Prince Morris, and when your Ldp. hath occasion to employ anie bodie here in your service, I am your Lordship's first man, and will never faile you, for both my predestination and free will, I must, and shall ever bee

"My Lord,

"Your Ldp's most devoted

"humble servant,

"ENDYMION PORTER.

"Oxford, this 26 of

"March, 1654.

"To my deare Sir Bernard, and to Colonell Appleyard, I drink your Ldp's healthe, and they may pledge mee in ale, for wine you have none!"

Addressed

"To the Right Hon^ble my most hon^d Lord

"The Lord Ashby, these present."

When, in the autumn of 1644, the Queen, with the Prince of Wales, sought refuge in Holland, Endymion was sent in attendance upon her; and we have here an indication of the straits to which the adherents of the Royal cause were already reduced.

"To Secretary Nicholas.[1]

"Paris, 9, 1646.

"I am a sad man to understand that Your Honour is reduced to want; but it is all our cases, for I am in so much necessity, that were it not for an irish barber that was once my servant, I might have starved

[1] MSS. Birch Donet, p. 254. Ellis's "Letters," series II., vol. iii., p. 314.

for want of bread. He hath sent me some monies, which will keep me for a fortnight longer, and then I will be soe much subject to misery as I was before. Here in our court, noe man looks on me, and the Queen thinks I lost my estate for want of wit rather than any loyalty to my master.

"Your honour's true friend
"And humble servant,
"ENDYMION PORTER."

In his wife Endymion now found an invaluable ally and helpmate; and no threats or penalties deterred this brave woman from carrying out her husbands orders. She was several times commanded to leave the country on pain of being proceeded against as a spy, and finally was provided with the "Speaker's pass for France, the sergeant-at-arms to attend her at her own cost as far as the port of embarkation."

The following, the last of Endymion's letters that will be quoted, presents a painful contrast to his earlier correspondence, and none the less so because of its attempted jocularity.

"To Sir Richard Browne.[2]
"Brussells, this 29 November, 1647.

"MOST HONORED SIR,

"I wright not often to you for feare of troubling you. But I wish myselfe often in your

[1] Isaac Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," refers to the extreme poverty of Queen Henriette at Paris, who, on one occasion, stated that her daughter was obliged to remain in bed for want of fire to warm her.

[2] From Sir R. Browne's Papers, 2 vols. fol., in British Museum.

companie bycawse I love it as you do Pye, and God seude me but good newes next week of our poore Master's safe deliverie from his enemies the Aiutadors (sic); I will be merrie with you in my nexte. Was there ever soe cursed a nation as wee are, that must be thought murderers, for a companie of fellows that are possest with legions of devels and w^d^ make us believe they have the Holy Goste. I hope the Lord will serve them one of these daies as he did those whom he sent fishing in the swine! for unless there be some such course taken with them we shall never live at quiet. I beesech you buss my sweet country woman for my sake, with such a buss as made the lass turn Nun. Come, Sir Richard, if our Gloucestershire Mistris were out of the verge of wife, she is worth a 1000 drabbes that make you believe the moon is made of Green Cheese! I thanke God I am now paste these things; paternoster and good wine are the pastime of the aged. Present my humble service to Mrs. Eveling, and to the sweete *Zagala* of Deptford, and be pleased to assure yourself that

"I am, honored sir,

"Your most affectionate humble servant,

"ENDYMION PORTER."

The game was now nearly played out. In January, 1649, Charles died upon the scaffold, and Endymion Porter survived his master but a few months. He was reduced to extreme poverty; and into such obscurity had the brilliant and accomplished courtier fallen, that it is not even known where he ended his days, or where his

remains lie buried. He was in England shortly after the King's death, for Evelyn mentions having caught sight of him in a London picture gallery in May, 1649,[1] but he is supposed to have died in Paris in the summer of that year.

In his will, drawn up in the days of his prosperity, he commends his wife and children to the good and gracious care of the king, and concludes with this grateful tribute to his early benefactor:

"I charge all my sons upon my blessing that they, leaving the like charges to their posterity, do all of them observe and respect the children and family of my Lord Duke of Buckingham, deceased, to whom I owe all the happiness I had in the world."

George Porter—who by his apostacy had recovered the estates of which his father had been deprived—on the Restoration again played a winning game; and the deserter from the army of Charles I. died in the enjoyment of court favour as a gentleman of the bedchamber to Charles II. It was his daughter Mary who in 1664 became the second wife of the second Viscount Strangford. George Porter's younger brother Thomas became conspicuous in a different line. In 1653 we find him committed to Lambeth House for the abduction of an heiress, the Lady Anne Blunt, daughter of the Earl of Newport, and in the following year he was put upon his trial for having "run a soldier through in Covent Garden, who is since dead.[2] In 1659 he married Roberta

[1] Evelyn's "Diary," 12 May, 1649.
[2] "Political Mercury," No. 250.

Anne Colepeper, the lady referred to in Lady Fanshawe's memoirs, and died in 1680.[1] The Porter family is now extinct.

The household of Buckingham and the court of James and of Charles were not schools calculated to inspire a high moral tone, but Endymion Porter passed honourably through the ordeal. Certain practices were in those days considered justifiable and lawful which would now be universally condemned and punished. A man in a public position who should accept a present of money in consideration of the exercise of his influence at Court or in the Cabinet, would now, if discovered, be impeached and disgraced; but two centuries ago such acts were not only legitimate, but considered, even in the case of persons of far higher position than Endymion Porter, as recognised sources of emolument. Court favour, too, be it remembered was, under the Stuarts, the surest if not the only road to public preferment. Judged by the standard of his day, Endymion's character was one that inspires love and respect, and measured by the higher moral standard of the present, his gentle affectionate nature and sweet temper under all trials, his courage, and love of adventure, his generous and hearty appreciation of literature and art, and the protection which he never failed to extend to those who professed them, his undying gratitude to his early benefactor, and his chivalrous devotion to the king, greatly outbalance his faults.

[1] In the Harleian MSS., ff. 468, there is an affidavit by Colonel Colepepper denying his sister's marriage with Mr. Porter, of which, however, there is no doubt.

His life was a romance full of stirring scenes of love and war, opening in the bright sunshine of a court, ending in the shadow of a scaffold. To greatness in any form he had no claim; by the side of a Philip Sidney he is dwarfed into insignificance; but in the brilliant crowd which forms a graceful background to the grand historical picture of the first half of the seventeenth century, there are few figures more picturesquely typical of the cavalier than that of Endymion Porter.

III.

FOUR GENERATIONS OF STRANGFORDS.

1634—1802.

Philip, the second Viscount—His Guardianship—A Precocious Lover—His Marriage with the Lady Isabella Sidney—Waller and Sacharissa—Correspondence with the Earl of Leicester—Algernon Sidney—Lord Strangford dissipates his Fortune and sells his Estates—His Horoscope—His Death—Endymion and Philip, the third and fourth Viscounts—Lionel, the fifth Viscount—His Military Career—His Marriage—The Phillipses of Phippsburgh—Retires from the Army and enters the Church—Revocation of his Pension by George III.—His Death.

A.D. 1634 TO 1801.

PHILIP SMYTHE, the second Viscount Strangford, born March, 1634, was but one year old at the time of his father's death. His mother's second marriage had estranged her from her family, and Lord Leicester having declined her proposal to undertake the guardianship of his nephew conjointly with Sir Thomas Colepepper, who appears to have borne a very indifferent reputation, Sir Thomas Fotherley was appointed legal guardian to the infant's person and estate.

After Lady Strangford's death, in 1642, the Countess of Leicester, however, with views not altogether disinterested, thus appealed to her husband to claim the orphan as his ward:

"Yesterday a gentleman came to speak with me called Sir Nicholas Crispe.[1] His business was to let me know that he was executor to Sir Thomas Colepeper, and that your sister upon her death-bed desired that if

[1] He was a wealthy London merchant who became noted for his devotion to the Royal cause, and who was imprisoned under Cromwell for complicity in a conspiracy.

her husband should die that this gentleman might also take care of her son, my Lord Strangford, believing that you would not take the charge upon yourself. The man I perceive is of a shallow capacity, but what he said was full of respect to you, which was to this effect, that if you chose to take upon you the government of your nephew and his estate, that he would not stir in the business, because he thinks it more proper for you than for any other; but that if you do not like to engage yourself in it, then his request is that you will not hinder him from obtaining what his mother seemed to wish. The estate is about 4,000*l.* a year, the rents I believe as well paid as any in England, and it appears to me very unreasonable that Sir Thomas Fotherlie, who is thought none of the honestest, should have to dispose of such a fortune. Crispe says that your sister would have had him out of Fotherlie's hands had she lived a little longer, and that they have letters to show from the king which gives her that liberty, and I cannot imagine how his Majesty should refuse to you the governance of this ward, for by the law of the land it belongs to you, and if there be any favour to be shown in the remove of this ward, I hope it will not be thought too much for you, who have spent so many years in the king's service. *Assuredly this convenience would be very great to you, and I am extremely desirous to gain this advantage for you, and I do not know how you can hope for the like opportunity of obtaining such a benefit.*"

Sir Thomas Fotherley was, however, equally sensible of the advantages of the guardianship, and thus remonstrates against the proposal to deprive him of his ward.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP, .

"I have receaved your letter. It is true that with a great deal of importunity of the late Lady Strangford, your lordship's sister, and his Majesty's commande, signified by the lord of Cottington, I was contented to take the wardshippe of the Lord Strangford her sonne, but, under your lordship's favor, not in trust nor to be taken from me when she pleased, as I will make it plainly appear unto your lordship under her own handwriting when I can attend you. . . .

"It is unknown to me that her ladyship did often desire your lordship to take the care of him, but I well remember when she first spoke to me about this business, I desired her ladyship to think of some others that were nearer unto her, and named your lordship; she then seemed unwilling to me that you should have him.

"The young lord hath been with me more than seven years, delivered into my hands by his mother and by the opinion of phisitians and surgeons in a manner a dead child. I thanke God he hath prospered so well under my handes that he is stronge and lustye, and for his years as well educated and bredd as most young noblemen."

In conclusion he agrees, however, to deliver his ward into Lord Leicester's charge, provided "my engagements and trustes discharged, the warde righted of the great and manifold wronges done to him by his late mother and Sir Thomas Colepeper in leaving a debt upon him for two thousand pounds, and the wastes and spoiles done to his woods and houses, and myself just fully satisfied for mine and my wife's great care and paines these seven years."

The matter seems now to have dropped; but three years later (15th July, 1646) Lord Leicester writes to Sir Thomas Fotherley:

"My sister Strangford hath often recommended to me the care of her son, not only if I should outlive her, but even in her lifetime. This, together with the affection which I bear to her son my nephew Strangford, whose nearest kinsman I am, makes me very desirous to see him, and that he may spend some time with me, which I will endeavour to make him pass as pleasantly and as profitably as I can, and I will be as careful of him as of my own children. Therefore, if you and my Lady Fotherley please to accompany him hither, you shall all be very welcome both to my wife and myself."

Lord Leicester, however, took no steps to deprive Sir Thomas Fotherley of his guardianship, and it was not until the death of the latter in 1648 that Lord Strangford himself begs his uncle to take him under his charge:

"My Lord,

"The unfortunate desires of my mother in her lifetime and att her death hath prevailed with your lordship to take care of my education and to receave me into your family. Thus much I understand from a letter written by your lordship to my Lady Fotherley, which she showed me, and desired my tutor to read it to me, which he did accordingly two months before I came to Penshurst. I am now fifteen years of age, and am tould that it is in my own power to chuse my own guardian. I have no friend to council me or direct me

herein, but am wholly led by my own inclination humbly to desyre your lordship to take that trouble upon yourselfe. All my kindred and friends may approve of my choice as a due expression of my obedience to the desires of my deceased mother. If they will not I can give them many reasons why I ought to honour your lordship, and to make choyce of you for my guardian, before any other person."

The young lord's real motive in wishing to enter Lord Leicester's family transpired early in the following year, when he wrote to his uncle:

"The duty I owe to your lordship (being my unkle and guardian), with the care I have to observe your directions and performe my owne engagement to you, persuades me no longer to suspend from your lordship's knowledge that which is the absolute possessor of my thoughts, and this I hope will excuse me to your lordship if my haste appears greater to desire it than doth suite with my age.

"My lord, the person and merit of your daughter, my Lady Isabelle, have brought me to have but one ambition, which is the being received by her, as I very really am, her most passionate and devoted servant, who for this most perfect happiness cast myself upon your lordship's favour, most earnestly and humbly beseaching you to graunt me your consent, and to give your assistance both by your owne persuasions to my Lady Isabelle and alsoe in obtaining my lady's approbation to this the greatest of all concernments to me.

"Having this encouragement, I shall adventure to

write her all the expressions of my affection and respect that I am capable of doeing, though I apprehend they cannot doe me right in showing how much I honor her. But in this I have been hitherto more reserved than was for my ease, not knowing what boundes I must keepe till I have your lordship's permission. If I shal be bleste with soe fortunate success as to be raysed from the title of nephew to that of sonne, I will endeavour by all the wayes that are or ever can be in my power to bring myself as neere deserving that excellent lady as my little merit will permitt, which is my best recommendation to your lordship's and my lady's favour, to which I will adde a perpetual gratitude."

The precocious young suitor—he had barely attained his sixteenth year—writes again a few days later:

"I hope your lordship will excuse the importunity of an impatient lover. I find myself much disappointed in all good and personal addresses to my Lady Isabelle, nor know I what to impute my misfortune to more than this, that I believe she knows not how I have formally begged and obtained your lordship's licence. Neither can I expect from her (if she were acquainted therewith) anything but coyness and bashfulness until your lordship by speaking to her shall vouchsafe to prefer me to some further acquaintance than I dare yet pretend to."

In August, 1650, at the age of sixteen and a half years, Lord Strangford married his cousin Isabelle, youngest of many sisters, the eldest of whom was the Lady Dorothy Sidney, whom Waller immortalised as

Sacharissa; "a name," says Johnson[1] "suggestive of a spirited mildness and a dull good-nature."

"If flattery and extravagant professions of love in verse could have won a woman's hand and heart, the poet would not have sighed in vain; but his prose compositions were somewhat tedious. Here is one of his letters:[2]

"MADAM,

"The handkercher I received from Mistress Vane having so neer a resemblence to a dream, which presents us to a mixture of things that have no affinitye one with another, I have (as the Assirian kings did with their dreams) consulted with all the magicians and cunning women in our countree, and though it be easie to see through it, I find none that can interpret it. I am sending it to Oxford, to the astrologers, to knowe if there be any constellations of fygures in the upper globe to which there is the four corners, for on earth the Herball tells us nothing like them. I did first apprehend it as a potente charm, having power, like the wand of Circe, to transforme me into some strange shape, but the crosses in the middle persuaded mee that it was a good Christian handkercher. I ventured to wipe my face with it, when the golden fringe, with a rough salute, told me it was for some nobler use. Madam, I beseech your ladyship use your interest with her to unriddle this handkercher which so perplexes me. I am sorrye that a lady of so various a phansye hath not the power of framing living things too that we might behold some

[1] "Lives of British Poets."

[2] The original letter is at Penshurst.

new compositions and kindes of things which dull Nature never thought of.

"Seriously, Madam, I humbly kiss her hands for this favour, which, not being to bee wasted by use, I shall eternally keepe for her sake, and doe presume she will pardon this rambling acknowledgement, made in imitation of the style of her handkercher, by, Madam, your ladyship's most humble servant,

"EDMUND WALLER.

"For the Lady Dorothy Sidney."

The Lady Dorothy, however, preferred the solidity of a peer's coronet to the poet's crown of laurel, and bestowed her hand upon Henry Lord Spencer, afterwards Earl of Sunderland, one of the noble trio[1] who fell fighting in the king's cause at Newbury in 1643.

Waller wrote some despairing verses on the loss of his mistress, vowing eternal constancy to her memory. In the following year, however, he sought consolation in marriage with a wealthy heiress, and, more sad still to relate, when in after life, the Lady Dorothy recalled the days of his early love, and asked him when he would again write verses upon her, he replied brutally, "When you are as young and as handsome as you were."

Lord Strangford's marriage did not prove a happy one. It had been arranged that until he attained his majority the young heir should continue to live at Penshurst, but before the first year Lord Leicester had found it necessary to remonstrate with his son-in-law on his reckless extravagance, and some objectionable

[1] The other two were Lord Carnarvon and Lord Falkland.

companionships which he had formed, and early in 1653 the young nobleman suddenly left his guardian's house, and from his "lodging in Covent Garden" opened an angry correspondence, at the same time filing a Bill in Chancery for the recovery of moneys alleged to have been withheld from him by Lord Leicester.

The latter replied with much dignity:

"My Lord Strangford,

"I expect the performance of the articles with Sir Thomas Fotherley as far as they concern me both in regard to their validity and for other reasons, which perhaps I may tell you hereafter.

"Secondly, I expect an allowance for you and your wife's living with me since you were married, and for the charge and paines of myself and my servants in managing your business since the death of Sir Thomas Fotherley.

"Thirdly, you having chosen me without any desire of mine, I expect you take not upon you to revoke your election of me, to whom it properly belongs to be your guardian untill the tyme of your full age, for I shall understand it as a breach of your words and engagements, and as a disrespect and surprise, and as an injury unto me.

"I have, therefore, sent the bearer, Thomas Cowper, to require and receive (if they bee ready) so much of your rentes now due at this Mich[s] as may satisfy my expectations aforesaid for this time, leaving the rest to be disposed of by yourself as I told you before you went from hence, and you seemed to be very well pleased

with it, and I doubt not but this bearer will give a good account of all the money that he hath received from the estate. For my part, I neither have nor ever had 100*l.* of your money in my hands or custody since the death of Sir Thomas Fotherley.

"If you consent to this you and I may live still as friends, if not, you will take your course and I will take myne, soe I rest

"Your loveing friend and father-in-law,

"LEYCESTER.

"Penshurst, 30 September, 1653."

Lord Strangford, acting under the advice of some dissolute and interested companions, determined to enforce his imaginary claims against his father-in-law, and further to insist upon payment of a portion to the Lady Isabelle, threatening, in the event of his demands not being complied with, to abstain from fulfilling his engagement to settle a jointure upon his wife on his coming of age.

Lord Leicester writes a characteristic letter to his ward's counsel, Mr. Newman, saying:

"Since my Lord Strangford will have an answer, he shall have one, and it is this."

He proceeds to show that instead of their being any claim against him, his ward is considerably in his debt, and as for this marriage portion—

"I say that it is not at all strange to see a man marry a wife for affection and other considerations without a portion. In antient times it was allwayes or

very often done, and sometimes now alsoe. But it is very strange that a man should demand a fortune three or four yeeres after the marriege made, and consummated, never having spoken of it before. Truly I thought I had sufficiently obliged my Lord Strangford by consenting for his contentment, and upon his earnest solicitations to that marriage to which I never forced him, nor so much as persuaded him or my daughter, and to which I never had any the least inclination, but much adversion, as it is well known; and if my Lord Strangford before marriage had desyred a portion, as he now demands, I doubt not I could have marryed my daughter to a better fortune, and much more to my contentment, and, perhaps, to hers; and here seemeth a fine trick, that my Lord Strangford doth pretend to be mightily in love and extremely to desyre allyence with me without ever speaking of a portion till after he be marryed, and so sure of his wife, and then demand a portion of the Earl of Leycester, and bring knights of the post to sweere that he promised a portion; for no honest man in the world will either sweere or say that ever I promised any portion, or that Lord Strangford did ever speak with or send a message to me concerning a portion till he went unhandsomely away from me."

Lord Strangford, unable to meet these arguments, and being probably aware that his uncle was right in describing those who counselled him as "cheating knaves, half witted and half mad," made promises of amendment in a series of letters, of which the last is dated 1st May, 1655.

"As I esteem your lordship's favour and good opinion a great happiness, so I cannot look upon my loss of either of them but as a great misfortune, and therefore think that I was very ill advised when I gave you occasion to withdraw them; but if your lordship will be pleased to forget what is past, and not look upon me as one that will ever intend the acting of anything against you, but upon all occasions be ready to serve you, I shall for the time to come make good the rest, and always show myself your lordship's most obedient servant."

These good resolutions of amendment were not of long duration, and shortly after Lord Strangford came of age his uncle declined all further intercourse with him. His son, Algernon Sidney, however, for his sister's sake, for many years exerted himself to wean his brother-in-law from his evil courses, and to effect a reconciliation with Lord Leicester.

We read in the Sidney papers:

"But ere Sidney was well settled in his retreat, the happiness of his family was disturbed by the folly and imprudence of Lord Strangford, who had married his youngest sister, and was nearly allied to them in blood. Being anxiously alive to all their feelings, he strenuously labored to reclaim this young nobleman from his vicious courses and from the control of some profligate advisers. He offered to intercede for him with the Earl of Leycester, whom he had most deeply offended, on a thorough reformation of that conduct which threatened him at once with the loss of conduct and estate, undertook the

management of his embarrassed affairs, urged him to fulfil his marriage contract, which he had artfully evaded, and finally afforded him pecuniary assistance in his greatest need."

In a long letter to his father, dated 6th December, 1663, Algernon Sidney states the whole case, and paints a very unpleasing portrait of his brother-in-law, who "confessed that he had been perpetually drunk," and that "the tavern companions who encouraged him in his dissipation did cheat him so as not to leave him half-a-crown in his purse."

The well-meant efforts to save him were, however, ill repaid, and only involved the intercessor in his ruin.

"I was not very much surprised," Algernon writes some time later, "to find myself betrayed and robbed by the destruction of all that with which I had entrusted Lady Strangford; but I am sorely troubled that that agreement with Strangford should be broken, from which I might have expected some part of what is due to me to live upon."

Lady Strangford died in June, 1663, leaving only one daughter, and a few months later the widower married Mary Porter, a granddaughter of Endymion and the Lady Olive.

By this time Lord Strangford had run through the greater part of his fine inheritance, and a bill was passed in the House of Commons in May 1664, enabling him to sell his lands in order to pay his debts.

In that year he writes to Colonel Colepepper:

"My condition is such that my wife and I have resolved to retire to Flanders for some time, but now no person is suffered to come ashore, neither is she at present in a condition to travel, by reason of being with child, therefore we must now live at Ostenhanger on our small allowance as well as we can."

And on Colonel Colepepper, a few years later, asking him for a small loan, Lord Strangford writes:

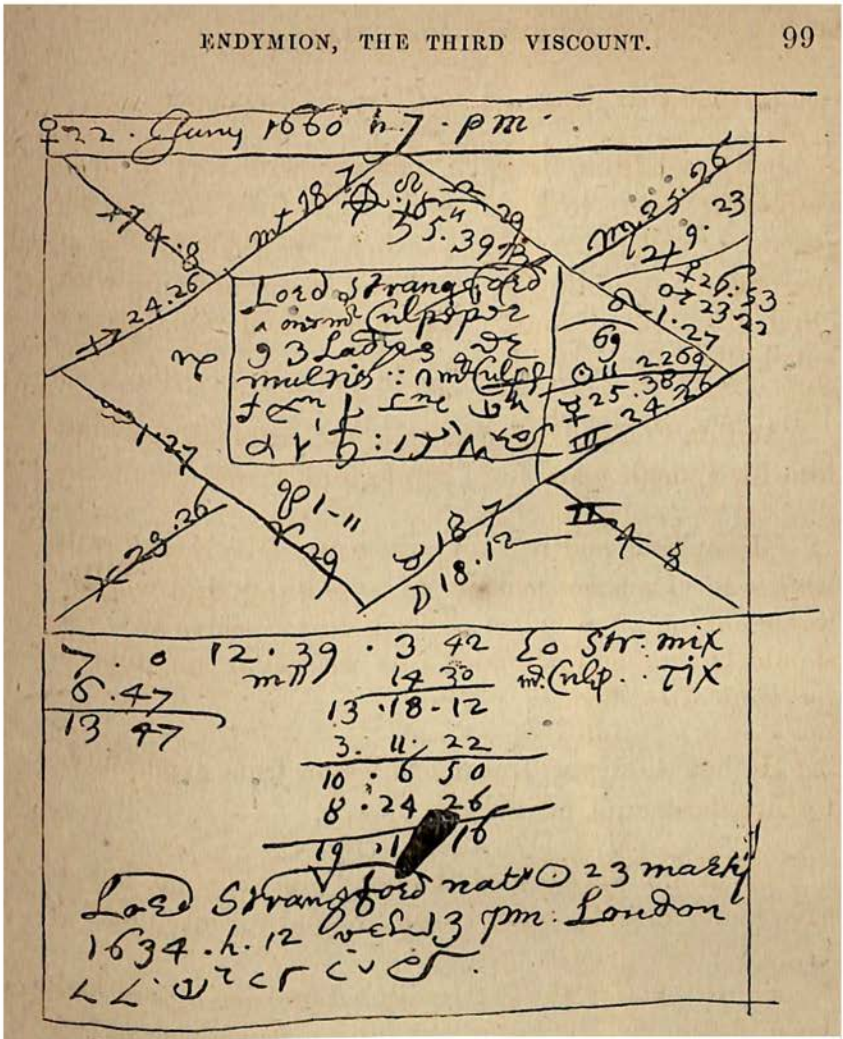
"I am ashamed to own my want, but if you will believe me I am not master of one shilling, and what is worse do not know when and where to receive any. I should have gone to London this week, but am stopped for want of money."

He had, however, learnt one lesson from experience, for in a postscript he adds:

"I would have sealed the bond you sent me, but I have made an oath against being bound for any one."

Shortly before the Restoration Lord Strangford had been imprisoned for some support he had given to the Royal cause, and on his liberation he proceeded to Oxford, and consulted John Booker, the celebrated astrologer, with a view to his future fortunes. Here is a transcript of his horoscope taken from the original practice-book in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.[1]

[1] MSS. Ashm., 426, fol. 289b.



Shortly after the accession of Charles II. Lord Strangford was returned to Parliament for the borough of Hythe, and when, in 1708, he died at a very advanced age, the whole of the fine fortune which he had inherited was dissipated, and his family was left almost destitute. Of his five sons by Mary Porter, only one, Endymion, had survived him. His three daughters were married to

Henry Audley of Bearchurch, Essex, John Darrell of Cale Hill, Kent, and Henry, fifth Lord Teynham.

Of Endymion, the third Viscount Strangford, born in 1682, there is little to record. So impoverished was he that, for his own support and that of his mother, he claimed and obtained the "poor peers' pension" from the Irish House of Lords. He lived in complete retirement in the south of France, where, in 1714, he married Anne Elizabeth, the daughter of Jean de Larget, of Chalons, in Champaigne. He died in Dublin in 1724, leaving an only son Philip, born in 1715.

Archbishop Boulter,[1] Primate of all Ireland, thus writes from Dublin on 28th October, 1732, to the Duke of Dorset:

"Since I came to town to settle, there have been with me my Lord Mount-Alexander and my Lord Strangford, to desire I would put your Grace in mind of them now upon his Majesty's return.

"The case of the first, your Grace knows, is that he has nothing at all to subsist upon, *and is ready upon all occasions to attend his Majesty's service in the House of Lords.*

"The case of the latter is that there is a pension granted for the maintenance of my lord and his mother, but as he is now of age and learning fit for the University, he would willingly prosecute his studies at the college here, but without an additional pension from his Majesty's bounty, he is unable to be at the expence. I am told he is a good scholar and soberly disposed, and

[1] "Boulter's Letters," vol. ii., p. 84.

I should think it a pity that he should not be encouraged to go and improve himself.

"As this is their case, I take the liberty to recommend them to your Grace, for your intercession with his Majesty, that he may be pleased to grant to each of them some mark of favour out of his royal bounty."

The request was granted, a pension of 200*l.* being allowed to the impoverished nobleman during his university course, and until he should obtain church preferment. He took orders in 1742, and shortly after was presented to the prebendary of Killas-Pugmullan, and the rectories of Templensque and Kilroan. In 1748 he was nominated Dean of St. Patrick's, but the chapter refused to acknowledge him, and adhered to their election of Dr. Maturin,[1] whereupon he was collated to the precentorship of the Cathedral church of Elphgin. He finally obtained the deanery of Derry, which he resigned before his death in 1787.

He had married, in 1741, Mary, daughter of Anthony Jephson, of Moyallon Castle, County Cork, by whom he left one son and two daughters.

Lionel, the fifth Viscount, born at Londonderry in May, 1753, entered the army at an early age. He was a captain in the 23rd foot on the outbreak of the revolutionary war with America, and served with distinction in General Howe's army as a light infantry officer. He was for some time aide-de-camp to his kinsman Earl Percy, and at the conclusion of the war was specially recommended for a Brevet-majority by Lord Cornwallis.

While quartered at New York he had made the

[1] See *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xvi., p. 168.

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acquaintance of the family of Phillipse, of Phipsburgh, New York, one of the most ancient and wealthy of the Dutch settlers in that province. Mr. Henry Stone, in his interesting history of New York, quotes a passage from a paper contributed to *Putnam's Magazine* by Bishop Kip, who says:

"On the Hudson, to the left, was Phillipse's manor. When (previous to the Revolution) Mr. Phillipse lived there he was always spoken of as 'the Jonker,' *the* gentleman *par excellence;* in fact, he was the only person of that social rank in that part of the county. In this way the town which subsequently grew up around the old man's house took the name of 'Jonkers.'"

In a work entitled "A Two Years' Journal in New York," published in 1701, the Phillipses are already spoken of as one of the ancient families, and it is mentioned that Frederick Phillipse was reputed to be "the richest Mynheer in the county," and that he was said to have possessed "whole hogsheads of money, which his son and daughter would share equally." This was the great-grandfather of the lady for whose hand young Lionel Smythe became a suitor.

The Phillipses had from the first taken a decided part in support of the British Government, and, unlike many other influential colonists, whose attachment to the Crown waned in proportion as the prospects of successful rebellion brightened, maintained to the last their opposition to a separatist policy, and were accordingly included in the Act of proscription passed by Congress in 1779,

when their property was confiscated and they were driven into exile. Lionel Smythe no sooner heard of the ruin that had overtaken the family than he obtained leave of absence, and hurried to New York to redeem towards the penniless girl the faith which he had pledged to the heiress. They were united at Trinity Church, in New York, on 8th September, 1779; and, imprudent as was this marriage with the impoverished heir to a coronet, Maria Eliza Phillipse lived to be a joy and a blessing to her husband, and, like many other of her fair countrywomen, an honour and an ornament to the British peerage.

At the conclusion of the war Lionel left the army, and in 1785 entered the Church. In 1788, having succeeded to the title in the previous year, he attained the living of Kilbrew, but in the following year, in consequence of his having voted against the Government on the Regency and Malt Bills in the Irish House of Peers, George III., according to his practice of making a slavish servility the price of the royal bounty, revoked the pension granted to Lord Strangford, who, in these manly and dignified terms, acknowledges the intimation of the cruel act, as conveyed to him by Mr. Hobart, the Irish Secretary:

"Sir, "September 3, 1789.

"I had the honour of receiving yours of the 22d ulto. on the 24th of the same month, acquainting me that his Majesty had thought proper to revoke the pension granted to me on the unanimous representation of my brother peers of Ireland. As one of those peers, since I am not conscious in any part of my conduct of

having deserved such a mark of royal displeasure, I shall feel myself much obliged if you will take the trouble to let me know the cause of such revocation.

"I can readily conceive that if I had adopted a systematic opposition to his Majesty's measures I might justly have incurred his displeasure; but, Sir, it never was my intention to act otherwise than to the best of my conscience—a principle which will guide me at all times and in all my actions. I signed no paper, I bound myself to no party; I took that part on the Regency question which I thought, and do think, the most conducive to a firm and settled Government. I even afterwards strongly, and from opinion, supported a proposition for the suppression of spirituous liquors and adoption of malt.

"I have thus, Sir, entered into particulars from the high duty which I owe to my wife and to my family. If after this candid explanation his Majesty still thinks I have deserved to be reduced to the small, the very small, income[1] I have in the Church, be it so, I must submit, and must toil to support my dignity and my children upon it, retaining at the same time the most loyal and fervent wishes for his Majesty.

"I have the honour to be,

"With the greatest personal respect,

"STRANGFORD."

The King, however, was inexorable; and in the following year the matter was brought before Parliament in the Irish House of Peers, by the Duke of Leinster, who

[1] £300 a year.

strongly reprobated the action of the Government, and pointed out that though his Majesty might, in his discretion, revoke pensions granted by his personal favour, he could not, without good cause, do so in the case of a pension which, like that granted to Lord Strangford, was conferred for life on an unanimous address voted by the House of Lords, according to their practice of recommending public provision, "to relieve the distress into which men of ancient and illustrious families may have fallen by the extravagance of their ancestors, and without any fault of their own." He proceeded to argue that the deprivation of the pension was evidently a blow struck at the independence of Parliament, and because Lord Strangford had refused to make himself the slave of Government and to barter his independence as a peer of Parliament; and that, too, at a time "when we have seen pensions and places, and even the highest favours of the Crown, lavished with a more than usual indecency of profusion and corrupt extravagance, manifestly with a view to obtaining undue influence in Parliament."

Lords Farnham and Portarlington followed in the same tone; but the Lord Chancellor, on the part of Government, took his stand upon the Royal prerogative, and the impropriety of questioning it; and the motion was lost by thirty-three votes against thirteen, the minority placing on record a formal protest against the action of Government, as "arbitrary, unjust, and unconstitutional."

Although Lord Strangford's independence and honesty thus cost him the favour of Government, and the sacrifice of the greater part of his small income, he had succeeded in gaining the love and

respect of all around him; and when, on the restoration of his pension, some few years later, through personal influence brought to bear upon the Prince Regent, he resigned his cure, with a view of settling in England, even religious differences were forgotten, and the grateful farewell testimonial presented to him by his own parishioners was subscribed by the local Roman Catholic priests and the whole of their flocks.

The want of provision for those he left after him was a source of great anxiety to Lord Strangford; and in 1801, being in bad health, he wrote to his old friend, Colonel McMahon, then private secretary to the Prince Regent, to bespeak his interest on behalf of his son:

"In my humble judgment," the Colonel writes in reply, "there can be nothing so wise as to consign in all possible cases the son you love so much to the patronage of your former general, the Duke of Northumberland, for I can confidently tell you that no man lives more in the heart of the Prince than his Grace does."

Lord Strangford died a few months later, in the forty-eighth year of his age, leaving one son and two daughters, and the widow, who survived him for the space of thirty-seven years. They lie buried side by side in Clifton Church, where their son erected a tablet as his tribute "To the cherished memory of his beloved parents, and in grateful remembrance of all that he owed to their care, affection, and example, during infancy, youth, and manhood."

IV.

PERCY CLINTON, SIXTH VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

In London Lodgings—Translation of Camoens—Intimacy with Thomas Moore—Is appointed Secretary of Legation at Lisbon—Duel between Moore and Jeffrey—Important Negotiations—Mr. Henry Brougham—Removal of the Court of Lisbon to Brazil—Is promoted to Rio de Janeiro—Recalled—Appointed to Stockholm—Successful Diplomacy—Is appointed Ambassador at Constantinople—His Marriage—Lady Strangford's Journal—A Dinner with Bernadotte—Letter from Moore—Life at Pera—The Eastern Question—The Greek Insurrection—Mutual Atrocities—Death of Lord Londonderry—The Congress of Verona—Conversation with the Emperor Alexander—Mr. Canning—A Turkish Miracle—Ionian Subjects—Appointment to St. Petersburg—Elevation to the House of Lords—Educational Projects—Letters from Lady Hester Stanhope—The Countess of Jersey and Earl Stanhope—Baron Penshurst—Political Opinions—At St. Petersburg—Sir Charles Bagot—Russian Duplicity—Count Nesselrode—A Russian Trap—Severe Reprimand—Death of the Emperor Alexander—The Grand Duke Constantine—Widespread Conspiracy—The Emperor Nicholas—A Diplomatic Ruse—The Duke of Wellington—Lord Cochrane—Subsidy of the Press—The Holy Alliance—Death of Lady Strangford—Return to England—Lord Clanwilliam—Mr. Thomas Hughes—The Foreign Secretaryship—Extraordinary Embassy to the Brazils—Failure of the Mission—Retires from Diplomacy—The Duke of Wellington—The Duke of Cumberland on Reform—Letters from the Marquis of Londonderry—The King of Hanover—Lord Brougham—Mr. Wilson Croker—Prince Metternich—A Retrospect.

PERCY SMYTHE had barely attained his majority when he succeeded to that "heritage of woe," not only the lordship of himself, but a peerage without the means to support its dignity. Besides his pension from the Crown, which he at once assigned to his mother,[1] he had no other income but that derived from his salary as a clerk in the Foreign Office, eked out by the proceeds of his poetical contributions to the periodical literature of the day. He was possessed, however, of good health and high spirits, a strong confidence in himself, considerable

A.D. 1801 TO 1855.

[1] Lord Strangford resigned this pension on his mother's death.

natural ability, and what was yet more valuable to him, ambition backed by the power and the will to work.

We find him in 1801 in a lodging on the ground floor of No. 28, Bury Street, St. James's, busy in preparing for the press his translation of the smaller poems of Camoens, while from the second floor of the same house a gifted young countryman of his was warbling the earlier notes of those sweet and seductive strains which were already beginning to make the name of Thomas Moore a household word wherever the English language was spoken. Thus began a friendship between the young Irish peer and the son of the Dublin grocer, which strengthened with time, and ended only with their lives.

In a letter, dated 20th January, 1802, Moore thus encourages Lord Strangford in his poetical labours:

"I am delighted that your present intentions coincide so much with the advice I have so often given you. Publish the translations from Camoens most certainly. I have seen your gems on the dunghill of the *Poetical Register*, and I am convinced that a collection of such things would do you infinite credit. Besides, you are already well known and looked to, and celebrity would follow upon the very heels of publication."

Moore was right; the success of the work[1] was great and immediate; critics were all but unanimous in its praise, and it passed rapidly through several editions.

At that time it was less common than it has now

[1] "Sonnets, Canzonets, and a passage from the Lusiad of Camoens," translated by Viscount Strangford. Carpenter, 1803.

become for peers to cater for popular entertainment, and the public, mindful of Johnson's dictum that when a lord condescends to enter the lists of authorship, they ought to treat him handsomely, received Lord Strangford's volume with a warm welcome. He had avoided the mistake into which Lord Byron fell a few years later, when in the preface to his "Hours of Idleness" he warned his readers that he was no professional author, and did not write for profit, a remark which brought down upon him the memorable and bitter ridicule of the Edinburgh reviewer. Lord Strangford did write for profit; and in his introduction limited himself to modestly disclaiming all pretensions to poetic power, offering his verse as "the favourite amusement of a young mind, which, when obliged to relax from severer studies, preferred literary trifling to total inactivity."

Trifling indeed it was,[1] but graceful trifling enough, and if the author sang the songs of the Lusitanian bard to old English tunes rather than to music of his own creation, there was yet a certain poetic taste and fitness that redeemed the want of originality. Camoens was, moreover, too little known in England to allow of the fidelity of his translation being called in question. The influence of Moore was certainly impressed in emphatic characters upon Lord Strangford's verse, and in some instances the resemblance is so close as to justify the suspicion that he had submitted his MS. to the revision of his fellow-lodger.

[1] A MS. volume has been preserved which contains his very early attempts at poetry. One of these, written at the age of nine, is entitled "Lines on the Anniversary of the Loss of my Father's Pension, July, 1790."

Has not the following, for instance, the true ring of Thomas Little?

"When the girl of my heart is on perjury bent,
The sweetest of oaths hides the falsest intent,
And suspicion abashed from her company flies,
When she smiles like an angel, and swears by her eyes.
* * * * * * * * * * *
"Then dear one, I 'd rather, thrice rather believe
Whatever you assert even though to deceive,
Than that you by your eyes should so wickedly swear,
And sin against heaven, for heaven is there!"[1]

Byron was greatly attracted by these verses when they first appeared, and there may have been some jealousy to prompt his attacks, when, three years later, he did the translator of Camoens the honour to include him among the literary celebrities whom he so mercilessly lashed in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

"Let Moore still sign, let Strangford steal from Moore,
And swear that Camoens sang such songs of yore."

And again when he bids "Hibernian Strangford with thine eyes of blue:"

"Cease to deceive, thy pilfered harp restore,
Nor teach the Lusian bard to copy Moore."

The public verdict was, however, very encouraging to the young poet, nor was it only a short-lived fame and some pecuniary profit which rewarded his labours, for it was said to have been to his translations of Camoens, and to the knowledge of the Portuguese language which they betrayed, that he mainly owed the offer which Mr.

[1] Other of these canzonets are written in the style of earlier poets, and several of them recall Waller and Sir John Suckling, particularly those beginning, "Just like love is yonder rose," and "Prithee Cupid, hence, desist." The former was set to very sweet music fifty years ago by John Davy, of Crediton, and again quite recently by an accomplished lady in London.

Addington made to him in 1803 of the post of Secretary of Legation at Lisbon, and which laid the foundation of his brilliant diplomatic career.

In 1805 Moore writes to him:

"I am sorry to find that you are not employed in anything better than cyphers and dispatches; though why should I say sorry when there is nothing in the world I pant for so much as release from all drudgery of fancy—this slavery of imagination I am bound to? My dear fellow, you are happy! If it was even Father Barbosa's works you were obliged to translate from morning till night, I would do it with delight for such a respectable exemption from literature as you enjoy. I am so weary, so subdued, with my "primrose path" of nonsense, that I would rather scribble anything now than poetry, and I look at a desk in Threadneedle Street with a more wistful eye than I would at Ariosto's inkstand."

How such a revelation would have amazed the drawing-room devotees of "Lalla Rookh" and the "Loves of the Angels!" Imagine the Peri sighing for a paradise in Threadneedle Street!

In 1806 Moore challenged Mr. Jeffrey, in consequence of a critique on his Odes and Epistles in the *Quarterly Review*, and on the eve of the projected duel writes to his friend in Lisbon the following valedictory letter, which, with after-knowledge of the ridiculous circumstances attending the encounter, must provoke a smile, though the writer was doubtless in grim earnest when he penned it:[1]

1 It may be remembered that information of the intended duel having reached the police, the combatants were arrested on the field of battle, and carried to Bow Street, where on examination of the pistols, it was dis-

"My dear Strangford,

"I have owed you a letter for a long time, and now that I do write, it will perhaps be for the last time. I have thought it proper to call out Mr. Jeffrey, who has been so long abusing you and me, and we are to fight to-morrow morning at Chalk Farm. . . . . The cloth has been but just taken from the table, and though to-morrow may be my last view of the bright sun, I shall (as soon as I have finished this letter), drink to the health of my Strangford with as unaffected a warmth as ever I felt in the wildest days of our fellowship. My dear friend, if they want a biographer when I am gone, I think in your hands I should meet with most kind embalmment, so pray say something for me, and remember me as one who has felt your good and social qualities, who at this moment recalls with pleasure the days he has passed with you, and who hopes that his good genius to-morrow will allow him to renew them hereafter. So good-bye, and God bless you.

"Yours while I live,

"T. Moore."

The return to England of his chief, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, placed Lord Strangford at the head of the

covered that they contained no bullets, the well-meaning seconds having adopted this simple method to avert bloodshed. Byron in his attack upon Jeffrey, says:—

"Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever-glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's bloodless pistol met his eye,
And Bow Street myrmidons stood laughing by?

Another squib concluded with these lines:

"What better weapons should we have them choose?
They always fire blank cartridge at *reviews!*"

Legation at Lisbon, and to him it accordingly fell to conduct the delicate and important negotiations connected with the attempt to bring about the removal of the Regent and Court of Portugal to the Brazils, in order to prevent their falling into the power of Napoleon, whose army, under Junot,[1] was threatening the capital. A military and naval expedition was fitted out to facilitate this measure, under the direction of a Royal Commission, composed of the Earl of Rosslyn, Admiral Lord St. Vincent, and General Simcoe; Mr. Henry Brougham acting as secretary. It is curious to note how the powerful mind and arrogant spirit of the young barrister at once enabled him not only to raise himself from his subordinate position to equality with the Commissioners, but to take the leading part, which he evidently did, in their proceedings.[2] In his intercourse with Lord Strangford, Earl Rosslyn treated the young representative of his sovereign with the respect and deference due to his office; not so Mr. Brougham, who thus replies to a remonstrance against a high-handed proceeding of his:

"DEAR STRANGFORD,

"As you seem 'unable to comprehend' how it should be 'inconsistent with my plan that the

[1] In a despatch to the Foreign Office, dated 29th August, 1807, Lord Strangford writes:

"I cannot conclude this dispatch without mentioning the true reason which has induced Bonaparte to appoint General Junot to the command of the army at Bayonne. The General, in the absence of Murat, had conducted an affair of gallantry with his (Murat's) wife, the consequences of which were apparent on the return of her husband to Paris. He immediately petitioned Bonaparte to imprison or banish Junot, whose command is thus only a sort of honourable exile."

[2] On General Simcoe's retirement from the Commission on the score of ill-health, Mr. Brougham was appointed to the vacancy.

merchants should make a complaint while I am here' (the words I think were nearly these), I will explain my meaning. . . . . My liking or disliking that complaints should be made while I am on this station depends of course on my own particular taste, and when I say it don't suit my plans, I mean that it does not fall in with my views of things, nor accord with my inclinations, and these views are formed upon a careful perusal of Lord Granville's instructions, communicated by Lord Rosslyn, by which it is my inclination and my intention to govern myself.

"Yours ever,

"H. BROUGHAM."

From the recently published biography of Lord Brougham we learn that he had at this time conceived a strong dislike to Lord Strangford, whom, indeed, he lost no opportunity of accusing of innumerable crimes and misdemeanours,[1] but in after life they became fast friends, and maintained an intimate correspondence for many years. Lord Strangford does not, however, appear to have been aware of the opinion which the future Chancellor had formed of him at Lisbon, for twenty-five years later, in a debate in the House of Lords, he recalled to the recollection of Lord Brougham the time 'when we were brother secretaries at this same court of Lisbon, and where we lived together like Helen and Hermione.'

There is no more pleasing trait in the character of

[1] See "Life and Times of Henry Lord Brougham," edited by his brother, vol. i., page 368.

Lord Strangford than his affection for his mother, to whom in the most busy period of his life he never failed to write long and loving letters.

Thus from Lisbon in 1806:

"I cannot but thank you for your dear, dear letter, which made me cry with joy and sorrow and all sorts of feelings, like a great brute of a whining boy. God bless you all; be good to the poor little lambkin. I am obliged to go back post-haste to Madrid on Monday. My mission is of the utmost importance, and if I succeed, will raise my character prodigiously. I am quite proud of the confidence reposed in me."

It was no easy task to work upon the weak and vacillating mind of the Prince Regent of Portugal, who one day would promise compliance with the demands of the British envoy, and the next, alarmed by French menaces, or encouraged by French promises, would positively refuse to entertain any proposition for his removal from Lisbon.

In September, 1807, Lord Strangford writes:

"During an interview of nearly an hour and a half I employed every argument in my power to induce his Royal Highness to consent to the only measure which now affords him a chance of continuing to exist as an independent sovereign, and although I have not succeeded in persuading the Prince to the immediate adoption of it, still I trust that I have weakened his reluctance."

A few days later he reports that the Prince Regent had consented to embark, but within a week he had again changed his mind; and towards the end of November,

Lord Strangford, finding him determined to trust himself to France, broke off diplomatic relations with the Court of Lisbon, and took up his quarters in Sir Sidney Smith's flag-ship, the English fleet at the same time blockading the mouth of the Tagus.[1]

On the 24th November, he informs Mr. Canning that, notwithstanding the hostile attitude which the English admiral had been obliged to assume, he did not yet quite despair of overcoming the Prince Regent's scruples, and that he had resolved, contrary as such a proceeding might be to diplomatic usage, to seek a personal interview with the Prince, not as British representative, but as a private individual who had enjoyed his Highness's confidence and friendship. This bold and original project was carried out. Landing under a flag of truce, Lord Strangford proceeded to the palace, determined "to destroy in his Royal Highness's mind all hopes of accommodating matters with the invaders of his country, to direct all his fears to a French army, and all his hopes to an English fleet;" and so forcibly did the state he case, that at the eleventh hour, and when Junot's army was within a day's march of Lisbon, the Prince gave way. Knowing his irresolute nature, Lord Strangford determined not to lose sight of him until he was safely embarked, and on the 2nd December he was enabled to report the entire success of his efforts.

[1] It was while with the fleet that Lord Strangford received information of a project of Bonaparte's to seize upon Gibraltar, a Jewish merchant named Benolicl, resident on the rock, having engaged to provide funds to bribe a part of the garrison. In his confidential despatch of the 20th October, 1807, in which he communicates this conspiracy to the Foreign Office, he mentions that two Irishmen, captains in the army quartered at Gibraltar, were in the plot.

"I had the honour to accompany the Prince in his passage over the bar of Lisbon, having resolved not to lose sight of his Royal Highness until the means of departure should be thoroughly accomplished, as everything depended upon the degree of encouragement and consolation afforded to his Royal Highness, to whose mind it was continually necessary to present the measure under the most agreeable and captivating forms."

It is not easy to overrate the importance of the effects which this diplomatic triumph exercised over the succeeding campaigns in the Peninsula. When, on the day following, Junot entered Lisbon, the fleet bearing away the royal family, with the national treasure, crown jewels, and archives, was still in sight, and the French army, which had intended to profess itself the protector and ally of the House of Braganza, was now compelled to appear openly in the character of an invader.

When, some years later, Sir William Napier published his history of the Peninsular war, he attributed the success of the project for removing the Court of Portugal to the Brazils, to Sir Sidney Smith, a pretension which Lord Strangford angrily disputed in a pamphlet,[1] in which he stated that not only was the embarkation of the Prince Regent due to his personal influence alone, but that he had in all his despatches confidently foretold the success that would attend his efforts to that end.

[1] Lord Strangford's claim to the merit of having brought about the prince's removal is undoubted. In a debate in the House of Commons, in 1817, Canning stated that "Lord S. had been employed to devise and urge this splendid emigration," and that for his brilliant success he had not only received the red ribbon and diplomatic promotion, but had been offered a step in the peerage, which he had declined.

To this Sir William retorted, "So it appears that his lordship got the red ribbon for his predictions; Lord Liverpool predicted a march upon Paris in 1814, but I am not aware that he received the Waterloo medal for it."

Promoted to the Legation at Rio de Janeiro in 1808, Lord Strangford continued to win golden opinions in the new scene of his career, and for some years exercised paramount influence over Prince John of Portugal.

As it had been his mission in Lisbon to urge the Prince to leave Portugal for his colonial empire, so he was now, that the fall of Napoleon had removed all danger, instructed to negotiate for the return of the sovereign to his European dominions. But here again he was met by the same vacillation and irresolution. On 21st June, 1814, he writes to acquaint Lord Castlereagh that his Royal Highness had signified his intention to visit Lisbon at once, and it was in consequence of this intention, which was never carried out, being formally communicated to the English Government, that Mr. Canning was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to Portugal.[1]

The countenance which, in conformity with Canning's grand idea of "calling up a new world to redress the balance of the old," was lent by the British Government to the efforts of the Spanish colonies in South America to achieve independence, led to Lord Strangford being viewed with some suspicion by Prince John; and his zealous efforts for the suppression of the slave trade finally caused him to fall completely

[1] For accepting this office, a violent attack was made upon Canning and the Ministry in the House of Commons in 1817. His defence on this occasion was reckoned one of his finest speeches.

from the favour he had so long enjoyed. In 1814 Prince John made a formal demand upon the Prince Regent of England for the recall of his representative, and the latter, in an autograph letter dated on 31st December of that year, accordingly signifies his permission to Lord Strangford to return to England, but at the same time expresses his extreme surprise that Prince John, who had so frequently written of Lord Strangford in terms of the highest praise and appreciation, should have seen reason so completely to change his opinion. Lord Liverpool is at the same time instructed to assure Lord Strangford that his recall was not "accompanied by any circumstance of personal disfavour on the part of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent or of his Government."

On his return to England, the Duke de Montillano, Spanish Ambassador, lodged an angry complaint against Lord Strangford for having prevented the Prince Regent of Portugal from furnishing military assistance to aid Spain in putting down the insurrection in the South American Colonies, and requests that the British Cabinet will take immediate steps "to inflict upon him proper chastisement;" but again Lord Strangford was completely justified in his action by the Foreign Office; and in 1817 he was appointed Minister to the Court of Stockholm, with a special view to the settlement of an important and long pending difficulty between the Governments of Sweden and Denmark, which threatened serious complications.[1]

[1] The correspondence of Talleyrand shows the supreme importance attached by the great powers to the negotiations now entrusted to Lord Strangford.

Once more he fully justified the confidence reposed in him. In 1819 the sovereigns of both countries wrote to the Prince Regent to acknowledge the eminent services which the British envoy had rendered to their respective states, and Lord Castlereagh, in sending Lord Strangford copies of these communications, writes:

"I am most happy to convey to you the Prince Regent's entire approbation of your conduct, and to offer your lordship my personal congratulations on this most satisfactory close of your labours, and of the settlement of this long litigated and embarrassing question.

"As the embassy of Constantinople will be open in the spring, by the return of Sir R. Lester at his own desire, I am happy to be authorised by the Prince Regent to acquaint your lordship that it is his Royal Highness's gracious intention to nominate you to that embassy. His Royal Highness has chosen this occasion of conveying to your lordship this intention in order, not only that it may be considered a mark of his approbation for your services, but contribute to the restoration of your health, by removing you to a more congenial climate."

From Lord Strangford to his mother:

"Stockholm, October, 1819.

"I hope you will feel as happy in learning, as I am in communicating to you, that I have received the appointment of ambassador at Constantinople. You will perceive from the enclosed copy of a letter from Lord Castlereagh, that this high and splendid mark

of royal favour has been conferred upon me, without solicitation, as a reward for my late services in restoring tranquility to the north of Europe. It must be allowed that my good fortune is unequalled in that, at a Court, apparently the most unimportant in Europe, a matter of the utmost consequence was, by common consent, confided to my management, and that I succeeded in arranging it, not less to the satisfaction than, I will say, to the surprise of all parties concerned, who had for five years been engaged in disputing among themselves. Blessed are the peace-makers! Diamond snuff-boxes and letters of thanks from the different sovereigns have poured in from all quarters; and certainly, if I were a vain man, the circumstances of the last three months would have turned my head."

Before taking up his duties at Stockholm Lord Strangford had, in 1817, married the young widow of Mr. Nicholas Browne of Mount Hazel, County Galway, a daughter of Sir Thomas Burke, of Marble Hill, in the same county. She was a very beautiful woman, and became a devoted, if not quite a judicious, wife. Her greatest faults arose from the impulsive and excitable temper so often found in her countrywomen, under which her husband's better disciplined and more conventional nature frequently winced.

Lady Strangford was in the habit of keeping a journal, and this faithful record of her daily thoughts and actions affords an amusing, though in some degree a painful, illustration of her character, and affords but another of the many examples of how an affectionate, faithful, and pure-minded woman may succeed in poisoning

domestic happiness by petty faults of temper. Her sudden alternations from despair to happiness, and her persistency in harping upon the one disagreeable subject, on which the husband to whom she was devoted was most sensitive, form a curious study. Here are a few entries from her journal, taken at random, during the first year of their marriage:

"12th June.—These servants will drive me mad. Delightful drive with Percy."

"16th.—A terrific scene this evening; almost driven to suicide. How grievous that Lord S., who is all goodness, who possesses a heart unequalled in this world, should be the victim of his blind and weak devotion to his servants!"

"22nd Aug.—Nothing can equal the insolence of the servants; this morning they all refused George a drop of milk. Mr. Hughes called. Delightful evening."

"2nd Sept.—Oh, the agony, misery, and horror I suffer I trust will soon put an end to the existence of the most wretched being who walks the earth."

This is followed by a long account of a "charming" dinner party in the evening, with an elaborate description of toilettes.

"12th Sept.—The whole of this day I have been in a state of madness, from which baby suffers."

"1st Oct.—I feel I shall become mad. Nothing was ever so terrific as the insolence of the servants. . . ."

"5th.—Lord S. is irritable; his only weakness is not bearing to hear the servants reflected upon, ever deeming them infallible."

"20th.—Lord S. very angry with me for scolding my maids, who are in all respects infamous. He is not kind to me."

In the next entry, however, she describes her husband as "an angel."

In his letters to his mother, while he frequently testifies to his wife's devotion to him and her children, as well as to her many amiable qualities, and her social popularity, Lord Strangford complains bitterly of the violence of her temper towards her servants, and the "hot water" in which he is thus kept by her.

"It is a subject upon which I cannot dilate," he writes on one occasion, "suffice it for you to know that it has been a daily, almost hourly cause of pain and humiliation to me; publicly, as well as in private, my existence has been embittered by it."

However uncomfortable Lady Strangford succeeded in making her immediate household by her want of self-control, she was possessed of many charms, a fund of good-nature, and a winning manner, which rendered her a great favourite in society. Writing to his mother to announce the birth of their first child, Lord Strangford says:

"It has been very gratifying to me to witness the interest which the event has excited here; the door is literally besieged with royal and noble visitors. The King sent his first chamberlain with a message of congratulation, and the Queen called in person. Ellen, in spite of her gibberish, has certainly managed to make herself very popular here."

The last entry in the diary at Stockholm describes their farewell dinner at court, and records the extravagant compliments which the King paid Lord Strangford:

"Dined at the King's.[1] I sat near His Majesty, who addressed all his conversation to me, mostly about Lord Strangford. He said he could never repay the services he has rendered to him; that his life had been a peculiarly fortunate one, but that he deemed the most fortunate event in it Lord S. being in Sweden at this particular crisis; that a man equally good and clever would not have been sufficient—that Lord S. was never *crain-tive*—was fearless of consequences, had a decision, perseverance, steadiness, and fervency in business that he had never before seen equally united; that had he been a general he would have been the greatest of his age, distinguished as it is, for his capacity takes in everything *sur le champ*. The grasp of his mind is even more extraordinary than the *à propos* and quickness of his wit."

All of which the young wife gratefully accepted *au pied de la lettre*, as a simple and truthful tribute to her lord's pre-eminent merits.

On the eve of his departure from Stockholm Lord Strangford received the following letter from Thomas Moore, now living on the Continent in great pecuniary difficulties, which his early friend had it is evident helped to alleviate.

[1] Charles John of Sweden, better known as Marshal Bernadotte, who, thirty years before, had been a sergeant of marines in the service of Louis XVI.

"Paris, April, 1820.

"My Dear Strangford,

"Douglas has just offered me an opportunity of writing a few lines to you, and I hasten to say what all my life will not be long enough to feel as much, and as strongly as I ought to do, the deep, hearty, genuine gratitude with which my heart is full towards you for the letter you wrote me. I should have preferred waiting till we met, rather than attempt through the cold medium of a letter to tell you half how much I thank you, had not Douglas hinted that you were displeased at my silence.[1] My dear friend, how delightful to have the companion of one's young days taking the part you have done in the moment of need, and showing that, even scapegraces as we were, there was stuff in us for better things. Don't mind my grammar, I am in too great a hurry, and feel too much to write intelligibly; as my friend Sir T. says, 'Don't mind what I say, mind what I think.'"

Early in 1821, Lord Strangford, with his family, embarked for Constantinople, where shortly after their arrival Lady S. records a "terrific scene" on the subject of the servants, followed by the expression of a hope of speedy death, and concluding thus:

"In the evening to Madame Testa's (her husband Chargé d'affaires d'Hollande). On my entrance I feel I

[1] In Moore's diary, under date of 10th May, 1820, there is this entry: "Douglas has received a letter from Strangford, in which he complains of my not having answered the letter he wrote from Sweden, and says: 'As there is no one, almost, I love half so well as Moore, his silence grieves me.'"

am followed by a murmur of applause and admiration, my dress even more than myself. On every side I hear 'Comme elle est superbe,' 'elegante,' 'charmante,' 'magnifique,' 'belle,' and ten thousand other phrases."

Life in Pera[1] was not, however, always as pleasant as at Madame Testa's.

On 21st April, 1821, Lord Strangford writes to his mother:

"Ellen was insulted and beaten by Turks on Thursday going to mass, though attended by three jannissaries and two footmen. This state of affairs is very disgusting, but cannot last long. There is no real danger for us Franks however; the carnage and persecution is confined to the poor devils of Greeks, whose heads are chopped off by the dozen."

Lord Strangford had reached Constantinople at an eventful period, and in reading his despatches at the present time, the reflection how strangely history repeats itself is forced upon the mind. Then, as now, the "Eastern Question" was the great problem which exercised the statesmen of Europe; then, as now, Russia fomented the passions and aspirations of the Christian subjects of the Porte, and encouraged their rebellion by promises of moral and material support; then, as now, the Western powers watched the struggle, pursuing the policy dictated by national interests and popular sympathies, without much regard to abstract justice or rights, England, in particular, being at that time

[1] In one of his despatches, Lord Strangford describes Pera as "the most disreputable spot upon the face of the earth."

swayed by mixed motives of sympathy for the oppressed Hellenes, jealousy of the encroachments of Russia, and an apprehension of disturbing the balance of power as established under the holy alliance by allowing any one state to obtain a preponderating influence. To complete the parallel, the Czar while nominally at peace with the Porte, and professing to act the part of an intercessor in her interests, permitted Russian subjects to enlist under the banners of the insurgents,[1] while her armies were gathering in threatening clouds upon the frontier, and the other Cabinets were urging a European conference with a view to averting war.[2]

Lord Strangford had his first public audience of the Sultan in May, 1821, and reports that not having come provided with a suitable present for the occasion, he had expended 510,000 piastres (about £1,400) in the purchase of a dagger to present to His Majesty, who had shown himself exceptionally gracious to the English ambassador, by dispensing with certain anti-European forms, which had hitherto been strictly exacted, and by admitting into the presence, as a part of the envoy's suite, a far greater number of British subjects than had ever before been so privileged.

The Turkish Government, incensed at the duplicity of Russia in covertly fomenting insurrection, and

[1] Lord Strangford reports to his Government that when Prince Ypsilante was detected in a correspondence with the Russian Cabinet, Baron Strogonoff, in a communication to the Porte, formally repudiated all knowledge of him and his designs, not knowing that Count Nesselrode's despatches to the Prince were actually in possession of the Turkish Government.

[2] This was written before the outbreak of the present war.

believing, possibly, that a declared enemy was less perilous than a false friend, refused to entertain proposals for concessions to the Christian subjects in arms, and in August, 1821, Baron Strogonoff, with the whole of his embassy, left Constantinople, after having entrusted to Lord Strangford the protection of Russian interests.

To avert actual war now became the chief task of the English ambassador, and to this end he was instructed to use every effort to bring about such an understanding as should induce Russia to renew diplomatic relations with the Porte. The negotiation was full of difficulty, induced by apathy and evasive action on the part of the Turkish ministers on the one hand, and, on the other, by the utter want of reliability in the representations of Russian statesmen and agents, who so frequently misled him by statements unfounded in fact, and by promises which they had no intention to fulfil, that he despaired of success.

The Greek insurrection was now spreading, and Lord Strangford's despatches are full of details of cruelty and horror, though it would be difficult to say upon which side the greatest outrages upon humanity were committed. At one time we read of the Greeks massacring in cold blood 1,400 Turkish prisoners who had surrendered upon a solemn promise of their lives; at another, of the destruction of the entire population of Greek villages by the Turks; now of Greek hostages innocent of all crime, being executed in the streets of Constantinople by the dozen; and now of a Greek procession, headed by priests, bearing hundreds of Turkish heads upon poles, and exhibiting in the market-place cartloads of ears and noses.

Lord Strangford bears testimony to the gallantry of the insurgents on some occasions, but states that, as a rule, the Greeks would not meet their enemy in open fight unless in greatly superior numbers, and that, not unfrequently, they retired before a greatly inferior force "with the alacrity of modern patriots."

In April, 1822, Lord Londonderry conveys to Lord Strangford the king's high approval of his conduct under the most arduous and difficult circumstances, and of the temper and judgment which he had displayed and; on the 9th July following again expresses that his Majesty fully appreciates his "prudence and firmness, and the highly honourable display of political judgment and resource."

A European Congress for the settlement of the constantly increasing difficulty of the question was now determined upon. Verona was fixed as the scene for the meeting of sovereigns and statesmen; and in a confidential letter dated 29th July, 1822, Lord Londonderry approves of Lord Strangford's suggestion that he should attend on the occasion for the purpose of giving such information and advice as his experience placed at his command.

The concluding words of this letter are:

"Should no unforeseen event occur to alter the decision of his Majesty's Government, I will set out hence for Vienna, passing by Paris about the 15th of next month."

An "unforeseen event" did occur; this was the death of Lord Londonderry, by his own hand, within a fortnight from the date of this letter.

From Verona Lord Strangford sends his mother

a full and amusing description of what Talleyrand irreverently described as the *champs de bêtises:*

"We have two emperors, three kings, and heaven only knows how many grand dukes, arch-dukes, princes, viceroys, all now here with their respective courts, so you would suppose we are very gay; quite the contrary; I assure you we lead the soberest lives possible, and all are in bed by half-past ten. In short, a more virtuous, sedate, regular set of crowned heads never assembled together."

During the Congress Lord Strangford had several private interviews with the Emperor Alexander, and in the course of one of these conversations elicited from the Czar that "although it was in the highest degree natural that he should feel a direct and most lively interest in the prosperity and political well-being of his *coréligionnaires*, yet that he could not but avow that this interest was in some degree weakened, as well by the conduct and weakness of the Greeks themselves, and by the character of the individuals who are at the head of their affairs, as by their notorious connection with the revolutionary party in other countries;" adding that, in his opinion, "the idea of Greek independence was an absolute chimera," and that the utmost extent of his wishes was that the Greeks should be "placed in the same relations to the Porte as the inhabitants of Servia, or, if it could be effected, as those of Wallachia and Moldavia."[1]

On the breaking up of the Congress, the Emperor

[1] This interesting conversation was reported by Lord Strangford to Mr. Canning, in a despatch dated from Verona, on 26th November, 1822.

Alexander personally charged Lord Strangford with the conduct of negotiating such terms with the Porte as it would be possible for Russia to entertain; and the Duke of Wellington, in conveying the approval of the English Government to this arrangement, says:

"I need not point out how honourable it is to Lord Strangford's character, and to that of this country, that he should be charged with so important a concern as the completing the pacifications between the Court of Russia and the Ottoman Porte, nor how anxious the Government are that he should be successful in his endeavours to preserve peace."

The change of foreign policy created by the accession of Mr. Canning to the seals of the Foreign Office, and that statesman's determination to break with the absolutist principles of the Holy Alliance, which then inspired the Cabinets of Europe, did not affect Lord Strangford's position as negotiator between the Porte and Russia. In a despatch, dated 22nd October, 1822, the Minister thus congratulates his agent on the success of his labours:

"Directed, as these negotiations have been, and hitherto with so much success, to the averting of a war between Russia and the Ottoman Porte, of which, if it should once be kindled, no human policy could circumscribe the range or foresee the consequences, your Excellency may well feel in the consciousness of the service you have rendered to Europe at large, a consolation for any misapprehension or unthankfulness on the part of either of the Powers whose more immediate

interests or pretensions you have been employed in attempting to reconcile."

Lord Strangford had held the scales with too even a hand between the two conflicting powers to gain the gratitude of either, and he was, moreover, violently assailed for his want of sympathy with the Greeks, by the sentimental philo-Hellenists of England. His old friend and colleague, Sir Gore Ouseley writes upon this subject:

"Although every one is loud in praises of your *savoir-faire*, many complain that the elegant scholar, the lover of Grecian lore, the accomplished Hellenist, should have taken so strong an interest in the barbarian hordes against the descendants of Homer, Hesiod, Sophocles, and Anacreon."

Among Lord Strangford's despatches of this period is the following, dated 28th February, 1823:

"The events which most commonly embellish existence at Constantinople have, during the last fortnight, been remarkably abundant and diversified. We have had several storms, an earthquake, much strangling of janissaries, various fires, and not a few cases of plague; to these may be added the novelty of a direct communication from Paradise, in the shape of a letter from the Prophet Mahomet to Sultan Mahmoud.

"It appears that on the night of Friday, the 20th of last December, as one of the seven guardians of the tomb at Mecca was watching in the temple, he heard a voice which enjoined him to proceed to a certain spot within

the sanctuary, where he would find a letter, which he must immediately deliver to the Sureh Emini (or conductor of the pilgrims), who was to take it with him on his return to Constantinople. The letter, as might have been expected, was found in the very place thus indicated. It bore the address of the Sultan and the signature of the Prophet. It has been presented to the former, who it would seem has felt less honoured by a letter from the Prophet than scandalised at the freedom with which his highness's conduct has been canvassed in Paradise. The Prophet declares his indignation at the mismanagement of the Imperial Viceregent, represents in strong terms the decay of true Islamism, adverts to the indescribable horror and confusion which he felt on being abruptly and somewhat unkindly informed by the angel Gabriel that of seventy thousand Mussulmen who had perished in battle within the last two years only forty-seven had been allowed to enter the gates of heaven, and concluded with a prediction, which has often, and in other quarters been made before, and to which the Sultan must now be pretty well accustomed, that the empire of the Crescent cannot possibly last thirty years longer."

Although diplomatic action had averted the outbreak of actual war between Russia and Turkey, the attitude of the former power was full of menace, and Sir Charles Bagot, then ambassador at St. Petersburgh, writing to Mr. Canning in June, 1823, expresses his apprehensions of the effect of Turkish resistance to the demands of the Czar:

"From Constantinople we hear nothing since I last wrote, but I confess to you that I am not with-

out some uncomfortable feelings upon the whole of that question. I have been urging for more than two years that the Emperor does not desire war with the Turks, and that he will not have it. I still believe that such is his present disposition, but we must not be lulled into too great security. I think, but I may be mistaken, that both Prince Metternich and Strangford are too much persuaded, since Verona, that they have the Emperor completely in hand. Be assured that no man living has him in hand. I expect that at this moment he does not wish for war with the Turks, but it would be too much to say that he does not contemplate its possibility, and it is impossible that he does not feel that if the Turks persist, as they seem to do, in making the complete fulfilment of former treaties the condition of an adjustment of the points now in immediate dispute, he has nothing to do but to fire a single cannon, and these and all their stipulations will be blown into the air for ever."

In forwarding a copy of these remarks to Lord Strangford, Mr. Canning says:

"It is most desirable and necessary that your Turkish friends should come to an understanding with Russia if they wish to avoid war. Get therefore, if you can, a Russian mission, great or small, back to Constantinople. To do this, you must get the Black Sea navigation conceded, at least provisionally, and Russia and the Asiatic fortresses put out of sight, at least for the present. And why is the Porte to concede everything to Russia, you will ask? Why, simply because Russia wants war, and Turkey has need of peace, and

we have therefore no hold upon Russia in her fears, her interests, or her feelings."

Lord Strangford had undoubtedly a difficult task to perform, for, in addition to his immediate duties as representative of British policy, the subjects of Russia, Sardinia, and of the Ionian Islands, were under his protection.

"All I ask," he writes to Mr. Canning, on 26th November, 1823, "is to be allowed to enact English ambassador for a couple of months. The Turks have so long been accustomed to look upon us as a sort of half Russian, half Sardinian *chargés d'affaires*, that they are beginning to forget that I belong to a more reputable class. There is a great deal to do here to which I must attend, particularly in Ionian matters. These seven islands are in themselves sufficient to occupy seven embassies during seven days in the week; all our murders, most of our robberies, and the whole of our coining, are monopolised by Sir Thomas's[1] subjects."

The King of Sardinia was grateful for Lord Strangford's services, for early in 1824 he addresses to him a most flattering autograph letter, accompanied with his portrait mounted in brilliants, and the expression of his regret that the rules of the British service prevented him from offering an honorary distinction.

In January, 1824, Mr. Canning again conveys the expression of the King's high approval, with an assurance that "when the success of these services shall be complete, the King will not be slow in conveying his

[1] Sir Thomas Maitland, commonly called "King Tom," then the autocratic Lord High Commissioner in the Ionian Islands.

Majesty's sense of them by some special mark of his Majesty's gracious favour."

By the middle of this year Lord Strangford had succeeded in bringing about an understanding between the two contending nations, which seems to have satisfied both, for while the Grand Vizier expresses the grateful appreciation of the Sultan for the services rendered to his cause by the English ambassador, Count Nesselrode conveys to him the thanks of the Emperor of Russia, assuring him that

"Vos talents et votre perseverance ont vaincus des difficultés qui semblaient presque insurmontable, et vous venez de rendre à l'Europe un service dont elle conservera longue temps le souvenir."

"Mr. Canning to Count Lieven.

"Foreign Office, 10 Sept., 1824.

"I have already had the honour of apprising your Excellency that the vacancy at Constantinople, to which it is proposed that —— should succeed, is occasioned by the removal of Lord Strangford to a more brilliant distinction, which his Majesty has commanded me to offer to him as at once the most flattering reward for the services he has had the good fortune to render his Majesty's august and valued ally, and as what his Majesty believes, and is now by Sir Charles Bagot's report confirmed in believing, to be the most acceptable proof that his Majesty can give to the Emperor of Russia of the earnest desire of his Majesty to maintain unimpaired the relations of confidence and friendship by which the two crowns are happily united.

"I cannot conclude this letter without expressing the satisfaction which his Majesty derives from learning that the successful issue of Lord Strangford's labours are so highly appreciated by his Majesty."

These accumulated honours and rewards must have satisfied even Lord Strangford's most sanguine ambition, but they were not yet exhausted—"Glamis and Thane of Cawdor;—the greatest is behind."

"Mr. Canning to Lord Strangford.

"Foreign Office, 10 Sept., 1824.

"We have so often thought ourselves at the last of our labyrinth, and so often found ourselves obliged to return upon our steps, that even now when I feel as if it were clear before us, as if we had issued into broad daylight, and had no reverse to fear, I can hardly persuade myself that our uncertainty is over, or that our perplexities are at an end.

"The Emperor of Russia, however, is satisfied; he considers everything as settled. He has formally appointed his minister at the Porte, and he has written a formal letter of thanks to his Majesty for your lordship's successful exertions.

"He asks a mark of favour for you, and therein his object was anticipated here, for his Majesty had already graciously consented to bestow upon your lordship a British peerage which I have long been wishing to announce to you, but I put a wholesome restraint upon myself. We must have awaited the termination of your negotiation; it was expedient also to await the

manifestation of the Emperor's satisfaction of the issue. Both these conditions are now fulfilled, and I have seldom had a more gratifying duty to discharge than that of wishing your lordship joy of the most splendid and most solid reward which a King of England can confer upon a subject."

Thus within twenty years the needy and friendless young Irishman had, by his own unaided merits, raised himself from an obscure and subordinate position to the highest diplomatic post under the Crown, to a prominent place at the Council Board of Europe, by the side of Metternich, Nesselrode, Talleyrand, and Wellington, and to the honour of a seat in the English House of Peers.[1]

There was but one drawback to his satisfaction, upon which he thus expresses himself to his mother:

"The appointment to St. Petersburgh is the best thing in point of rank and emolument that our profession has to offer, but it is also the most ruinously expensive. Here a man can save a little money; there it will be with the utmost difficulty that I can make the two ends meet, though the salary is to be £4,000 a year more than here."

Before quitting Constantinople Lord Strangford had urged upon his Government the expediency of a conference to bring about a final settlement of the numerous questions at issue between the Porte and Russia, as well as to enter upon negotiations calculated

[1] He had also been made a Grand Cross of the Bath and of the Guelph, and a Grandee of Portugal.

to stop the Greek insurrection, and to obtain from the Sultan terms for the rebellious Christian subjects. The promised renewal of diplomatic relations on the part of Russia seemed an opportune time for such measures. Writing to Mr. Canning in November, 1824, Lord Strangford says:

"Even in the event of a failure attending the negotiation, the Emperor of Russia would be disposed to put up with it as long as the disgrace of the failure would be equally divided among all the negotiating Powers, and should not fall exclusively to the share of Russia. Prince Metternich thinks that if the Emperor of Russia binds himself to enter into the negotiation solely as a constitutional member of it, and not as its chief; if, in short, he should be induced to take it up as a European, and not as a Russian question, he will, in the event of a failure, be able to reconcile himself with public opinion in Russia, and escape the reproach of having abandoned or inadequately supported the interests of his *coréligionnaires*."

Might not these words be precisely paralleled by passages in official despatches and in the public press of Europe on the eve of the last Conference held in Constantinople for "the settlement of the Eastern Question?"

Before following Lord Strangford to the north, let us once more glance at him in his domestic relations.

As time passed, the hysterical element in Lady Strangford's journal becomes far less marked, while there are indications of a greatly-increased interest in public affairs on her part, and here and there of a

delicate perceptive faculty, and of shrewdness of judgment in matters relating to her husband's position. Latterly, there is no mention of insolent servants, and madness or suicide is not once hinted at.

Before they left Constantinople she had presented her lord with two sons and two daughters, to whose training Lord Strangford found time to devote considerable attention. It is not uncommon to find men (and those even of the highest and clearest intellect) not only blind to certain wants or defects in their own natures, but actually priding themselves upon the possession of those powers of which they are the most conspicuously devoid. Lord Strangford was not apt to depreciate himself with respect to general acquirements or special knowledge. He held a very high opinion of his genius for diplomacy, but if he had been asked what he considered his peculiar vocation he would probably have named that of a schoolmaster. In his domestic letters he constantly dwells upon his exceptionally great faculties for the training of children, whereas, in point of fact, few men were, by temper or disposition, so little fitted for the task of forming or guiding youthful character as himself. In the very first and most essential qualifications for such a duty, impartiality and firmness, he was entirely wanting, and even his blindly devoted wife, who found it difficult to see any fault in him, more than once expressed her fears lest her eldest son should be "irretrievably spoilt" by his father's capricious and injudicious training. Lord Strangford was himself aware of the undue favouritism he showed to his first-born.

"His hold over my affections," he writes to his mother, "becomes hourly so painfully strong that I feel

and fear the sinfulness of my adoration for that child, and dread the awful punishment that may one day attend it."

His letters to his family are filled with descriptions of what George says and does:

"George is now a perfect Methodist, and thinks of nothing but his devotions."

But his Methodism seems to have carried him into extremes:

"Ellen continues to attend mass, but I have prevailed upon her not to observe fast days. The other day George danced before her on a picture of the Pope."

A few extracts from letters received by Lord Strangford during his residence in Constantinople, from some of his numerous correspondents, may form an appropriate conclusion to the notice of his Turkish career.

From the Lady Hester Stanhope.

LEVANTINE CONSULS.

"Mishmooshy, Lebanon, 1822.

"I have always avoided the society of the Consuls upon the coast. Mr. Abbott I consider one of the most impudent, bombastic, lying, underhanded fellows that can be. It is a good thing for him that I am not the ambassador, for I would flog him within an inch of his life. . . . I consider Mr. Abbott and Yacoub Aga men of such disgraceful character in every point of view, that I firmly tell your lordship that no situation,

however disagreeable, I might be placed in in this country by unforeseen circumstances, would oblige me to hold any communication with such men. What I have said of those persons to your lordship I am ready to say to their faces, and a great deal more.

". . . . . When I abuse Consuls I should not forget to make an exception in favour of Mr. Barker, who is a very good sort of John Bull. It is well known, I believe, that I have no particular admiration for those who bear the title, as they in general partake of the perverseness of their native atmosphere, and Mr. Barker possesses in a high degree one of the necessary qualifications of a John Bull, and that is in considering the person of a king is that of a great Llama, and that it is quite criminal to make any difference between upstarts and those who have reigned for centuries. He has suffered much from the earthquakes, but has borne all his losses with cheerful resignation, and has tried to persuade me, by a letter of eight pages, that earthquakes are necessary to human happiness, being ordained by Providence to purify the air."

THE BASTINADO.

"I told Mr. Abbott, in my first interview with him, that I desired he would not communicate any of his plans to me, and when Yacoub Aga and his wife expressed an intention of seeking protection under my roof, I declared that I would not have the smallest connection with them, and that if they troubled me with any messages, that I would bastinado the bearer, *which I did.*

"My lord, I might bow my head to an axe wielded by the hand of a manly tyrant, whose good qualities, from excess, had in the end become vices; but as for a set of miserable reptiles I shall ever set them at defiance."

ON PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES.

"If I have not the right to choose my own religion I have again sinned by not allowing a set of missionaries to use my name in this country in the promulgation of a sort of bastard religion which meets the approbation of no sect whatever. The imputation of vanity can only be attached to worldly concerns, therefore I trust your lordship will not accuse me of the foible if I simply repeat the opinion given by the wisest men of the East, and some of them the most profound metaphysicians I have ever met with, 'that if I was capable of reading and calculating in Oriental languages, that I should excel all of them in knowledge of sublime subjects.' It is quite ludicrous that a set of pettifogging missionaries should come here to open the eyes of a people whose shoes they are not worthy to tie, and before whom even some of the best French philosophers would appear like a lot of quack doctors."

A LEGACY.

" . . . . . I am not a person likely to leave any money behind me, and whatever personal property I may possess in this country I have already bequeathed to Miss Williams, and whatever provision my store may contain at the time of my death may

serve to feed the orphans in my house, and the blind and lame whom I protect. . . . As my death has been foretold both at Bayruth and Saide, in an indirect way, and the vengeance that would be hurled upon Michel and upon my servants, I think it right to think of the poor creatures I may leave behind me; as long as I have breath they have nothing to fear."

From the Dowager Countess of Jersey.

"August 11, 1822.

"I hope you are not really ill. Your description of your health is always so poetical that your cough does not alarm me. Take care of yourself, however, for there is nothing like you of good and bad in this world. It is very provoking that the two people who amuse me the most are sent, one to Constantinople, and the other to St. Petersburgh.[1] Will Mrs. Bergamo[2] exhibit herself in the House of Lords? But what will she not do, supported by virtue, innocence, and Alderman Wood? I am told that £12,000 of the £13,000 that she spends monthly goes in *fêtes* to the Radicals, and that there are several houses open where soldiers may drink as much as they please; yet the military people whom I have seen venture to say that the army will be steady."

From Earl Stanhope.

"Vienna, 12 June, 1825.

"I have learned from a person who has the advantage of seeing your despatches that they are con-

[1] Sir Charles Bagot. [2] Queen Caroline.

sidered superior to all praise, and I find from a conversation which I had with Prince Metternich that he does you justice, and said that it would be particularly agreeable to him if you were appointed to the embassy here whenever it falls vacant. . . . .

"The Hungarian Guard has been newly equipped for the occasion,[1] and with extreme splendour and magnificence; they sent to England for the panther skins, which cost £15 each. Prince Esterhazy, who is the captain, invited me to see them, but did not wear, what I had seen before, his own dress, said to be worth £100,000. It may give some idea of the immense number of his retainers when I mention that I learned from good authority, that when his affairs were under administration, the number, not of servants or labourers, but of *employés* in the situations of bailiffs, intendants, &c., who were considered superfluous, and were in consequence dismissed, amounted to 1,100. I am informed that he spends annually between £20,000 and £30,000 in pensions to cast-off mistresses."

A SERMON ON HOSPITALITY.

. . . "Mohun, who is in Sicily, has sent me the following sermon on hospitality, which he heard a monk deliver there:

"'I will now, my dear brethren, give you a striking instance of the divine rewards attending hospitality. During the last journey that our Saviour and his twelve apostles made into Sicily they lodged at an inn in Palermo. The innkeeper was a most worthy pious man,

[1] The Emperor's coronation.

and a great chess-player, and his family had been staunch Catholics for many generations. At this time there were lodging at his house some soldiers of the Protestant Nero (Emperor of Syracuse), who, by means of a compact with the devil—that first of Protestants—always won from the innkeeper at chess, and gained from him more money than they spent at his house, so that the worthy man was reduced to great poverty. He received very well our Saviour and his twelve apostles, but when they were setting off again he was not satisfied with the benediction which they gave him, but insisted on the payment of his bill. No sooner, however, had St. Peter declared of whom the party consisted, than he instantly desisted from his claim, with all due respect. To reward him for his hospitality our Saviour conferred two favours upon him. By the first the salvation of his soul was promised him after death; by the second he obtained the gift of always winning at chess. By the second of these gifts the innkeeper regularly checkmated the Protestant soldiers of Nero, and soon became as rich as he had been necessitous before.'"

On his return to England, Lord Strangford lost no time in taking his seat in the House of Peers. The title which he selected was derived from the old Kentish family seat of his illustrious maternal ancestors—at this time in possession of Sir John Sidney-Shelley[1], who

[1] Whose son Philip Charles, in 1835, established his claim as co-heir to the Barony of De Lisle and Dudley, by direct descent through the female line from the Barons de L'Isle of 1444. It is alleged that there is no man in the United Kingdom who represents so many peerages as the present descendant of the Sidneys, uniting as he does in his person as sole heir the representatives of six baronies, five viscounties, six earldoms, and

readily gave his assent to the assumption, by one who, like himself, was a lineal descendant of the Sidneys,—of the style of Baron Penshurst.

It may here be mentioned that in reply to an application made by Lord Strangford to Sir Robert Peel for exemption from payment of the fees due upon his patent as a peer of the United Kingdom, which amounted to upwards of £600, upon the grounds that Lords Combermere, Beresford, Stewart, Hill, and others, had been so exempted, he was informed that only peers created for military services were entitled to this privilege; but upon his citing the case of Lord St. Helens, who, at the close of a long diplomatic career was rewarded with a peerage, the fees upon which were discharged by the State, his claim was admitted.

Hitherto Lord Strangford appears to have held no very decided opinions in English politics; but immediately after his accession to the House of Lords, he took pains to proclaim his adherence to the extreme section of the Tory party, and during the few months which elapsed before his departure for St. Petersburgh, he opposed every measure of a Liberal tendency, including the Catholic Emancipation Bill.

In May, 1825, Mr. Canning, through his private secretary, writes to desire Lord Strangford to proceed to his post without delay, his leave having expired, and it being thought inexpedient that the Emperor of Russia should return to his capital from Warsaw without finding an English ambassador at his Court. This intimation, a very natural and proper one under the circum-

the dukedom of Northumberland, created in 1551. He is, moreover, one of the few descendants of King Henry VII.

stances, Lord Strangford chose to attribute to political feeling on the part of the Prime Minister, for the note conveying these instructions is endorsed by him:

"Written by order of Mr. Canning the day after my vote on the Catholic question.[1] *Hinc illæ iræ.*"

On Lord Strangford's arrival at St. Petersburgh, he was surprised to find that the Russian Government had not, as Sir Charles Bagot had reported them to have done, dispatched a mission to Constantinople in accordance with a solemn assurance conveyed in the name of the Czar by Count Nesselrode, to renew diplomatic relations with the Porte, upon certain conditions, which had been fulfilled. Mr. Canning censured Sir Charles Bagot for having misled his Government by false information, and for having stated as a matter of fact what could only have been founded upon rumour. It proved, however, that the only fault committed by the English ambassador was that of having implicitly believed the statement of the Russian Chancellor that Count Ribeaupierre had actually proceeded to Constantinople. Writing to Lord Strangford from Brussels, in July, 1825, Sir Charles Bagot says:

"Did Stratford Canning tell you that the Russian Government had honestly enough acknowledged to him that they *had* distinctly assured me that Ribeaupierre should be sent to Constantinople the moment the Emperor returned to St. Petersburgh? S. Canning wrote this to the Foreign Office; so, *peu à peu*, I shall

[1] The only measure of domestic reform which Canning—liberal as his views were on all questions of foreign policy—supported.

get justified there; but catch me ever believing a Russian again!"

A short time after he writes:

"Why did Nesselrode make me write to my Government such measureless lies about Ribeaupierre's departure to Constantinople? There was no wit in this; for any man,

'Be he ne'er so wise,
May be deceived by sober lies.'

I know that he was made to do as he was bid, but I do not acquit the Emperor, and never shall. It was very unworthy of him, and if he wanted to have lies told, he should have made Lieven tell them, and not me. . . By-the-bye, be on your guard against the Emperor of Russia's diamond snuff-boxes: they are only worth £350—*experto crede!* Shade of Catherine, look down upon us!"

Lord Strangford had more than once complained to Mr. Canning of the extreme reticence shown on all matters connected with the Eastern question by the Russian Cabinet in their intercourse with the different ambassadors. In December, however, he reports having succeeded in breaking through Count Nesselrode's reserve, and conveys the substance of a long conversation which he had with the Chancellor as to the course to be adopted towards the Porte, and their complete agreement upon the subject. Lord Strangford emphatically stated in his despatch that in expressing to Count Nesselrode his opinion that the pacification of Greece might be effected by the joint action of the four

Powers in putting pressure upon Turkey, he gave utterance only to his personal views, and in no way let it be supposed that he was the mouthpiece of his Government. He admitted, however, having, at the instigation of the Chancellor, communicated these views to the ambassadors of Austria and France, and invited their concurrence.

Mr. Canning resented this proceeding in terms of severe censure, and accused his agent of having committed the English Cabinet to a policy which he utterly repudiated. It had been his object to pursue an independent line of action, and only so far in concert with Russia as to enable him to watch her game; to concede what was just and politic to the Christian insurgents, without weakening the power or wounding the dignity of the Porte, and above all to avoid a return to the principles and pretensions of the Holy Alliance, to the abrogation of which his efforts had always been directed.

Lord Strangford is accordingly desired to inform Count Nesselrode of Mr. Canning's entire disavowal and reprobation of the views he had expressed, and to communicate to his colleagues that the British Cabinet positively declined to become a party to the proposed joint action. This humiliating penance Lord Strangford performed with the best possible grace;[1] at the same time he would not accept this "unexampled severity of reprimand" without an attempt at defend-

[1] Sir Charles Bagot writes to his friend: "I cannot find a syllable to say against the manner in which you have received the thundering castigation with which you have been belaboured by Busby before the whole diplomatic sixth form."

ing himself. He had, however, no case; the astute diplomatist had fallen into a Russian trap. Lord Clanwilliam, then the Foreign Under-Secretary of State, and his intimate friend, writes to him:

"L. told me last night that he was in possession of what had lately passed between you and Nesselrode on the subject of the Greek question, and said that you were quite won over to the belief in the necessity of holding, not only what in the *phrase banale* of all the State papers is called "a common language," to the Porte (common enough by this time, God knows!), but that you also coincide in the expediency of making the language to rest on some kind of menace, implied in the threatening attitude of the Russian troops being quartered along the southern frontiers, or more directly to be held up as liable to be put into execution by the mediators also. Now this sounds strange to my ears, and is not very intelligible."

Mr. Canning's wrath was by no means appeased by Lord Strangford's explanation, and his formal recall was only prevented by the intercession of friends. This memorandum, addressed to Lord Clanwilliam, in Canning's own handwriting, explains the case from his point of view:

"Foreign Office, 3 Feb., 1826.

"I have no desire to recall Lord S., if he will act according to his instructions, or if, when he has none (mine will be the fault of the omission), he will condescend not to act at all. But I cannot suffer my whole policy to be thwarted for the sake of making an

individual reputation, and I am not quite so blind or so passive as to let Ministers named by me play a game either over my head or under my feet without tossing, or, as Lord S. will have it so, 'trampling' those who play it. True, the game is perfectly harmless now, play it who will, or how they will, but I have not the less cause to resent the attempt to play it.

"Lord Strangford knew my policy well enough; he knew better than anybody the difficulties which attend, or rather did attend it. But that was my affair, not his. I will not be re-plunged into what is vulgarly called the 'Holy Alliance.'

"I had begun, and successfully, a separate understanding with Russia, setting that alliance aside. He has thwarted me, and knowing what he knew, how am I to believe that he has done so quite accidentally? But accidentally or not, as I was determined on no account to redeem his pledges, I had no choice but to disavow them in time. No disavowal can place me where I should have been if he had not subjected me to the necessity of that disavowal, but I was bound in justice to myself and to my views (whether Lord S. agrees in them or not) of what was for the benefit of this country, to endeavour at least to extricate myself from the toils which he had wound round me, and to regain the freedom of action which, unless I made this effort, he had destroyed.

"Let not Lord S. suppose that it was my disavowal that has made known what he has been about to half the Governments of Europe. His colleagues at St. Petersburgh were beforehand with me.

"Grenville's despatches from Paris, as you know,

anticipated my expressions of astonishment and disapprobation through information received by Damas from La Ferronaye; and Lebzeltern accompanied his despatch to Prince Metternich, announcing Lord Strangford's *démarche*, with a *dépêche réservée*, in which he cautioned P. M. not to trust to it. Is it my fault that Lord S. has placed himself at such men's mercy? Was it to be expected that *I* was to be the only person insensible to an exercise of discretion against me, which even they, whose views it favoured, considered unwarrantable?

"But I have no wish to do Lord Strangford any personal prejudice; you may make out his new credentials."

These new credentials had become necessary by the death of the Emperor Alexander on the 30th November, 1825, upon which event Sir Charles Bagot writes:

"What a change in the face of the world has the death of one man made! That with Alexander the Holy Alliance crumbles to dust I have no manner of doubt. It may exist in name; Metternich may try to cobble a new one; but in all other respects it is most unfortunate. The odds are a million to one that no other man will be found to exercise, from the age of twenty-two to forty-eight, the most unlimited power perhaps mortal ever possessed with the same forbearance that Alexander did. There are two things you will now notice in perfection—the blind uninquiring devotional loyalty of the people of Russia and the supple baseness of their nobles!"

In January, 1822, the Grand Duke Constantine had signed an act renouncing in his own name and that of his children, the succession to the throne of Russia,[1] and this renunciation was formally accepted and confirmed by the Emperor Alexander, in August, 1823. The interval of nineteen months between the dates of the two acts shows that the Emperor had deliberately considered and made up his mind on the subject; nevertheless, although the instrument was opened and made public as soon as Alexander's death became known in St. Petersburgh, Constantine was proclaimed by a considerable portion of the army and a number of public functionaries.

The Grand Duke was very generally accused of complicity in this movement,[2] but Lord Strangford entirely acquits him of the charge, and states that the only difference between his Imperial Highness and the Council of State was as to whether he should refuse to accept the crown, or, having accepted it, he should formally abdicate it in favour of his brother.

A portion of the garrison of St. Petersburgh refused, however, to take the oath of allegiance to Nicholas, and large numbers of lives were lost in attempting to suppress the mutiny which ensued, and which was followed by the discovery of a very wide-spread conspiracy, having for its object the establishment of a constitutional

[1] This Act was signed on the occasion of his second marriage, when he sacrificed the crown to his love for a pretty woman of obscure birth, saying: "Si je ne puis pas élever ma femme au trône, je saurai descendre jusqu'à elle."

[2] Among Lord Strangford's papers there is a printed passport issued in the name of the Emperor Constantine.

Government, and in which many persons of high rank were implicated.

One of these, Count Bestuchen, told the Emperor Nicholas to his face that he thought himself justified in overthrowing a despotic government which was rotten to the core. That if his Imperial Majesty thought otherwise, because his guards were faithful, well dressed, and well appointed, he would soon find his mistake. "You have a large navy," he said, "but not a ship could round Gibraltar in twelve months, so unsound is the establishment; take that as an example."[1]

Lord Strangford was much impressed by the virtues and magnanimity of the new emperor, and expatiates upon his Majesty's patience and moderation in personally conducting the examination of important individuals implicated in the conspiracy, as an instance of which he reports that "several persons whose innocence has been established have already been set at liberty."

There was some embarrassment created in the Cabinets of Europe while the pretensions of Constantine to the throne were still a matter of doubt, as to the royal name in which the new credentials of foreign representatives should be drawn up.

"The French ambassador," writes Lord Strangford, in January, 1826, "presented his new credentials to the Emperor on Sunday last; the sagacity of his Government in thus promptly divining that the Grand Duke Nicholas was to be Emperor at the very moment when Pozzo di Borgo, at Paris, was taking his oath of allegiance to the Emperor Constantine, is a theme of universal ad-

[1] This scene is reported in one of Lord Strangford's despatches.

miration, a little deteriorated, however, by the suspicion that M. de la Ferronaye received two sets of credentials, to be employed as occasion might require."[1]

About the same time Lord Strangford reports a statement made by Nesselrode to the Austrian ambassador, which forms a curious commentary on the late Emperor's repeated assurances of his pacific intentions towards Turkey:

"No member of the Corps Diplomatique enjoys so great a share of Count Nesselrode's personal friendship as M. de Lebzeltern. In a moment of confidential utterance, the latter took occasion to inquire, as a mere historical fact, and as now of little comparative importance, what were the intentions of the late Emperor in the period preceding his death. "*War*," replied the Chancellor; "had he lived, it would at this hour have been proclaimed."

On the 4th March the Duke of Wellington arrived in St. Petersburgh on a special mission of congratulation to the Emperor Nicholas. About the same time Lord Cochrane proposed to his Imperial Majesty, through Admiral Krusenstyrn, to enter into the service of Russia, and to place at the disposal of that Government a plan which he had invented for the destruction of the Turkish ships and arsenals in Constantinople, not forgetting to stipulate for the amount which he was to receive for his services; but the Emperor desired his admiral to take no

[1] After the manner of the Roman cobbler who trained two parrots, the one to say *Hail Cæsar*, the other *Hail Pompey*, and having, on the conqueror's approach, wrung the neck of Pompey's bird, was duly rewarded for his loyal demonstration by the victorious Cæsar.

notice of this communication, "as he had no wish to have any relations with a person of the political principles of Lord C."

Lord Strangford informs his Government of the earnest efforts made by Nicholas on his accession to the throne to reform the corruption notoriously prevailing in all the departments of the State, and to bring the national finances into a better condition. Among the items of expenditure during the late reign he mentions the enormous sums paid to the proprietors or editors of foreign journals, upon which subject some very curious details are given. It is stated that between the years 1816 and 1824, no less than 300,000 roubles had been paid to the editor of one Paris journal alone.

The liberal foreign policy of Mr. Canning was extremely distasteful to the Emperor, who was determined to uphold the principles of the Holy Alliance.

"Nous sommes cinq," he said to Lord Strangford, "et je désire que nous puissions tous toujours marcher sur une même ligne ; cependant, si l'un des cinq vient à brancher, je regarderai notre système comme entièrement fini, et notre égalité de marche comme absolument rompue, et alors je ne prendrai conseil qu'à moi. Je compte, cependant, sur la stabilité de l'alliance, et certes ce ne serai pas moi qui serai le premier à en douter."

In the course of the same conversation the Emperor, employing the tone of his father, spoke of the Greeks as "rebels," and stated that he could not interfere in their behalf lest he should foster that spirit of revolution which was so threatening in Russia ; at the same time Lord Strangford stated that his Majesty's ambition to assume the sovereignty of these "rebels" and of the Christian

population of Turkey generally, was not attempted to be concealed.

Lady Strangford had not accompanied her husband to St. Petersburgh, but had embarked in the autumn, and having encountered very boisterous weather in the Baltic, suffered greatly in health. The ship was ill found, and provisions ran short before the voyage was half accomplished. The cold was extreme, and her approaching confinement rendered her condition the more trying. A son, Percy, was born shortly after her landing, but she never regained her strength, and the severity of the St. Petersburgh winter told fatally upon her naturally delicate constitution. In the course of a few weeks her symptoms developed into an advanced form of consumption, under which she sank, dying as the spring approached, in the fulness of her beauty, and having barely completed her thirty-eighth year.

Lord Strangford had contemplated returning to England towards the end of the previous year, but the death of the Emperor and the complications which succeeded, together with his wife's precarious health, had made it impossible for him to leave his post. His official relations with Mr. Canning had now resumed their ordinary tone, and no actual disagreement existed between the foreign minister and his agent, but there was a want of cordiality and mutual confidence which must have made Lord Strangford's position irksome to him. His wife's death, too, had been a terrible blow, and his own health had begun to fail. Having obtained leave of absence, he left St. Petersburgh early in June, carrying with him the Emperor's portrait in diamonds, as "une témoignage de la haute bienveillance de sa Majesté."

Mr. Canning received him with marked coldness, and on his demanding a second interview excused himself on the plea of a press of business, requesting him to communicate in writing any representations he might desire to make. All his friends advised Lord Strangford to let the past be forgotten, and not to place himself in open antagonism with his chief; but he was deaf to such counsels, and determined not only to put himself in the right, but to put Mr. Canning in the wrong. It was an unequal combat; and though he succeeded in establishing a certain technical justification of his conduct at St. Petersburgh, he had to defend his private character at the expense of his diplomatic astuteness. Lord Clanwilliam probably took a right view when he said: "You have made out your case; don't you think you have made it out too well?"

Mr. Thomas Hughes,[1] a clever and witty American diplomatist, who had been his colleague in Stockholm, and with whom he had maintained a friendship and correspondence ever since, addressed at this juncture to Lord Strangford a long letter, containing the following remarks:

"I knew what awaited you; I knew it in 1823. Not long after you had saved Athens I could have told you that half your Troy was burnt. I had signs, prognostics, and hints connected with you that I may not, and will not, disclose entirely. I had enough to relieve me from surprise when I learnt that you had foundered,

[1] At a public dinner in Liverpool, in 1823, Mr. Canning proposed the health of this same Mr. Hughes, in a highly complimentary speech on our relations with the United States.

not on a *pier* (you deserve your peerage), but on a shelving shore, for it is folly to cavil about words—you are on the shelf. Now what is to be done? Answer: Nothing. Wait. Be patient, be silent, be dignified. Neither speak nor write, nor condescend to complain. You 'll be wanted ere long—that is as sure as that the sun shines. You are a young man—an eminent one. The regiment of diplomats has no man to compare with you. You have not always been yourself. *You allowed yourself to be betrayed by a Kossack kiss.* I knew it at the time. I know, and so do you, that I am not fit to hold a candle to you in 99/100 cases; but still there is a tact as well as a tide in the affairs of men, and I hope I am not deceived in believing that I have a smack of it. Mind what I say—they'll want you, they'll come to you and after you, but be silent, dignified, and discreet. Your letter to me is perfectly safe, but it is not discreet; write no more such letters. . . . If you must be up and doing, let us hear from you from your place. Prepare yourself in some leading topics. You can outspeak half your colleagues, if you would only be persuaded of it. You must be cautious, candid, and *straightforward.* I heard a great man—a very great man—say, he said it to me, my dear Strangford,—that you had a proclivity for getting into scrapes; to be sure, he added that you had a marvellous grace and talent for getting out of scrapes; but why get into them?"

Lord Strangford, as has already been said, had attached himself to the extreme anti-Reform party, and on the formation of the Duke of Wellington's administration in 1828, consequent upon Canning's death,

he seconded the address in the House of Lords at the opening of the session, and looked forward confidently to a seat in the Cabinet. On Lord Dudley's retirement from the Foreign Office he put forward his claim to the post, though it is not easy to understand upon what it was founded. The Duke of Wellington, indeed, though professing great regard for him, told him, with his characteristic honesty, in so many words, that a minister for foreign affairs must be sought among the leading statesmen of acknowledged position in their party, and that Lord Strangford's political services, however valuable, were not of a character to justify him in aspiring to such a post. To soothe his disappointment, however, he was invited to proceed on a special mission, and with the rank of Ambassador Extraordinary to the Brazils (which in 1825 had been created an empire), upon which Sir Charles Bagot writes:

"You have not got an easy job, but you have a most important one. As to being back by Christmas, dream not of it. Your Christmas dinner of boiled monkeys and pine-apples will be eaten at Rio; but you may be back by next summer, when you will probably see Capo D'Istria, King of Epirus, O'Connell, Speaker of the House of Commons, and Lord King, Bishop of Lincoln."

Thomas Moore congratulates him on his appointment, and says:

"Nobody (as you must know without my telling you) can differ from you more decidedly than I do in the line of politics which you have taken since you entered the House of Lords, but, at the same time,

nobody can have more hearty good wishes for your welfare. Our old friendship supersedes all new differences (which is *beaucoup dire*), and I am now, as ever, very cordially yours, T. M."

Lord Stanhope, though he wishes his friend joy on his new office, considers him inadequately rewarded, having hoped that he would be appointed to Paris, to which post Lord Seaforth had been promoted.

"I remember," he writes, "when my father read to his Devonshire agent part of a work which he was composing, upon logic; and when the other professed entire ignorance, and an utter incapacity to give any opinion on the subject, the former told him that his ignorance was a great advantage, as his mind was a *tabula rasa*, and free from prejudice. It would seem that the new Ministry are of the same opinion with regard to diplomatic situations."

The object of Lord Strangford's new mission was to induce the Emperor of Brazil to make definite arrangements for the succession of his daughter, the Donna Maria de Gloria, to the throne of Portugal, to which her uncle, Dom Miguel, had set up pretensions. Dom Pedro, however, proved unmanageable; and in May, '29, the special envoy took his leave, which ceremony he thus reports:

"While the Emperor was pleased to abound in expressions of personal condecension to myself, he carefully and, I must say, most ingeniously endeavoured to avoid all allusion whatever to the subject of the mission with which I was charged; while I, for my part, did not attempt to recur to it, knowing that nothing effectual

could then be done in the matter, and fearing to bring forth from the Emperor some imprudent or intemperate declaration which would only have served to create additional difficulties and embarrassments."

With his return from Rio Lord Strangford's official career came to an end. It is probable that had he not thrown in his lot with the party whose supremacy was now drawing to an end, his talents, wide experience, business habits, and working powers, would have enabled him to have taken a prominent, if not a leading, part in public life. He seems, however, to have been insensible to the great changes which were at this juncture passing over the political mind of England. The party to which Lord Strangford had attached himself was now engaged in attempting to stem the in-setting tide of reform, which they believed to threaten destruction to the monarchy. The great questions of Parliamentary reform, free trade and Catholic emancipation, were then violently agitating the country; and the faction which was determined to oppose these measures at all hazards had no more uncompromising member than Lord Strangford, whose political views were nearly identical with those which the Duke of Wellington thus expresses to him:

"Apsley House, 13 January, 1832.

"My Dear Lord Strangford,

"There are two very easy and straight roads for the destruction of the British monarchy. One is what is called a moderate Reform Bill, as efficient as that thrown out last October by the House of Lords;

that efficiency is necessary to secure the honour of the minister, which is much more important in these good times than the safety of the Crown and constitution. The other is to destroy the semblance even of independence in the House of Peers by creating peers to counterbalance the majority which voted against the Reform Bill. It is expected and intended to carry the Reform Bill by this *coup d'état*. I don't care which mode of procedure is adopted: the monarchy equally approaches to its termination.

"It is impossible to expect that a precedent such as that which will be given on this occasion will not be followed in future. Our late royal master created sixteen peers upon his coronation, of which about nine were neither Scotch or Irish, and were added to the House of Peers. The present king could not make less than sixteen new peers upon his coronation, *all* added to the House of Peers, and observe that this was in addition to nine new peers already created by the king, and recommended by Lord Grey, making in all twenty-five in less than one year!! To this add an Irish peer elected, and a bishop appointed! Add thirty or forty in addition, and what becomes of the independence of the House of Lords? After such a precedent it would be of no use to the monarchy, none to the democracy.

"But, it is said, if this course be not adopted we shall have insurrection and civil war? What have we had throughout the year 1831? Is it tranquillity? Is it the British constitution? Is it security to anybody for his property, his rights, his honour, or even his life? The king is a tower of strength, but his Majesty has allowed his name to be used in favour of reform—nay,

this reform—and who can successfully oppose a combination consisting of the King, his Government, the House of Commons (elected, by the way, for the purpose of carrying this Bill of Reform), the dissenters of all descriptions from the Church, and the mob? The other party, consisting of the majority of the House of Lords, the Church of England almost to a man, and 19-20ths of all the property and intelligence of the country, including in the number some members of both Houses who vote for the bill, are powerless in opposition to the King. We are governed by the mob and its organs—a licentious press. Whoever heard of assembling Parliament and having nothing for them to do? Nobody but the mob and Mr. Place the taylor *(sic)*. The King knows this as well as I do, and he alone can relieve himself from the difficulties in which he is placed. Nothing is required but resolution and persevering firmness, and his Majesty will have degenerated in a rare manner from the distinguishing qualities of his family if he does not possess these."

When, later, yielding to necessity, and under the responsibility of office, the Duke of Wellington saw reason to sacrifice his personal views, and to make concessions to the popular demands, Lord Strangford was one of the small number who chose to separate themselves from the policy of compromise. This section was led by the Duke of Cumberland, who, in a letter written to Lord Strangford many years afterwards, thus refers to what he chose to consider the Duke of Wellington's political apostacy:

"Great as are the talents of Wellington, we have,

alas! seen how this great man has been deceived in his political views and calculations. Never shall I forget a famous conversation I had with him on the night of the 23rd April, 1821, at a ball at Almack's, having failed seeing him that morning *chez lui*, when I said to him, 'What has happened to you and your colleagues? After telling me you would maintain the Protestant question, I now hear that you mean to give up the Corporation and Test Acts.' He replied, 'Oh, that is nothing!' 'And the Church with it,' I said; 'how can so renowned and able a general as you are allow your outworks to be taken? I am sorry I cannot chime in with you here, and I shall certainly divide against you.' He laughed. On the division, Eldon, myself, and a few others, voted in the minority; and I then predicted to his Grace what he sternly denied, that Emancipation would follow, and then reform of Parliament. This has been, and will be, *tôt ou tard*, the downfall of Great Britain."

Another of Lord Strangford's partisans was the Marquis of Londonderry (the statesman's brother and successor in the peerage), who writes to him in December, 1830:

"Were you at the ——[1] dinner? I hear the Duke of Gordon said, 'Gentlemen, we ought not to separate without drinking our old commander, the Duke of Wellington, and may he soon say, 'As you were, soldiers.' Upon which his Grace, in returning thanks, replied, 'I do not wish you as you were, but better than you were.' Now if this be true—and I had it from one who was at the dinner—what the devil does his Grace mean?"

[1] The word is illegible.

A few extracts from Lord Londonderry's numerous letters of this period may here be given:

"ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF JULY.

Sept. 30.

"This d—d new infernal Revolution will give all monarchical Governments a far ruder shock than the former one. The principle of liberty was at that time obscured by the horrors committed in its name, whereas now this is rendered more alluring by the specious moderation which accompanies it."

"ON THE PERVERSITY OF VOTERS.

December, '32.

"All I know is, the report of my election solicitor declared we were quite sure both in city and county, and neither exertion, purse, or efforts were spared. Trevor had promises which ensured a large majority, but like pie-crusts, by the dint of bribery and all the maddening paroxysm of reform which still rages, they were all broken, and householders of the most respectable class came up *on his carriages*, and voted against him! This city defeat is a cursed disappointment. After spending £26,000 in two years, on four elections, it is galling to be beaten twice. Besides, after the enormous sums I have thrown away in Durham, which nearly ruined me, to find so little real attachment is enough to drive one distracted."

"ON KING WILLIAM.

Jany., '32.

"I believe our Royal Master to be a born fool, incapable of forming, and much less acting on, or adhering to any decision, and I am sure the Duke's notion of his Majesty's being wedded to Whig views is correct, and that he adopted them from a shrewd cunning which belongs to persons of his stamp, possibly believing that if he can make friends of the Liberals, the natural enemies of thrones and monarchy, he is always sure to possess, as King, the loyal and conservative *appui*."

"DEGENERATE WELLINGTON.

Jany., '38.

"I am perfectly horror-struck at the Duke's late exhibitions. Can he really have fallen a prey to the flattery of the Whigs, and can he lick his lips at the shabby thimbleriggers?"

The most regular and voluminous of Lord Strangford's correspondents was the Duke of Cumberland. Down to his accession to the throne of Hanover in 1837, their intercourse had been mainly personal; but from that period to his death, in 1853, King Ernest wrote to him, almost without interruption, at least two letters in each week, some of these filling six, and even eight sheets of note paper. During the first few years these letters were principally in the King's own handwriting, but after 1843, when his eyesight began to fail, they were written under dictation by his secretaries.

The perusal of this correspondence inevitably sug-

gests speculations as to the possible results which would have accrued had not the Princess Victoria stood between the Duke of Cumberland and the English throne.

Inheriting all his father's religious bigotry, unsoftened by his religious scruples, that prince held in an exaggerated form the absolutist political opinions of George III. with a stronger will, and a far more powerful mind to give them effect. Progress, reform, toleration, were in his ears terms synonymous with revolution; for him dissent meant blasphemy, and Liberalism treason. A Radical was in his eyes a hired cut-throat, and popular aspirations were denounced as the mad howlings of a bloodthirsty mob.

A witty journalist said of the Duke of Wellington that he was too apt to consider the nation a mere appanage of the Crown; but the Duke of Cumberland went far beyond the great soldier in his contemptuous estimate of the people, and it may be doubted whether a man of his stamp could under any circumstances have brought himself to bend his haughty spirit to the exigencies of limited monarchy, and the obligations attending a Constitutional Government.

The English nation, at that time in the first flush of their lately-won political triumphs, and proudly rejoicing in their newly-acquired rights, was not in a temper to endure a sovereign pledged to a retrograde policy; while the Duke of Cumberland's obstinacy would probably only have strengthened with opposition and resistance. He possessed in a pre-eminent degree the courage of his opinions; and believing, as he no doubt conscientiously did, that the welfare of England depended upon the stability of the throne, and that

reform was a peril to monarchy, he would on his accession have shrunk from no extremities to give effect to his convictions. Happily it was otherwise ordered; and while the throat of all England was hoarse with shouting its welcome to the fair young queen who now ascended the throne, the Duke of Cumberland embarked for Hanover, determined to save his little kingdom from the contagious pollution of Reform. This he undertook as a sacred duty; for however much we may differ from his opinions, the honesty of his convictions and his faith in his prejudices cannot fairly be questioned.

"Perhaps," he says in one of his letters to Lord Strangford, "I may be, and I have no doubt I am, stigmatised as stubborn and immovable in my principles; but I beg to observe that I never form an opinion, or take up a principle, without duly considering their effect. Thus it is with regard to my opinions on the many great questions that have taken place, and that may still be brought forward. I always consider before I deliver an opinion, but that once given I never allow myself to be moved from it by false reasoning."

The Duke of Cumberland was not a graceful writer, and his strong views are generally expressed in involved sentences and doubtful grammar; but there is a certain simplicity and directness in his words which leave no doubt as to their meaning and sincerity, even when he, who in his daily life was not conspicuous for austerity of morals, or a conscientious observance of the Christian virtues, professes to be actuated by exceptionally high religious principles. Religion, to be sure, meant with

him adhesion to the Church of England as by law established, and right reverend bishops were probably willing to condone his practical shortcomings in consideration of his staunch orthodoxy.

"How true it is," he says ungrammatically, "that the first impression to be made on a child is his religious principles, and too great attention cannot be paid to this. You know me too long and too well not to be fully persuaded that I am neither a Methodist, saint, or psalm-singer; but I trust I have a sound foundation of true religion, which my father possessed in the highest degree, and which I imbibed from him."

Shortly after his arrival in his new dominions, his Majesty writes to Lord Strangford:

"They think that the King of Hanover is not the Duke of Cumberland; but it is the self-same man, who has undertaken one of the hardest tasks that man ever did, namely, to stay revolutionary principles, and to maintain strictly monarchical ones."

"ON THE QUEEN'S PROJECTED MARRIAGE.

"March, 1838.

"It is reported that the future marriage of Queen Victoria is to be ultimately settled with the second son of the Duke of Coburg, a handsome, comely youth, at least so he appeared to me four years ago when last in England; but from all those who know him, he is a terrible Liberal, almost a *Radical*, and it is for this that Normanby and his chicks, who I hear rule the roost, will be happy to forward the alliance. I cannot think,

however, that such a connection would ever be acceptable to John Bull. We have had enough of Coburgs in England, and they have never brought us luck."

"WHAT ENGLAND IS COMING TO.

"November, '39.

"I do not agree with you that this marriage will keep the Ministry in a year longer. If it does, you and the country will all be lost, and every vestige of monarchy gone. Rapid strides are daily making towards the completion of this. They have already taken away the Guards from Kew, where so much Royal property exists; and now I hear they are going to remove me from my rangership there, and to let at Lady-day the deer park to the best bidder, probably a London Radical butcher."

"PRINCE ALBERT'S PRECEDENCE.

"January, 1840.

"I hear the Ministers are determined to propose that Prince Albert should have the precedence of the blood royal. Now I, as head of the old stock, do most solemnly protest against this, and have written to the Duke of Wellington, as head of the Conservatives in the House of Lords, to protest against it in my name. My Lord Melbourne, probably aware of the infamy of the proposal, never hinted at or mentioned the subject to me in any way, but places himself in direct communication with my brothers, and persuades the youngest to acquiesce. He is of all others, on the present occa-

sion, the most interested, as he has a son, and so I wrote to him he is bound by every duty to watch over and defend his interests. There is a report that Melbourne has held out a bribe, that in case they give their consent, the Lady Cecilia is to be recognised by the Queen as Duchess of Sussex, and an increase of income to be given to her, as also an annuity to Prince George."

THE MELBOURNE CABINET.

"Jany., '40.

"I am surprised at nothing these people do. Their recklessness, their despair, are such, that they will stop at nothing; nothing is holy in their eyes, and they are prepared to do anything, to resort to anything, to carry their measures. Now, as this must be the general opinion of those desperate men, by the whole of the Conservative party, surely it becomes them to put an end to this; and it is absolute wickedness and cowardice on their part if they desist from doing so."

"A CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION.

"Jany., '40.

"This moment I received the reply from Wellington; and one thing he states which I cannot subscribe to, as it seems to me to be preposterous: namely, he maintains that, though bred and born an Englishman, and though the heir-presumptive to the Crown of England, I cannot set my foot in England without first asking the Sovereign's permission."

"PRINCE ALBERT'S RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

"Jany., '40.

"I think, without pretending to great oratory, that, as a member of the family, I could have made a more appropriate speech. I could not, and would not, have committed myself so far as Wellington in saying that Prince A. was a Protestant; and, if I am correctly informed, I hear he is still more dangerous than a Roman Catholic, being a sort of Freethinker, and very light in his religious principles. Mind you, I only tell what I have heard; but one thing is perfectly certain, that there is no decided religion in any of them."

"HOW TO TRAIN THE QUEEN.

"May, '41.

"The Duke of Wellington acted wrong, *ab incipio hujus regnæ*. He told me on the evening I left England that 'anything in the shape of opposition to Government would be considered as ungracious, the monarch being a female and so young.' My reply was: 'Excuse me, here; the facts are very different. I am fully aware that on a sovereign coming to the throne one feels a sort of delicacy, wishing to give that sovereign time a little to know what is the state of things, that is, if the new sovereign is a male, and one supposed to have some character and experience; but here the sovereign is a child, and, from her retired and bad education, if possible still more ignorant than any girl of her age almost in the world. Therefore, retaining the same Ministers, depend upon it they will solely and entirely

govern, and opposition ought to be doubly and trebly on the *qui vive* to prevent Melbourne and Co. having their own way."

The staunch, uncompromising Protestantism of the King found expression alike against Catholics, Jews, and Dissenters, all of whom he would have disqualified from civil rights, and whom he hates with only one degree of hate less than that inspired by "Radicals and cut-throats."

"THE ENDOWMENT OF MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.

"October, 1845.

"I certainly do not mean to compare myself to the Duke, but I declare most solemnly I would rather have had my right hand cut off than ever have subscribed my name to so infamous and ruinous an act as that of proposing what has been done in the last session for the Catholic interests in Ireland, and which must, sooner or later, overthrow the Church Establishment in that country."

It is rather surprising to hear the Duke of York cited as a foe to jobbery and as a healthy military reformer; but as such his brother refers to him when discussing the question of the young Prince Consort's nomination to the post of Commander-in-Chief, which had been offered to him by the Cabinet, and which he, with characteristic good sense, had declined.

"December, '45.

"The nomination of Prince Albert to the Horse Guards, if such a thing can occur, would throw a ridicule

and damn the whole administration, as it is notorious he knows no more of a soldier or anything military than I do of Hebrew; and in such awful times as these a commander-in-chief requires to be a man who has been accustomed to and knows the usages of an army, which, believe me, is no easy thing, and cannot be learnt in a day. Depend upon it, if such a nomination takes place, the British army, which has cost so much labour and time to bring to its present superiority, doing away with all the infamous jobbery that formerly took place, and that was first stopped by the late Duke of York, and completed by Wellington, will be totally ruined."

"THE ARISTOCRACY.

"30 Dec., '45.

"The breaking-up of the present Government is, in my opinion, the sole means of rallying again the Conservative party, for they were done for by Peel, who basely betrayed the trust placed in him by his tergiversation, and even going much further than any Radical Government would have ventured to do. Evident has it been long since to me—and you must remember I told you as much when here—that he was doing his best to destroy the aristocracy and landed proprietors, which alone are to be depended upon to save the country. Never lose sight of that principle. England can stand many a blow and storms, but if the aristocracy and landowners are ruined all is over!"[1]

[1] These sentiments recall the lines of the noble versifier, who in his plea for the aristocracy said:

"Let commerce, learning, art, and science die,
But leave us still our old nobility."

"RAILWAYS CONDUCIVE TO RADICALISM.

"Dec., 1845.

"The Radical spirit all over Europe is most reckless and most diabolical, and it requires the most serious and vigilant attention of all Governments to prevent the poison being conveyed more profusely. Switzerland, Brussels, and Paris are the *foyers* of all now going on in the Radical spirit, and what makes the difficulty the greater to controul and check is, the prompt conveyance by the railroads, which was one of my chief objections to their introduction."

The King of Hanover entertained a strong prejudice against the House of Coburg, but more especially towards Prince Albert, whom he lost no opportunity of vilifying or ridiculing:

"December, '41.

"The King of Saxony, in a communication to the Grand Dukes of Saxony, states that Queen Victoria had the absurd folly of demanding for her beloved Prince Albert precedency for him here on the Continent before the Archdukes of Austria. If this is really so, excuse me for saying that Aberdeen must be in a state of demency or childishness. I shall most decidedly not only enter my solemn protest, but do so openly and unequivocally."

The Queen and Prince Consort, it may be remembered, visited Germany in the course of this year, accompanied by Lord Aberdeen, then at the head of the Foreign Office:

"The accounts I receive mortify me much, not only from my near relationship, but as an Englishman, for I hear it has been a complete failure in both of them. She is represented as uncivil, cold, and capricious, having caused much confusion by not choosing to comply with the wishes of the King and Queen of Prussia with regard to the plans which they proposed to her, wishing to make everything most agreeable to her; that she had affronted those assembled there to pay their respects by not condescending to speak to any of them, which you can easily conceive is not the way to render oneself popular. He is represented as impertinent, full of pretension, a man totally ignorant of what are the common usages in the world. To give you a proof of this, the first day of his arrival, when lodged under the roof of the King of Prussia, he did not wear the insignia of the order of the Black Eagle, which, neither from his rank or birth, he would ever have received, except as the husband of the Queen of Great Britain. This you will acknowledge *était une fière bétise;* but what has done him most mischief is his having appeared at the great parade in the fortress of Mayence, where Prince William of Prussia is Governor, and which, as you know, is garrisoned by both Prussian and Austrian troops, near 10,000 men strong, who were assembled in full gala—ribbons over their coats—he passed them in front in a frock great-coat and white round hat, more like a tradesmen or *garçon de boutique* than a prince. This has created universal disgust in both armies, not only as a personal insult to themselves, but to the sovereigns of both armies."

The simultaneous democratic outbreak in the prin-

cipal Continental States of Europe in 1848 had the effect of raising to a white heat the absolutist principles of the King of Hanover, to whom it is impossible, however, to deny credit for a consistency of conduct and firmness of purpose, in striking contrast with the vacillation of other crowned heads, and more particularly with that which was shown by the King of Prussia. Upon this point King Ernest expresses himself in terms little flattering towards his royal cousin:

"September, '48.

"Both Prussia and Austria ought to insist upon the breaking-up of the national assemblies and the clubs, forbidding all publications and placards, and, above all, *chasséing* the professors and students, and doing away with the universities in the capital towns; for, strange as it may appear, and astonishing to all the world, it is these universities that in fact rule and govern everything in both these great cities. When I consider that that there is now in the environs of Berlin a corps of 50,000 men ready to enter, the king's indecision must strike one as most extraordinary, but the king is completely lost as to character and courage."

Equally angry is his Majesty with Frederick William for his want of severity in the suppression of the rebellion in the south of Germany, where numbers of the insurgents were permitted to cross the frontiers into Switzerland and France, whereas, in his opinion, the proper course would have been "to have proclaimed martial law, and executed instantly all the leading men. . . . The truth is, Prussia is cutting

her own throat, and the hatred of all the nations against her augments daily."

No one was more conspicuous in opposing the project to confer the imperial crown upon the King of Prussia than Ernest I., who declared that such an act would have the effect of mediatising every independent sovereign in Germany; and when in 1850 Frederick William, in redemption of his pledge, took the oath to the constitution, the King of Hanover at once receded from the alliance with Prussia. He had previously exhausted every means to induce the king to revoke his promise to grant constitutional government.

"I have used every possible argument," he writes to Lord Strangford, "to dissuade him, and at one time I flattered myself I had succeeded, and shown by my own example how I had saved my country, and that my own energy and determined principle had carried me through. I told him that he had but one thing to decide, and that was, 'Will I really be a king in Prussia, or will I be a constitutional king? Shall it be the first, be it so! Then make a declaration to all the provincial states now assembled, stating clearly, distinctly, and unequivocally that I never will consent either to States-General, or grant what is vulgarly called a constitution. As to modifications, they must be left to me!'"

This programme the writer begs Lord Strangford to submit for the consideration of the Duke of Wellington, who, as might be expected of him, though by no means prejudiced in favour of "the thing vulgarly called a constitution," and as much opposed as King Ernest himself to democratic encroachment, places good faith

on the part of a crowned head above political considerations:

"A sovereign," he writes, "not under the necessity of consulting a legislature upon the means of governing the country, should beware of his speeches and promises to assemble such a one; but having, as in the case of the King of Prussia, formed a legislature and endowed the same with powers called constitutional, I am afraid that the attempt to avoid the exercise of those powers by finally failing to assemble, or preventing the assembling of the legislature, will only tend to those evils and misfortunes which ended in the decapitation of Charles I., and the loss of the monarchy itself."

The outbreak of actual war between Austria and Prussia in 1850 appears to have been much nearer accomplishment than is generally known. The King of Hanover writes in November:

"Yesterday was appointed for Manteufel to meet Prince Schwartzenberg at Olmütz in order to settle the great bone of contention, on the main point of which peace or war depends, viz., the evacuation of Cassel by the Prussians, which they have no right to occupy, and which is absolutely required, and very necessarily so, by Austria. A note had been presented on Monday last by Prokesh from Vienna to the Cabinet of Berlin, demanding a categorical reply in forty-eight hours whether orders would be instantly sent to evacuate Cassel, or to send Prokesh his passports. Most fortunately arrived an aide-de-camp of the king's, who had been sent to St. Petersburg, with a most fulminating letter from the emperor to the king, as well as a despatch

from Nesselrode, declaring that if Prussia did not instantly fulfil all that had been settled at Warsaw, Russia would instantly join Austria, and her troops were on the march to co-operate with the Austrians. On this the council of ministers met, and it was determined to send a telegraphic despatch to Vienna, proposing the meeting of the two ministers."

There are some subjects upon which the King of Hanover seems, like his royal father, to have had a perfect craze; one of these was the proposed repeal of Jewish disabilities:

"JEWS IN PARLIAMENT.

"July, 1849.

"The idea of admitting Jews to Parliament is to me revolting in the extreme, and though *I believe no man can be more tolerant in his political opinions than I am* respecting every religion, provided the individual is true to his religion, still the idea of admitting persons who deny the existence of our Saviour is to me too horrid to think of. I for one was a staunch opposer, in '28, when our worthy friend Wellington proposed doing away with the Corporation and Test Act; that, once given up, has, believe me, been the first shake to our holy mother Church. . . . All this comes from sacrificing name and good principles for popularity sake, and to what you call 'public feeling.' I suppose ere long we shall have Rothschild created Duke of Jerusalem, and sitting in the House of Lords; and who knows whether a Moses, Solomon, or Montefiore may not be created Lord Chancellor and Keeper of Queen Victoria's conscience!"

"WHY BISHOPS SHOULD WEAR WIGS AND COCKED HATS.

"January, 1850.

"I maintain that the first change and shock in the ecclesiastical habits was the bishops being allowed to lay aside their wigs, their purple coats, short cassocks, and stockings, and cocked hats, when appearing in public; for I can remember when Bishop Heard of Worcester, Courtenay of Exeter, and Markham, Archbishop of York, resided in Kew and its vicinity, that, as a boy, I met them frequently walking about, dressed as I now tell you, in the fields and walks in the neighbourhood, and their male servants appeared equally all dressed in purple, which was the custom. The present Bishop of Oxford was the first who persuaded George IV. to be allowed to lay aside his wig, because his wife found him better looking without it. I recollect full well that the Bishop of London who succeeded Bishop Porteus (whose name I forget this moment), coming to St. James's to do homage to my father, which is the custom in the closet prior to the *levée*, when Lord Sidmouth was Secretary of State, and he came into the closet, where I was at the time, and informed his Majesty that the bishop was there, but that he had refused to introduce him, as he had not a wig. Upon which I remember full well, as if it were to-day, that the King replied, 'You were perfectly right, my lord, and tell the bishop from me that until he has shaven his head, and has provided himself with a wig suitable to his garb, I shall not admit him into my presence;' and he was forced to go home, and could not be admitted until the week

following, when he appeared *en costume*. Now, you will laugh at this anecdote; but you may depend upon it that nothing has contributed to the lowering of respect for the bishops from the vulgar than this change, which gave a certain respect, and even commanded a certain deference from the clergy themselves, to their superiors, just as with us when a general reviews his officers and men in uniform. This is quite natural, and you may rely upon it, if ever the Lord Chancellor, judges, king's counsel, and bar, lay aside their wigs and gowns, then adieu to all future respect for them, at least from the lower classes of the community! Times are so changed that I have myself seen the present Bishop of London attend the committee-room in the House of Lords in a black Wellington coat, with top-boots, and coming in with a hat like a butcher or coach-master. Now, in fact, according to old observance, the bishops dare not appear in the House of Lords without their lawn sleeves, for they cannot vote or take part in any Parliamentary discussion without being so habited. Believe me, there is nothing so dangerous as meddling with old customs and habits, and none more ticklish than in religion. The mischief now talked of, and partly going on, owing to the fancies of that great and egregious fool, Doctor Bunsen, the Prussian Minister, causes me great anxiety."

The same regret for the decay of antiquated formalities is expressed a few years later:

"Would to God all the old forms had been studiously and sacredly kept up. Formerly all peers, when a summons was issued, never attended the House but dressed

like gentlemen and peers, and not as they now do, like shopkeepers, horse-dealers, and tradesmen, with coloured neck-cloths, and boots. I remember when no minister came down to the House, having announced a motion, without being full dressed, with his sword by his side."

The Duke of Cumberland had ever been an aristocrat of a type still extant in some of the German States, but which has died out in England. Distinguished Conservative statesmen of ignoble birth he could appreciate with a certain generous condescension. Of Lord Eldon, for instance, he speaks with the affectionate regard due to an old and faithful family servant, and Lord Lyndhurst is, except when he advocates the cause of the Jews, treated with fair respect; but persons professing anything approaching to liberal opinions receive but scant mercy at his hands—nay, even bishops, who have risen from humble positions by anti-Tory favour, or who venture to show liberal tendencies, are emphatically reminded that they are not of the stuff that patricians are made of.

Here are a few of King Ernest's opinions on public men, taken at random from his letters:

"SIR ROBERT PEEL.

"When you have not been born or bred a gentleman you cannot expect noble ideas or feelings; and great as Peel's talents are, and no one is readier to admit them than myself, you will always see the jenny; the manufacturer's blood will show.

". . . . Peel never had any cordial friends; he was cold and revolting (*sic*) when one approached him, and

I have often been told that he never opened his mind or had any friends in whom he confided.

". . . . Had not Aberdeen positively stated his conviction that Peel would never again take office, even if the Queen was to ask it of him, I should barely give credit to such a declaration, even if I heard Peel say so to him, for his several declarations and assertions show him to be a turn-coat, and his outrageous speech in praise of Cobden proves to me he has neither principle nor character. Now you have my clear opinion of this worthy man, and as there is no dependence or certainty to be placed in him, I recommend you to keep aloof from him.

". . . . I should hope that Peel cannot possibly support the extension of the franchise in Ireland without losing the little remains of political character and credit that he may still retain in the eyes of some of his deluded followers. I for one have given him up for ever since his declaration of free trade and eulogium of Cobden."

"ON SIR ROBERT PEEL'S DEATH.

". . . . At such a moment all political feelings and differences must cease, and one's thoughts are brought back to former times. Thus, we can only remember the time when his great talents as a statesman and orator shone in the House of Commons. I can assure you I can hardly recall any event that has struck me so deeply."

"LOUIS BLANC.

"Have you heard whether Government has taken any steps regarding Louis Blanc? I consider him to be

so mixed up in all the rising and travail going on that surely Government ought to keep a strict eye upon him. You have no idea what a combination exists between the Radical and Republican parties everywhere. We know for certain that the moment confusion breaks out at Frankfort similar scenes take place at Cologne, Hesse Cassel, Berlin, and Vienna, and you may depend upon it this French rascal is not idle in England."

"LORD BROUGHAM.

"What a pity it is that Brougham cannot act consistently and at once throw off his vanity and eternal courtship of popularity, and follow what is his natural bent—and breaks out *malgré lui* at times—aristocratic feeling; though he would deny this if one told him, as I once did, when he replied, 'What! me an aristocrat? I am a Republican in my heart!' and this from a Lord Chancellor!"

"BARON VON BUNSEN.

"Normanby has been playing a dangerous game of late at Paris in conjunction with the Prussian Minister, all under the machinations of that great vagabond Bunsen, who boasts of having Prince Albert in his hands, which to a certain point I most firmly believe. . . . . Every government ought to be most careful in the choice of their diplomatists, for which situation not only cleverness and good temper are requisite, but equally a man bred and born a gentleman and possessing the qualities of one. A schoolmaster and a b—— brusher aboriginal are not subjects for such

employment. . . . Bunsen, you know, was originally a schoolmaster, and, as I hear, is most intimate with Prince Albert, who being equally half-bred, at the University of Bonn, has there imbibed all the faults and radical principles and philosophy taught at that university, which I for one consider the *foyer* of everything that is Radical and Republican—in short, completely rotten."

"LORD LYNDHURST.

"Lyndhurst's conduct respecting the Jewish question is too absurd, as it stamps his knowledge and public declaration that his father-in-law was a Jew, which one would think from his high situation in the country he would have wished to have been buried in oblivion. Alas! what a pity that a man of his consummate talent can let himself thus be swayed by women, but this has always been the case with him during his political life." (1848.)

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"Lyndhurst, I grant you, I cannot defend on all occasions, and no man knows him better than I do. At times most zealous and determined, but he must be backed, and were I near him I would exert myself on the occasion. He certainly is one of the most able statesmen I know, full of courage and decision, but so lazy that one must always be at him." (1849.)

"LORD LYTTON.

"The appointment of Lytton Bulwer is too outrageous not to create the greatest disgust among all our old friends; and how Aberdeen can have consented to

this is to me inconceivable. No man knows Bulwer better than I do, and I positively declare him to be the most desperate Radical that exists, and you may as soon think of washing a black to a white as changing fundamentally his principles." (1849.)

"MR. GLADSTONE.

"The retirement of Gladstone seems to me, at least, from what I can make out, to be founded on religious views, and yet to tell the honest truth, I do not comprehend how a Puseyite can be so hostile to the Roman Catholics, as in fact they are fast approaching to that vile doctrine." (1845.)

"Gladstone has so completely proved himself a turncoat on the Catholic as well as free-trade question, that I have no confidence in him."

"THE RIGHT HON. R. LALOR SHEIL.

"Your last letter was a very shabby one, but contained a very acceptable piece of news, viz., the death of that vagabond Sheil, who, if you recollect, calumniated so infamously the character of the late Duke of York; and I suppose it was in recompense of that infamy that the present people appointed him to the high offices he has since held."

"ON TWO WHIG CHANCELLORS.

"What a scandal! what a disgrace! to have raised that blackguard Wilde to the Lord Chancellorship, and given an earldom to Cottenham. This is a great blow

to the aristocracy and the character and honour of the House of Peers!"

"BARON STOCKMAR.

"I will tell you an anecdote of the origin of this worthy. He was what is called a company surgeon in a Prussian regiment, which is neither more or less than a man employed in shaving the company, and preparing plasters and dressings in the regimental hospital, and this he was in 1816, when Leopold was sent for to England by the late Lord Castlereagh. Leopold had the misfortune of having a malady, for which Stockmar attended him, and he accompanied his patient to London; and Leopold, having used him to write his letters when not employing him as a surgeon, persuaded him to stay, and he became his major-domo, and by degrees his prime councillor, and being very intriguing, he employed him upon any business, and, perhaps, as you know Leopold was always a great admirer of the fair sex, he may have employed him in that branch of affairs. Now, is this a man to be entrusted at the head of a Ministry to consider the interests of the Germans? To be sure, having previously named Leiningen, the greatest ass and complete cut-throat, as Prime Minister, one can easily form a judgment whether John Lackland[1] is fit for the task he has ambitiously undertaken!"

"LORD JOHN MANNERS.

"Certainly Lord John has shown himself worthy of his family, and I trust he has given up the path he was

[1] The Archduke of Austria.

following when I was last in England; for if you recollect the evening I passed with you and several of our old political friends at the Carlton, John Manners was dining at the Radical Club, to the very great mortification of his worthy sire!"

"A PLEBEIAN ARCHBISHOP.

"Conceive! the newly appointed Archbishop of York's father was a taylor (*sic*), and measured Willkinson here and made his breeches; consequently you will agree with me he is neither born or bred a gentleman, and cannot know what thereunto belongs.

". . . Westmoreland confirms this information, and also employed him as a breeches maker! Now I ask you, is that a man fit to sit upon the bench?"

"ON THE ADMISSION OF JEWS TO PARLIAMENT.

"Your account of the Jews Bill is certainly anything but consolatory to one who takes and feels so deep an interest in the welfare and the upholding our religion, and Church and State, as I do, having an abhorrence of admitting into Parliament or to responsible situations in the State, persons not professing strictly the tenets of our Church. I may be called and deemed illiberal in this respect, but upon so serious a topic as religion I cannot possibly change my opinion or become lukewarm, being fully convinced that the irreligion that, alas! now prevails everywhere in the world, is owing to the want of strict principles being inculcated, and the toleration, not to say protection, given to sectarians. . . . I wonder whether the bench of bishops was well

attended at the Jews Bill debate, on Tuesday, and whether that vagabond Philpotts[1] had the audacity to show his ugly face there? I am horrified that my nephew should have acted so shabbily, and gone away without voting on the Jews Bill; and I believe he is the only one in the family that would have acted so, as his father was as sound on that point as myself. I also wonder that no one had the courage to show up the Lord Chancellor for his conduct in moving the Bill, considering that he is supposed to hold the Queen's conscience on all religious questions."

Another of the King of Hanover's crazes was the great International Exhibition, then being organised under the auspices of the Prince Consort, and which His Majesty insisted upon viewing as a new gunpowder plot, destined to blow up the Monarchy as well as the House of Lords:

"You may depend upon it that the Society of Propagandists, of which the principal seat is in England, meditates some grand explosion there, for we know that they are making preparations to facilitate the bringing over of all the vagabonds and republicans when the Exposition is to be opened; and I warn you, and hope to God you will take every necessary measure to prevent this horrible storm which is now hanging over us. I think Prince Albert's eyes even must now begin to be opened, and at last convinced, not only of the folly and absurdity of the plan, but the dangerous consequences it may lead to. . . . What does Wellington say to all going on?

[1] Bishop of Exeter.

He must have a great deal on his mind in preparing against the storms likely to break out. . . .

". . . . The coolness, not to say confidence, of Sir George Grey in his reply to Wortley, 'that the Government was under no alarm, and that they were armed with enough power to put down any commotion in England!'

". . . . The folly and absurdity of the Queen in allowing this trumpery show must strike every sensible and well-thinking mind, and I am astonished the ministers themselves do not insist on her at least going to Osborne during the Exhibition, as no human being can possibly answer for what may occur on the occasion. The idea of permitting 3,000 national guards to come over *en corps*, and parade in London in their side-arms, must shock every honest and well-meaning Englishman! But it seems everything is combining to lower us in the eyes of all Europe.

". . . . My opinion of the Exhibition has in no way changed, and the peace and good order, and regularity that has till now existed is owing entirely to the superior talents and vigilance and wise measures of that great man, the Duke, for whose preservation every one in Great Britain, and I may add in all Europe, must daily pray."

"THE QUEEN'S FANCY DRESS BALL.

" . . . According to my account, the Tom Fool Ball has been a failure. Certainly the choice of the period was rather extraordinary, for the present Court was ever considered the very contrary to Charles II.'s, the latter being noted for its elegance, whereas from all

I hear, the very reverse is the case with the present one; but this is only from what I have heard, never having partaken of its pleasures, and knowing nothing of its interior, as I was only asked to dinner once during my three months stay in England in 1843, and having assisted at one great ball."

The gallant struggle of the Hungarians against the combined armies of Austria and Russia, and the cruel retaliation inflicted upon the insurgents, had powerfully excited the sympathies of England in favour of that people; and it will be remembered that when the Austrian general, Marshal Haynau, who had been conspicuous for his barbarity, visited England, he was, while inspecting Messrs. Barclay's brewery, set upon by the workmen there employed, and very severely handled. The offence could only be treated as a common assault, and however much all right-thinking men must have deprecated this cowardly attack upon an old and unarmed man, neither the law of the land nor public opinion would have tolerated its being withdrawn from that category of offences, in deference to the susceptibility of the Cabinet of Vienna and the indignant remonstrance of the Austrian army. The King of Hanover, however, affords on this subject another illustration of his haughty contempt for constitutional considerations, when they clashed with his opinions or prejudices:

"Palmerston and his Government," he writes to Lord Strangford, "are rather rejoiced at the indignity offered to General H., for it is a farce to say that if the Government had been serious it could not through the

police have been able to find out and lay hold of the principal offenders. Our brilliant minister here, Bligh, pretends that Government could do nothing, which I denied, and answered him, 'Did I not immediately put down and punish the offenders who had collected in the market-place here to insult the General?' which he could not deny, but his excuse was the most petty and frivolous, namely, that Haynau not being a public character in England, nothing could be done, which, to my weak mind at least, is no excuse, for though Haynau had no public or official character in England, still the most ignorant of men must have known and heard of this said person, who was the saviour of Hungary from the hands of the rebels."

With this letter, the reasoning of which is on a par with the capacity it displays for appreciating the spirit of constitutional government, let us close the correspondence from the King of Hanover, whose opinions seem by this time to have got beyond even Lord Strangford's Toryism, for to the remark in one of the King's letters, that "on all political questions we are perfectly agreed," his lordship disrespectfully appended the words, "Heaven forbid!"

A formidable change had passed over the mind of Lord Brougham since, some forty years ago, the young Liberal barrister addressed his arrogant letters to the British Minister at Lisbon. In reply to a missive from the King of Hanover, sent him through Lord Strangford, he writes in 1845 in these very anti-republican terms:

"Lay me submissively and with real respect and

regard, at his Majesty's feet. I wish I could go and pay him my court in person."

And throughout all the political struggles of that eventful period in England or on the Continent, we find the ex-Chancellor's sympathies on the anti-popular side. In his correspondence with Lord Strangford he expresses his "real gratification" at the suppression, by means of Russian bayonets, of the rebellion in Hungary, as he did two years later at the success of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* in Paris.

Upon the question of Free Trade he is in accord with the most exclusive of the Tories:

"The Cobden donkey is using up all the little character that Peel had given the man of unadorned and simple eloquence. Simple head as well as tongue. To-day I preside at an agricultural dinner of our Cumberland and Westmoreland *Ass*ociation, having just been to our cattle show. What shall I say about Corn Laws? Luckily I had announced in the House of Lords that bread is none the cheaper since 1846. I must dwell upon that."

His marvellous mind, however, was as active as ever. Writing from Cannes in 1848, he says:

"I am here up to the chin in mathematics, and now and then a little Greek, and doing three or four hours a day of optical experiments which the sun tempts me to, and which I believe will much promote science. I began fifty-three or fifty-four years ago in this task, and shall probably die in it."

Among Lord Brougham's letters is a scrap of paper endorsed by Lord S.:

"Lord B. handed this to me across the table of the House of the Lords on the occasion of the Duke of Wellington calling the *Quarterly Review* 'a pamphlet.'

The paper contains these lines:

"It puts me in mind of Thurlow calling Brookes' 'the alehouse.'"

Another of Lord Strangford's diligent correspondents and political allies was Mr. Wilson Croker, whose letters are filled with lamentations over the approaching decay of England's greatness:

"Mount Stewart, Nov. 10, 1832.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I have lost sight of you for ages. Why not give *signe de vie?*

"I cannot see the orders in Council of this day without a feeling of the bitterest scorn and indignation. Alas! it had fallen to our lot to aid in a system to establish that old Dutch ally in power and in vigour, to form a formidable barrier against our inveterate and natural enemy, and our present rulers seem mostly bent on aggrandising and consolidating the French power, under the dictation of that wily Talleyrand, by the annexation of all the Low Countries, including the basin and arsenal of Antwerp under French dominion. Where are our frontier fortresses? Where are the Duke of Wellington's labours? What is become of the European system?

"Gracious God! look at the scene before us! A French army and English fleet to force our old patriotic and spirited ally to truckle to Leopold, who is become a mere pacha to Louis Phillippe; and the tri-colour flag—the emblem of revolution and the harbinger of anarchy, slaughter, and destruction, to be floating in the Downs at Spithead, and mingling with our national colours, while our seamen are sent forth to aid our inveterate foe in his efforts to destroy our most valuable, attached, and decided friend; and this under a sailor king!

"The foreign policy of former British statesmen has ever been to detach Belgium from France, and to convert her into a barrier against the encroachments of the only Power Great Britain has to fear. But it has been reserved for the Whigs and Earl Grey to immortalise the wisdom of their reign by laying that territory defenceless at the feet of revolutionary Gaul.

"That we should have lived to see this consummation to former transactions is quite unendurable One! may say with Lear, 'Oh! oh! 'tis foul!' Truly this can never stand! Will not the Duke, will not Aberdeen, be outrageous? Are not the batteries preparing, and may not we hope for desperate battle—not puny warfare?"

And again, twenty years later:

"The old constitution," Mr. Croker writes in 1853, "is crumbling about us, and something will grow up in its stead, but it will be something different. A British Republic without Colonies, probably with Ireland as a rival and *place d'armes* for France, the national debt, that is the accumulation of industry, absorbed;

the land parcelled out, and then, what is to become of Old England?"

On the subject of the Emperor Napoleon's projected marriage, Mr. Croker writes:

"Was it to induce Malmesbury to hang himself that Napoleon III. has called himself a *parvenu?* Pray call to your mind the panegyric in the House of Lords, and then think that this imperial idol of the night has confessed himself neither more nor less than a *parvenu!* . . . . . Vive la France! Vive la Nation! What a grand France! What a grand nationality it will be under a new dynasty, composed of Creole, Corsican, Dutch, Scotch, and Spanish blood, without a single drop of French admixture! A Spanish marriage! Aberdeen's union with Johnny, and the embraces of Gladstone and Molesworth, seem hardly less surprising. A mad world, my masters, or if the world be not mad, then assuredly I am!"

Here is the political profession of faith of one of the main pillars of the Holy Alliance. The document is endorsed by Lord Strangford, "written and given me by Prince Metternich in the library at Strathfieldsaye, December 21, 1848."

"Ma religion politique et sociale se trouve fondée dans la formule suivante:—

Base, et point de départ, l'ordre.
But et point d'arrivée, la liberte.
Moyen pour atteindre le but, l'autorité, regulièrement constitué et placé sous la sanction legale.

Le faux esprit qui characterise le mouvement du jour prend a tâche le renversement de cette base de l'ordre: elle établit comme point de départ la liberté, comme celui de l'arrivé, l'ordre, comme le moyen, les elements de désordre.

"Il suffit de cette transposition des éléments pour que le corps social se perd dans l'anarchie."

The tide of revolution which had swept over the Continent of Europe was already on the ebb when Prince Metternich wrote:

"Richmond, ce 20 Aout, 1849.

"MON CHER STRANGFORD,

"Je vous remercie de l'envoie du 2nd vol. du Blue Book, auquel, je me permets de l'esperer, une suite est encore reservée.

"Pour ma part je ne me reconnais pas dans le cas de regreter que les derniers efforts que le sort m'a permis de faire pour placer dans le jour de la verité le jeu politique qui a coulé des flots de sang et causé la ruine d'un pays jusque la en pleine jouissance d'une rare prosperité, soient aujourd'hui en partie venue à la connaissance du public. Je dis en partie, car les pièces de ma correspondance renfermées dans le receuil en question ne forment qu'une bien restraite somme de mes explications.

"Une dépêche excessivement importante est celle du Comte de Nesselrode à M. de Brunow, et ce qui la rend particulièrement remarquable c'est sa date du jour même ou le trône de Juillet est tombe en poussière.

"Je ne m'arrête pas à le correspondance diplomatique anglaise. Le public est en droit de decider, aujourd'hui, si elle à été inspirée par un sincère esprit de paix.

"Tous cela, mon cher Strangford, reste aujourd'hui dans le domain de l'histoire. Ce qui survit à ce domain n'a pas un autre valeur que celle du passage d'une rive à l'autre rive; de ce qu'à juste titre porte le nom de *fleuve du temps*; le present ne parle pas en faveur de ceux qui, au lieu d'utiliser leurs facultés pour empêcher l'incendie, ont soufflé le feu.

"Les affaires hongroises commencent à prendre une tournure que les meetings de Marielebonne et de Hanover Square Rooms ne changeront pas. Je les regard comme s'approchant de leur solution naturelle. Les amis de la paix qui vont se reunir à Paris arrêteront-ils des forces naturelles dans leur marche? Je ne crois pas les Cobden et Cousart suffisament maître de ces forces pour prevoir leur réussite dans le monde des réalités.

"Mille amitiés,

"METTERNICH."

In his later years Lord Strangford seems to have sought in the pleasures of social intercourse some compensation for his disappointed ambition in public life. The tact and clearsightedness by means of which he had taught himself to penetrate the secret intrigues of foreign courts, and to direct or frustrate the tortuous machinations of rival diplomatists, failed to enable him to read the signs of the times by the broad light of public opinion in his own country, and the latter half of his life thus presents a painful contrast to the brilliant successes of his earlier career. Not that he was idle or

lethargic, but he had chosen to enlist under the banners of a beaten and disheartened army, and to wield his weapon in a losing cause, and under leaders who, while willing to accept his services, were not disposed to admit him to a position of political equality. In the House of Lords he spoke frequently, and sometimes with effect, but he failed to make his mark as a formidable member of the Opposition, for which he did not possess the requisite qualifications. He was a politician, but no statesman. Baron Penshurst never rose to the level of Viscount Strangford.

His early domestic life, too, in spite of some passing clouds, forms a bright contrast to his later years. He had married for love, and his beautiful wife's devotion had taught her, as years went on, to conquer those faults of temperament which had at first somewhat marred the harmony of their home. Never, perhaps, had they been so happy in each other as during the few years that immediately preceded her death; and in letters written to intimate friends long after the first shock of grief had passed away, he speaks with deep love and deep sorrow of his dead wife, and of the void—never to be filled—which her loss had created in his life.

With her his good genius seems to have forsaken his hearth and ceased to watch over his fortunes. The time of diplomatic and political triumphs was at an end, and his home offered no solace now for baffled ambition. One son,[1] of whom he was justly proud, died young and

[1] Lionel, who at the age of twelve already showed extraordinary mathematical talent, and when only ten years old had—without consulting any one—contributed an article to the *Mechanic's Magazine*, which attracted some public attention.

full of promise; his favourite daughter,[1] who had made a happy and brilliant marriage, was carried to the grave in the flower of her youth; while his eldest son, he upon whom he had lavished his heart's deepest affection, and in whom his hopes for the restoration of his fallen house were centred, lived to become to him a source of irritation, sorrow, and disappointment.

The sixth Viscount Strangford died in London in November, 1855.

[1] She had married, in 1847, the Marquis of Sligo, and died 1852.

V.

GEORGE FREDERICK AUGUSTUS PERCY SIDNEY SMYTHE, SEVENTH VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

At Harrow and Hurstmonceaux—Precocious Genius—Rev. Julius Hare—Value of the Classics—On Confirmation—An Appeal for Forbearance—Economy—A Fencing Match—The Duke of Northumberland—At St. John's, Cambridge—His Career at College—The Venice Letter—Elected M.P. for Canterbury—First Attempts in Parliament—Matrimonial Projects—In Love—Disappointment—Father and Son—Mr. Baillie Cochrane—Young England—The King of Hanover and the Duke of Rutland alarmed—The Athenæum Dinner at Manchester—Post-prandial Eloquence—Liberal Tendencies—Mr. Roebuck—*Historic Fancies*—Sir Robert Peel—Sir William Gregory—Lord Brougham—Angelo Pisani—The Statues in the House of Lords—A Political Profession of Faith—Painful Correspondence—Appointed Under-Secretary of State—Curious Definition of Toryism—Becomes a Journalist—Is Defeated at Canterbury—Accession to the Peerage—His Death and Epitaph.

A.D. 1818 TO 1857

"GEORGE has grown two inches taller than I am, and looks as strong as Hercules and as handsome as Adonis. No one is more certain to achieve a brilliant future."

"George is utterly devoid of every quality that could lead to success in public life."

"No one has a finer spirit or a better heart than George."

"He wants application, ambition, and all those natural affections through which youth is capable of being influenced."

"I am sure that George will do well now that he has exhausted the budget of these follies."

"I fear that George is hopelessly lost to every good feeling."

So writes Lord Strangford of his eldest son, according

to his varying moods, in the year 1835, when the boy had left Eton to read with the Reverend Julius Hare of Hurstmonceaux. His home training under his father —by whom he had been alternately spoilt, coerced, petted, and abused, who one day encouraged him in mischievous pranks and more than doubtful jokes, and the next censured his levity, or attempted to inculcate lessons of severe morality—had not tended to fit the boy for the discipline of a public school; and, although he had given undoubted indications of talent, his conduct at Eton had been the reverse of satisfactory, and on one or two occasions so defiant of authority as to have caused him to be threatened with expulsion. He was, however, very popular not only with his schoolfellows, but had managed to ingratiate himself with his masters, who more than once stood between him and the consequences of his impulsive outbreaks.

He had now entered upon a course of private study, under a solemn engagement to amend his ways and to work hard. His correspondence with his father is marked by the precocity of mind for which nature so often revenges herself in later life; and in reading his letters it is not easy to believe that these are the compositions of a boy in his seventeenth year.

Here are a few extracts:

"OF THE REV. JULIUS HARE.

"Hare is an enthusiastic scholar and evident gentleman, and, what is far more rare, a good man. His simplicity would be incredible were it not, as I believe, a component element of a great mind, such as his certainly is."

"ON THE CLASSICS.

"Of one thing I am certain, that is, that a commerce with the writers of antiquity raises and purifies the mind. Many pages of Thucydides almost reproduce in my novel-vitiated taste its old and happy freshness, and yet it is far from pure, and nothing would sooner or more effectually purge it than co-reading with you some of the Athenians. . . . My vacations (if College be my destination) could hardly be better employed, nor could your, or any man's, time, than in learning wisdom, aye, and religion, from Greece. I mean, not *directly* religion; no, not quite that, but indirectly."

On his father informing him that he had procured him an invitation to a ball at a great house during his vacation, he replies in these ironical terms:

"That ball would assuredly be a great pleasure to me (who cannot dance), but the new Easter pantomime, oh, that would indeed be bliss! But how could you forget the industrious fleas? Nay, my dear father, you must really have thought you were writing to Percy, and not to one who converses daily with Pericles and Bresidas, who reads in the past the history of the future, and who really is rather too old to be dazzled by, or care for, smart white gloves and white waistcoats, and an ice for supper!"

"ON CONFIRMATION.

"I believe that I am, and I trust shall continue, in a healthier and purer state of mind than when exposed to the profligacy which, with most boys, goes hand in hand with the upper parts of a public school. I am as

fully sensible as any one can be of what you call 'the all-solemn ceremony,' and I can appreciate and do thank you for the kindness which prompted your veto when it was proposed that I should undergo the formal mockery of confirmation at Eton. I am also aware that it is necessary to have a clergyman's certificate asserting your fitness to partake in the good or, as it may be, evil entailed upon you by that ritual. As to the necessary preparation, and Hare's share in bringing about the object, I must differ *in toto cœlo* with you. It is like giving a man a broom, and telling him to sweep his mind clean. God alone can have, and has, the power of moulding your mind according to His will, and prayer is the only means by which He will be disposed to mould it. . . . "

Lord Strangford appears to have had a remarkable faculty for irritating his son, who writes to him thus deprecatingly in April, 1836:

"I passed a horrible night before last. Poetry, says somebody, is the devil's wine, and perhaps my horrors might have been aggravated by Hare having given me a Greek chorus to turn into Alcaics during his absence, which I neglected doing during the day, and sat up doing till past twelve, when I went to bed, but not to sleep, for your devilishly pleasant intelligence kept dancing before my eyes, and keeping them open. Maniacal laughs and dying at the top of the tree, were not agreeable topics to dwell upon, and therefore you need not wonder if I say it was the most hellish night I ever spent, and that I got exactly one hour's sleep. The deduction from all this that I would humbly sub-

mit to you is: For God's sake don't bugaboo me any more, unless some imperative necessity enjoins it; for, without any morbid or Byronic affectation, I give you my word that I would rather have my hand cut off than live that night again."

If somewhat impatient, however, of his father's capricious censure, George Smythe at this time displayed a punctilious consideration for the paternal purse, and when he touches upon money matters he writes in a natural and boyish spirit, and with a generous feeling which a more judicious parent might surely have turned to good account.

Lord Strangford had, by careful management of his affairs succeeded in saving money, and this he had applied to the re-purchase of a small portion of the estates which had belonged to his ancestors in Kent. In pursuit of his laudable ambition to restore in some degree the position of his family he had, however, greatly crippled himself in his immediate income, and he had, no doubt, good and valid reasons for impressing upon his son the necessity of strict economy;—how strict these extracts from George Smythe's letters will show:

"I must now prefer a request for some money, and, what is a greater nuisance, for more than I generally write for; but before I state how much I want, I will tell you how the last sovereign was spent, and I grieve to say that it went for my own purpose and my own self, at a cricket match. I feel it hard upon you to have to pay for my (may I say?) necessary folly. . . "

" . . I very much fear that I must trouble you, and put you most unwillingly to the expense of sending

me some new clothes, or, rather (as what one wears here matters not as long as a decent suit is produced), some of your old ones—a coat and a pair of your pumps, because, as Hare always semi-dresses for dinner, I am obliged to take off my boots, and clap my elephants into pumps, which cotton stockings help not a little to dish, and which are at present full of holes. That is all I want; and, although I fear that it will worry you, I cannot help asking for what is really necessary."

" . . Your letter on economy was not needed. Believe me, no one is more fully conscious of the difficulties I entail upon you than myself. But, at the same time, £3 10s. in two months is no exorbitant expenditure, more especially as (besides washing) every letter I receive costs a penny; then hair-cutting, and a pair of shoes (for I was obliged to get a good walking pair, having nothing but bad boots), as well as two pairs of gloves, have been paid out of it. In fact, on my pleasures I have not lavished one farthing, except 7s. 6d. to W.'s gamekeeper. Be assured, my dear father, I will do all I can to save you expense, although I fear, and yet hope, for the time when I shall cost you much more: fear it, because it would be strange presumption in any one, and most of all in me, not to fear; hope, because the hope is not altogether ungrounded in a conviction that I may yet do you and myself honour. My going to the University (I speak out without any mock modesty) divides itself into two cases. If the report given by Hare of me will hold out a reasonable hope of my taking a very high degree, then I conceive you would send me there; if his report be not such, I see no other alternative but an immediate embarkation in

a profession, and of professions there can only be two open to me—army and diplomacy. If you think handwriting, expense, &c., bar me from the latter, the army, of course, must be my resource; but I must urge you to get my name entered on the books at Trinity, a measure which by no means renders it necessary that I should go there eventually.

"P.S.—On reading my letter I think what I have said about economy rather flippant and heartless. Let this P.S. atone for it."

His tutor bore ample testimony to George Smythe's intellectual powers, and strongly urged his father to send him to college, where he foretold for him the certainty of a brilliant academical career. Partly from financial considerations, but even more from misgivings as to his son's steadiness of conduct and capacity for application, Lord Strangford hesitated to take such a step. The correspondence on the subject is not pleasant to read: it is a fencing-match between father and son—the one resting his objections to a college education on the grounds of assumed misconduct, the other arguing on his own side in the tone of a special pleader, and taking advantage of every unguarded movement to make home-thrusts. Upon the whole George Smythe gets the better of it.

"I agree with you in thinking that any beneficial change that has taken place in my conduct is to be attributed to position, but I do not admit that when the position is altered the feelings engendered are to alter also. It is no valid argument to say that good resolutions of mine when opposed to temptations hereto-

fore have failed; and why? because those resolutions were cognate to the very feelings which operated against their fulfilment. Both were the offspring of intemperance and heat, neither of mature deliberation. I made certain promises in passionate fits of would-be sincerity, without using much consideration or any reason. . . My resolutions failed because they were not originated in thought. My first step at Eton was a false step. I went there perhaps forewarned, but forewarned by no experience, with a ductile and unstable mind, with a morbid fear of ridicule. I go to Cambridge having thought long; I go there armed with that desire for distinction which I believe that I do not share less than other men; by a love for many of those studies which, if I plunged in dissipation, must necessarily be abandoned; armed with experience and the foreknowledge that the first step lost is all lost; by a belief that the first step boldly made and rightly made is more than half gained. Armed by these (putting all heart out of the question), looking at it as a mere matter of inclination, I do most confidently assert that the good has more charms for me than the evil. You will say that I do not know how strong the fascination of the evil may be. I believe that in the upper part of a public school, constituted as Eton now is, I have experienced the same fascinations which I shall meet with at college, but I will allow that there may be a greater charm about 'university wickedness.' Well, then, against that surplus of charm I will fling in 'my feelings,' of love, gratitude, every good feeling within me, and I put it to your reason, which will kick the beam? So far I have endeavoured to show that your prescience of future

griefs and humiliations, your reluctance and your doubts, are ill grounded. I will not advert to the second topic of your letter, because in so doing I could but ill avoid giving way to my pent-up feelings, and I would have this answer as matter-of-fact as possible."

George Smythe had appealed in this matter to his kinsman and godfather, the Duke of Northumberland, who proved a generous and useful ally, and effected a compromise. College education was conceded, but Trinity was voted too costly, and he was accordingly entered upon the books of St. John, the duke engaging to pay a portion of the expenses.

"Unhesitatingly," George writes to his father, "unrepiningly, without one shadow of a shade of regret, do I give up Trinity. I make no merit of the sacrifice, because if you were neutral, which you say you are, but which the special pleading of your letter rather contradicts, the duke's princely offer, his noble friendship for you, and his great kindness to me, would call for a thousand times greater devotion to the slightest whisper of his will; but far from considering this a hardship, I give you my word of honour that St. John's stood as high, if not higher in my estimation than Trinity before the arrival of your letter, and for this reason that *that* very double examination which you suppose one of my main objections, caught my eye in the Cambridge calendar, and harmonised exactly with my wishes. . . . But in good earnest I am most willing to go up to St. John's, and cannot do better in conclusion than to echo your wish that my going there may tend directly to my happiness and welfare in life, and indirectly to your own."

George Smythe's career at Cambridge afforded a fair foreshadowing of his subsequent public life. He acquired a reputation for brilliant talents, but he failed to achieve any practical success, and he failed yet more signally to adhere to those good resolutions to which he had pledged himself. Singularly endowed with social gifts and accomplishments, handsome, good-tempered, and generous, he was as popular at college as in later years he became upon a larger stage; but he was far from conspicuous in his scholastic achievements. Not that he was idle—indeed he read hard—but in a desultory way, and by fits and starts. He incurred debts, not large, but yet beyond his means of payment, a fact which he concealed from his father; and he quitted Cambridge in 1842, having taken a degree which sadly disappointed the hopes of all who knew of how much more he was capable.

Here is his own graphic and bitter summing-up of his college career:

"Born a pauper, and the son of a poor nobleman who had acquired a great name and position, and a few of his hereditary acres, my life at best was always a venture for any person that should back me in.

"With talent, high spirit, courage, a spice of that genius which borders upon madness, I was given, as became my rank, and not my fortune, a noble education, and made, by the monstrous caste system of the English universities, the associates of men who could spend a pound with less inconvenience than I could spend a shilling. What followed? What generally follows with the impetuous and sensitive. I was not to be outdone. I gave dinners to those from whom I received them,

and got involved in debt far beyond my means. I took my degree, one which, if utterly unworthy of my talents and university reputation, was yet no proof that I did not read, and hard too; but, with the example of abler and better men, I may say that here again the false system of fee-exacting mathematics was much to blame.

"I came up to London with my boyhood over, with extravagant habits, and owing about £1,200. Now, what I ought to have done was to have told you this, paid my debts out of income, lived economically, and, I humbly think, have travelled. For many good reasons, and for one very bad one, you objected to this. . . . After your refusal I stayed in England, owing a great deal of money, much dunned and harassed, and ready to jump at the first expression of sympathy." . . .

This passage is extracted from a lengthy letter, written by George Smythe from Venice, in 1846—a curious document for a young man to compose, and not a pleasant one to read, especially for the father to whom it was addressed. It is an epitome of his past life, written in bitterness of spirit, and affords a curious illustration of the writer's tendency to moral vivisection. Like the operating physiologists, he was utterly regardless of the agony which, in the exercise of this practice, he might inflict upon his victims; but, unlike those, it was as often upon himself as upon others that he turned the dissecting-knife. In this letter it is mainly his own quivering flesh and bleeding heart that he lays bare; it is into his own living system that, without a scruple, he infuses the poison, in order to demonstrate its effect, to point a moral, or construct a theory.

Not that he showed much of that morbid feeling which induces certain natures to exaggerate their own failings, and to attribute to themselves vices they do not possess. He held the scales impartially enough, and after proclaiming where he had found himself wanting, was ever ready to throw in a counterpoise of good. This letter will be further quoted hereafter, as it forms a running commentary on his life for the next few years.

In 1841 George Smythe was elected member for the borough of Canterbury, with which his ancestors, the Sidneys of Penshurst, had long been connected. His candidature was nominally based on high Tory principles, but in politics, as in morals, he steered not by compass, but by the light of his own erratic mind, and soon terrified his father and his orthodox friends, who, like the hen when she sees the web-footed brood she has unconsciously hatched taking to the water, stood aghast at his vagaries. His first appearance in Parliament was, however, in no respect successful. Here is his own account of it in the Venice letter:

"As if the devil was determined to let loose upon me, when once well out of my depth, every wave in the river of damnation, I turned my thoughts to Parliament—Canterbury. I overcame your scruples, and stood for the old Kentish borough, not yet twenty-two, and with an assurance, I believe, that my election would not cost more than £2,000. It cost, one way or another, more than £7,000. Never was there a more melancholy instance of the young ambition that overleaps itself. You behaved in the noblest and most self-denying of ways. You never reproached me. You increased my income, but I felt

my selfishness. I had brought ruin upon you, upon my sisters, upon myself. Moreover, my Cambridge debts, with interest increasing, and with a petition hanging over my head, my position was anything but enviable. It was in this situation, weighed down by a sense of all the mischief I had done, that I tried to speak. I broke down, signally and miserably, my nerves going with a sort of crash. What a position! I might have recovered myself, but this is not an heroic age, and I took to drinking as an opiate and an anodyne. Then came other mischiefs: I thought one way the winning way in politics, you thought another, and my life was an incessant wear and tear—shame, abuse, the world's scorn, environing me on every side. What wonder, then, that my nervous system has never recovered those years of '41 and '42!"

It is not surprising that Lord Strangford should have advised his son to retrieve his position by a lucrative marriage; but to this George Smythe at first showed a strong aversion. Putting aside his abstract objections to matrimony, he, in those days, entertained an honest shame at appearing in the character of a fortune-hunter, besides, as he tells his father:

"The moneyed young ladies of England require being waltzed with, and I don't waltz. They require being followed from party to party, dangled after, and that does not suit my habits or my health either. Nor have I a temper that can endure the comments of *chaperons* and dowagers. 'Will it be a match?' 'He has not a penny!' 'There, it is on again; or off!' The only other way of marrying in England, and that suits

me better, as a sort of clever fellow, is country home life. Propinquity makes marriages, but who in a million ever met an heiress in a country house?"

At the time this was written George Smythe was greatly fascinated by the charms of a lady who had not the advantage of being an heiress, and to prevent a marriage with whom Lord Strangford set to work to exercise all his diplomacy, threatening and wheedling, scolding, flattering, and bribing his son by turns, in the hope of averting a step which was never contemplated; but in the midst of these negotiations George Smythe fell honestly in love in another quarter, and thus to his father he urges his suit:

"She is not pretty, but the most patrician-like girl you ever saw, with hands and feet Ali Pasha might have envied. She has never been in Russia, but always lived within the last three years at Naples, where she was born. She adores London, is brought up like a Cinderella, and will be only seventeen next month; and when she comes to England, if you are not the first to fall in love with her, I shall be surprised. . . ."

Again, a few days later:

"Will you allow me, before I leave Paris, to propose to ——? You know in the whole of that wretched —— affair it was nothing but vanity on my part, and I never pretended to be, or ever was, in love. In this case I will be equally frank. There is so little vanity in the matter that I have no reason to believe that she prefers me to any other human being, but I am nevertheless—it is a cant phrase, and I am afraid you will

laugh at me for using it—in love, gravely, seriously, deeply, desperately in love.

"Now let us take the case of the five great heiresses in London who might do to restore the position of our house" (here these ladies are passed in review). . . . "You must see that not I, specially, but no man of my standing, has a chance with these people. Now, here is a young girl of inexpensive habits, who would live quietly in Harley Street, well born, who brings more money to me than I could ever hope to meet her with, and yet not so much but that I should feel the necessity for exertion not in this loose, rambling, garçon, impulsive kind of life, but respectably, virtuously, and in an assured and determined position. Do not, pray, answer me with sneer, or irony, or sarcasm. If you knew how ill, and in what dejection I have been, I do not think you would do anything to loosen my not very strong hold upon life."

Lord Strangford set his face against this match, upon the grounds of insufficient means, and of his doubts of the stability of the alleged attachment; and towards the end of 1843 his son again returns to the charge:

"Somebody has said that a father is always right in a dispute with a son, because it is hard that he should have the follies of two youths to answer for; but in your case, whose youth was a brilliant triumph, the case is stronger, and I have had even more than my share of youth's folly—the two youth's follies are all mine.

"If it be, as you think, only a fantasy, absence and London will soon cure it. If not, I think, and

perhaps you may be brought to look at it differently for my sake, the introducing a young lady with £1,000 a year into the family, even if it were settled upon her, will scarcely add to the decay of our house.

"But I can't pretend to reason with you, my dearest father. My duty is to obey you, and yet, if it be possible, to try and win you to my views, by my prayers and by the intercession of a fixed and constant attachment."

Lord Strangford, moved probably by these representations, entered into a correspondence with the lady's family, but finally the affair was broken off upon a question of settlements.

George Smythe felt the disappointment acutely; indeed, this would appear to have been the only one of his many love-passages that had made a deep impression upon him.

"Of course," he writes in February, 1844, "this throws me on my back, and much cuts me up. With true gentle blood in my veins, and loving one with gentle blood in hers, it is strange how it works upon me. For three days I have made no attempt to see her, and nothing should induce me for one moment to try and engage her affections, or even to try and see her again. I don't want to make myself out a Lovelace, but it is something of the feeling—

> "I would not love thee, love, so well,
> Loved I not honour more."

and nothing would be more dishonourable than to make her in love, and to marry her, even if I could attain your consent, against her people's wishes. You may imagine

that I am in very low spirits, and though you will undoubtedly think me mad, do not think ill of a madness which makes me confide in you, for I am in a mood when any kindness is touching, and I am easily affected by it."

It might be rash to affirm that this marriage would permanently have altered the tenor of George Smythe's life. When Lord Byron was once asked what he supposed would have been the effect had he married Mary Chaworth in early life, he replied, "Well, I should never have written those lines about a change coming over the spirit of my dream, and so I should have lost the hundred guineas which Murray gave me for them." Possibly an early love match might have had no more important effect upon George Smythe's unstable character than this, but his letters of this period show that his affection for the lady was deep and sincere, and that while it lasted it elevated and refined his nature. The rupture once completed, however, he re-plunged, with increased recklessness, into extravagance and dissipation and thus meets his father's angry remonstrance:

"Let me see: on good terms with you, my dear father, even if these be assumed to this end on your part, I resume my natural price of £1,500 or £2,000 a-year in the matrimonial tariff. I can insure my life, and you can deduct the interest from my allowance; this is all a mere matter of business. Let me now look at the worst that can happen to me. You may stop my allowance, cut me off without a farthing, but you cannot, although you may and do curse it, destroy the advantages which belong to my birth; these are such that they will

enable me to borrow £100 or so from some friend or other, and marry the first woman with £8,000 or £10,000 whom I may find willing to exchange this same for the hand of a young M.P. and heir-apparent to a coronet. This, if I am reasonable, is the worst thing that could happen to me; but as my recklessness has a certain selfishness in it, I might prefer to marry Miss ——, for, with her £2,000 I would only be reduced to suicide or a consulship a little sooner, and I would rather have a pretty and fascinating woman than not. After all, it would only be another La Largette[1] marriage in the family pedigree. The idea would never have suggested itself to me, it came from you."

It is not surprising that such a tone should have irritated Lord Strangford, whose anger was aggravated by his son's political conduct, which began to point in a direction totally divergent from his own views, and threatening to end in direct antagonism. A bitter correspondence ensued—the father accusing the son of heartless ingratitude, want of truth and honour, reckless disregard of duty; the son angrily resenting these imputations, and retorting with sneers and bitter allusions. Yet they loved one another with a warm affection. In his letters to his friends, Lord Strangford found many valid excuse for George's indiscretions and shortcomings, and speaks with confidence of the brilliant future which his talents will yet achieve; while George Smythe, rebellious and defiant as he appeared, winced under every angry word addressed to him as under a

[1] In allusion to the third Viscount Strangford, who had married a woman of obscure birth.

blow from a beloved hand. When he said that his affection for his father was a passion he did not exaggerate the truth.

"Believe me," he writes early in 1844, "and sooner or later you will find it out, there was never a father so appreciated by a son, and if, at times, the gunpowder temperament which I inherit from that parent impels me to anger, and to urge my own passionate conditions with seeming disrespect, I carry the same gunpowder temperament into my feelings for you. . . It is not a pleasant thing for a father that a son should plead madness as an excuse for anything, yet I am so conscious that it is not myself, that it is another self, that I ask for pardon for my sins on that ground. The misfortune of my life has been that I have not loved you only as a son, but with a jealous passion, which is always getting me into scrapes. God grant it may serve also to get me out of them, and to restore me to that affection which I value more than anything else in life."

Several of George Smythe's personal friends became his intercessors with his father. One of these, Mr. Baillie Cochrane, writes:

"It may appear ridiculous in me in writing to you to pretend to a more intimate acquaintance with Smythe's charactert han you possess, but perhaps, after all, a man's best judges are his contemporaries, and well assured am I that among them all the feelings of attachment for George have only grown with time."

The writer of this passage was attached to George Smythe by other ties besides those of friendship. He

was one of that small conclave of youthful legislators who aspired to found a new political religion under the name of "Young England." There was in this creed just that spice of the poetical and picturesque which could not fail to prove attractive to a mind like George Smythe's, and he had accordingly taken a prominent place among the young apostles, who were to clothe the dry bones of statesmanship in brilliant garments, and to set the old political prose to a new and enchanting music. The nobles of England were once more to occupy their legitimate place around the throne and in the order of chivalry; the Church was to become the revered guardian and benevolent educator of the masses; commerce and industry, literature and art, were to be fostered by generous patronage; and a grateful and contented peasantry, clustering for shelter under the shadow of lordly mansions, were to vary the monotony of their toilful lives by merry dances on the village green, and perennial feasts of roast oxen and barrels of ale provided by their munificent lords and masters, the hereditary owners of the soil. It was a pretty and a harmless dream, and, thanks to the pen of one of its most gifted members, the "Young England" episode will probably be remembered when more important political combinations shall have been buried in oblivion, though most of the actors in the scene have already passed away.

Yet, even now, many a reader rises from the perusal of Mr. Disraeli's political novel without being conscious of having studied the lineaments of George Smythe in the picture of Coningsby.

There was really nothing in the principles of this party to alarm religious or political orthodoxy. The

attempt to engraft the feudal customs of the middle ages upon modern Conservatism, and to make the maypole the rival of the tabernacle, was surely no revolutionary project. Nevertheless, it threw the old Tories into consternation.

The King of Hanover writes to Lord Strangford in October, 1843:

"What a pity it is that a young man like George Smythe, full of talent, who might in time become a useful member of Government, should thus fool away his time and destroy his future hopes. According to my opinion, these self-pretended Tories, such as G. S., Lord J. Manners, and others, are all distracted, having no one fixed principle upon which to go, whether religious or political. Their minds seem to me a complete omnium gatherum, without head or tail, and these *soi-disant* Tories will, little by little, without knowing it themselves, become and join the radicals and cut-throats."

The Duke of Rutland writes to Lord Strangford on 6th September, 1844:

"I lament as much as you can do the influence which Mr. Disraeli has acquired over several of the young British senators, and over your son and mine especially. I do not know Mr. Disraeli by sight, but I have respect only for his talents, which I think he sadly misuses."

In the following April the King of Hanover writes, in a tone of relief, and in more than his usual bad grammar:

"Rejoiced am I indeed, not only for your sake, but for the sake of George Smythe himself, that his good sense has led him to abandon what is termed 'Young England.' I felt always sure that a young man of such rising abilities as he appears to me to possess, would soon wake out of his dreams and see the folly of being led by doctrinaires' rubbish, and young men who, self-conceited, think that they, by inspiration, know more than their fathers, who have been experienced long ere they were begotten. Depend upon it if the young man will only give himself sagely to business, that he will be a pride and ornament to you."

But there were other rocks ahead against which it was the duty of prudent old Tories to guard unwary youth.

"It is grievous," writes the Duke of Rutland, "that two young men such as John and Mr. Smythe, should be led by one of whose integrity of purpose I have an opinion similar to your own, though I can judge only by his public career. The admirable character of our sons only makes them the more assailable by the arts of a designing person. I will write to John to-morrow, and I shall inquire of him whether there is any truth in the report of his having engaged himself to a great dinner at Manchester under the presidency of Mr. Disraeli."

A festive meeting convened to celebrate the opening of a literary institution would not in itself appear to possess the elements of political danger; but the Manchester Athenæum was instituted with a view to cultivate a taste for literature and art among the industrial classes

of a manufacturing town, and this was an innovation to be resisted by all good friends of Church and State.

The Duke of Rutland and Lord Strangford accordingly prohibited their sons from attending the banquet, but finally yielded the point on certain conditions, coupled with promises of future good conduct.

The Duke writes on 2nd October:

"John has placed himself under my fiat as to attendance or non-attendance, and added that he should never again form any engagement without previous communication with me. I have thought it best under these circumstances not to interfere, but I have warned him that if any digression into politics takes place, I shall expect him to be strong in his repudiation of it."

Young Smythe writes to his father:

"My solemn word of honour is pledged to this Manchester meeting to Disraeli, and my place is taken by the diligence for two o'clock to-day; but you shall decide, if, having given my word of honour to a man to whom I am under obligations, who knows many of my secrets, and who . . . . . , whether I can get out of this pledge and covenant."

The speech which George Smythe delivered at the Manchester dinner was a remarkable one, and attracted extraordinary public attention. Post-prandial eloquence rarely survives the hour, but there are passages in this oration which may be read with pleasure even after the lapse of thirty years.[1]

[1] Extracts from this speech are quoted in the memoir prefixed to "Angela Pisani."

The Duke of Rutland writes:

"John tells me that not a syllable of party feeling or politics was uttered even by the arch president[1] at the meeting. He himself was so fearful lest he should drop a word at which I might cavil, that he fears his speech was almost unintelligible; but he lauds Smythe's speech *usque ad astra*, and indeed it reads like a masterpiece of eloquent and beautiful language. He adds that its effect upon the assembled multitude was extraordinary. I believe there exists not a pair of youths of more ingenious minds, of more moral virtues, and, let me add, of more promising abilities."

Lord Strangford was overwhelmed with letters of congratulation on his son's eloquence, "A man who can speak like that," writes one of his friends, "may aspire to the highest position in the Government;" and even the King of Hanover, who "cannot understand what is meant by attempting to turn mechanics into poets and philosophers," and who disapproves of all institutions which, like the Manchester Athenæum, had in his opinion a tendency "to make the lower orders too big for their boots," is loud in his praises of George Smythe's speech on this occasion.

In his letter from Venice, Smythe himself thus refers to this event:

"In '43 I went abroad. You think ill of this practice, and here I differ from you. It is the only

[1] Mr. Disraeli's speech was strongly characterised by his love of imagery. In one passage he says: "Knowledge is like the mystic ladder in the patriarch's dream—its base rests on the primeval earth, its crest is lost in the shadowy splendour of the empyrean."

thing that has kept me alive, braced my nerves, given me ideas, and educated me. If I am less ignorant than my contemporaries, I owe it entirely to foreign travel. In '44 my knowledge bit by bit began to tell; I wrote and spoke with some success; I made a great hit at Manchester, and I lived a happy season with you because you understood my objects—our common objects—and trusted me."

A complete reconciliation seems now to have taken place between father and son, and once more the question of an advantageous marriage was discussed between them as the best solution of financial difficulties. "If George would only become respectable he might marry anybody," says his father; and George, though the idea of respectability was anything but agreeable to him, professed himself prepared to make the sacrifice.

"I am anxious," he writes, "to do my duty by my father and ruined house, and although the life of a clever adventurer without a *sou* is less distasteful than the hellish bondage of English matrimony, I will, if we can possibly keep the ball rolling some time longer, choose the latter."

And in his Venice letters he describes how "in the course of this year I went after another heiress to Switzerland. Certainly if I had thought of my own pleasure only I should not have stayed three weeks in the most infernal city I know, Brighton not excepted, but as matters stood it was the best speculation open to me. She may have as much as 25,000*l.* a year, and must have a great deal."

It may be doubted, however, whether George

Smythe was ever in earnest in his attempts to rehabilitate his fortunes by a mercenary match. The heir to a coronet, enjoying great social popularity and a certain prestige in public life, could hardly have failed to find a suitable wife possessed of the moderate fortune at which he assessed his value had he applied himself seriously to the pursuit; but though his college debts had now passed, with ever increasing bulk, into the hands of the usurers, and hung around his neck a dead weight, impeding him at every step in private and public life, he still shrank from purchasing financial emancipation at the price of a loveless marriage, and was ever ready to be diverted from the lawful chase of monied maidens by the illicit smiles of more facile matrons.

During the two following sessions he took an active and prominent part in the several important questions which then agitated the country, and on more than one occasion spoke with marked effect, although he displeased his father and shocked his father's political friends by his Liberal tendencies, and more especially by his support of the measures then under consideration for the endowment of the Roman Catholic college at Maynooth.

In 1844 he was required to answer a charge of breach of privilege for having challenged Mr. Roebuck, in consequence of a statement made in Parliament by the latter, imputing to him dishonourable motives. In the same year he published his "Historic Fancies," appropriately described as "a *mélange* of politics and romance, philosophy and rhapsody."[1] These compositions are

[1] See introductory memoir to "Angela Pisani," p. xv. In a letter written by Miss Ellen Smythe to her father, from Scotland, there is this

very unequal, but some of them are possessed of considerable merit, and indicate strong poetic powers, tinged by the writer's peculiar religious and political views. Of the latter, Lord Strangford became more and more suspicious as time went on, and in order to commit him to the support of the administration, he urged his son to allow himself to be nominated to second the address at the opening of Parliament in 1845. George Smythe thus declined to comply with the request:

"Nothing is so clear, precise, logical, and consistent, as your judgment when you have your data, but the House of Commons is an assembly that requires much study in the particular as well as in the general, and this knowledge, it is unnecessary to say, you cannot have. Thus, all the requirements for a proposer and a seconder which you indicate do not exist. On the contrary, it is generally the proposer who launches out, and the seconder who is content with a few phrases of echo. To second an address is the most marked proof of allegiance, and when Peel has gained his point, has bought me, and secured my independence, and blazoned my adhesion and its object, do you think he could give me anything out of generosity? No, no, I am not quite come to this. To be pilloried in uniform by Roebuck, and by Whigs, amid an envious chuckle of one hundred rivals for place on my own side, and then go to bed not one whit further advanced in my prospects, you

passage: "I will give you an instance of civilisation in the higher classes here. Last night Lady S.'s grand-daughter, aged twenty-four, took up George's book. Henry approached, and said, 'You will find it rather a *macedoine*.' 'Yes,' she replied, 'it *is* very large print!'"

will see how little this is in accord with my own views, or with yours."

In April of this year he made a powerful and telling speech on the subject of the grant to Maynooth College which shocked the orthodoxy of the King of Hanover.

"Deeply do I lament," says his Majesty, "to have read the speeches of such men as Lord John Manners and George Smythe! Little did I expect such a speech from the son of so honest an advocate and defender of the Church as yourself, and I feel certain that you must feel deeply grieved as you read it, to see a young man possessing such brilliant talents and eloquence thus throwing them away."

About the same time George Smythe made another impressive speech in the course of a debate which Mr. Escott, M.P. for Winchester, described as a skirmish between the Anti-Corn Law League and the Protection Society, and upon which occasion Mr. Disraeli uttered his memorable denunciation of a Conservative Government as "an organised hypocrisy."

In this speech he severely criticised the policy of Sir Robert Peel, who it is evident recognised his talents, and was well disposed towards him.

An old friend[1] in recalling these times says:

"Though many days have passed away since George Smythe and I used to dine together, and drink the famous dry champagne at the Carlton, yet well do I recollect our talks—his strange paradoxes, his fierce attacks on conventionalities, and his scorn of the men whom we

[1] Sir William Gregory, the late Governor of Ceylon.

regarded as the Olympian gods of the party to which we belonged, and still more of the political creed to which we had subscribed. Sir Robert Peel had highly praised a speech of his; and I said, 'Well, George, he has given you plenty of butter to-night;' 'Yes,' said he, 'rancid, as usual.'"

Lord Strangford was indignant at what he considered an attack made by George Smythe upon the leader of his party, from whom alone he could expect public advancement; but Lord Brougham takes a different view:

"I am most happy to say that G. S.'s speech last night has all the success it so well deserved. The people who came to us last night all held this except *one ass*, who described it as a personal attack upon Peel, whereas it was a beautiful eulogy well applied. If I were Peel I should lose no time in obtaining his *useful* support as a man in good office; but if romance is to rule, with Dizzy, then he throws away good cards, and does an injury to the public, and to his principles, as well as to himself. I have seen a powerful friend upon it already, and I know that they feel grateful."

However successful in Parliament George Smythe's material position was but little improved at the conclusion of the session. His creditors were clamorous for payment of his steadily increasing debts; he had secured neither a place, nor a wife; and he was suffering in health. He proceeded to Venice, where he employed himself in writing a novel, which he did not live to complete, but which, recently published in a fragmentary form, contains many indications of eminent literary skill,

requiring only the correction of more mature years to have placed it in a foremost rank among works of fiction.

"I have written 500 pages of a novel," he writes, "which I have begun with high dreams of elevating fiction, and of achieving a work of art which should endure. Colossal portraits, imagine, of Canning and Napoleon! Strange to say the style became, willy nilly, picturesque, and my subject grew erratic, till every line threatened to become as licentious as your Camoens. I, who am a fatalist, cannot account for this, but certain I am it is against my own will, intent, and judgment. It is, however, not coarse; in fact, so fine that I am in great hopes that that big beast, the English public, will not find it out."[1]

His sister Ellen, who had evidently been educated in her father's strictly high Tory principles, thus wrote to George Smythe upon the statues which the Commissioners had recommended should be placed in the House of Lords:

"I am quite indignant at those Statue Commissioners. I really think Lord —— might have a niche among our naval heroes, if rebels, regicides, radicals, and ranters

[1] "Angela Pisani." Bentley, 1875. The Rev. Mr. Cookesley, who had been George Smythe's tutor at Eton, says of this work: "It is wonderfully like Smythe, full of coruscations of genius—of refined, deep, and subtle thought. It is a mere outline, but it gives us a noble idea of what Smythe had in him—of what he might have done." Sir William Gregory says: "It has all the genius of George Smythe, and no hand but his could have dashed off in such broad and vivid colouring the various shifting scenes of which it is composed. Austerlitz reminds me of his famous articles in the *Chronicle*, where he describes the cuirassiers camping in the streets of Paris during the revolutionary days of 1848."

like Hampden, Cromwell, Lord Russell, and John Wesley, are to be the ornaments of the new House of Lords."

To which the brother replies:

"Yes, as you say! What a lot the Commissioners have recommended! As for Cromwell, he was a fine fellow, and a relation of ours; but why put him among the Kings? They ought to hang a black crape in the vacant niche, as they do here with Marino Faliero; but his place is clearly not in the *Book of Kings*—it is rather in the *Book of Judges!*"

Here is an anecdote he tells of the Duke of Wellington:

"—— told me that directly after the Duke of Wellington made his memorable declaration that it would be madness in him ever to aspire to be first minister, Lord Wellesley wrote something on a piece of paper, which he sealed up and gave to him, telling him not to open it then, as he would laugh at him, or until he told him, unless five years should have elapsed. Before that time the paper was opened, and found to contain a prophecy that the Duke would be premier within the space mentioned. Lord W. was very fond of telling this story in Ireland, adding, 'I knew my brother better than he knew himself.'"

After the session of 1845, George Smythe, in a letter to his father, thus vindicates the line he had pursued in Parliament, and with that candour in which he was wont to deliver himself, proclaims the following profession of political faith:

"I must say a few words more on an old topic, to remove an apprehension you seem to have about my liberal opinions. I am one of those miserable entities born since 1815, who believe in all things; who can see the virtues of absolutism, democracy, autocracy, without a preference; who think the Tories quite as right as the Whigs, the Catholics as the Protestants, the Buddhists as the Christians, the Atheists as the Theists. Thus, in politics I have only had one idea—what opinion is likely to turn up trumps, and to that I have attached myself with the instinct of a Dalgetty. Nor have I ever yet been deceived. Even little things, like the new Alien Bill, have come to pass far sooner than I could expect, but, in deference to your very natural feeling, and my own, about Canterbury and our old Kentish connections, I forbore to take the anti-Corn Law line, although I indicated it, and although, had I done so, I had the promise of a borough (Gateshead) for nothing, with a requisition from the majority of electors. Now, however, this is too late, and I think an anti-Repeal Corn Law line might be taken upon a more liberal and popular ground from that which has hitherto been held. The worst of the pro-agricultural line will be that I would be in the same boat with Disraeli. *Now*, the great thing is to wait—*veremos*, as the Spaniards say—and I will entirely be guided by your decision, when you determine finally with all the facts before you. One thing, however, I am sure of—because here I have an advantage over you, which I owe to your kindness—an aristocratic education in school and college, where I could study the physiology of that order as studied in England, and be sure that, not only on the Corn Laws, but on every

other question, in every other strait, *they will give way*. I saw early the imposture of the great game between Whig and Tory—the solemn farce wherein they fence with buttons on their foils, and, seeming adversaries, play the cards into each other's hands. Thank God, however, the play is nearly over, and Peel is snuffing out the candles. Why, the 'blues and greens' of Byzantium was an intellectual spectacle in comparison with our Parliamentary parties, especially now that dresses are so worn that you can no longer distinguish their colours.

"I see Lord John Russell has returned to his old love, the Constitution. Do you know that he said in one of his books that 'liberty was a poor substitute for a fine climate?' I am inclined to agree with him, and here the weather is delicious, no fires, the pleasantest of sunshines all day, and of moonlight all night."

It was shortly after this—that is in the early part of 1846, that he wrote the remarkable letter, epitomising his past life, from which several extracts have already been made. Lord Strangford had reproached him with wasting his opportunities, with his love of pleasure, his extravagance, and want of purpose, and in those incisive terms which he knew he could use with telling effect when addressing his son, had expressed a conviction that his public and social life was a hopeless failure. It is thus George Smythe retorts:

"I will leave this place in hopes to get to London the day Parliament opens; but perhaps before we meet it may be as well just to throw a rapid impartial glance over the past, for the sake of the future—for the sake

of seeing what system may be formed out of the chaos of purposes abandoned, promises broken, and good resolutions unfulfilled. But society is so artificial in our days that it is difficult for a son to write frankly, and as he feels, without abating something of the respect which he ought always to preserve; thus, although my feelings are really good, although, whatever you may think, I love you dearly as a father, and would obey you as the head of my ruined family, yet we are both men of the world, both members of the same club, both, by the fiction of these associations, equals; and in discussing matters of society, the only means I see of restoring our house, I am obliged to use a sort of slang in expressing myself. Now, my dearest father, I entreat you to look at things a little soberly and reasonably. You have the misfortune to have me for a son—a sort of cross between Churchill and Chatterton, and, as you cannot undo the mischief, try and put up with one who, in spite of all his extravagances and devilries, would not change you against any other father in Christendom.

"Well, then, I have been very extravagant, very selfish, very reckless. I have got my father into difficulties, and I am over head and ears in debt. Now let us look a little at my *per contra*.

"Peel and Graham prophesy my eminence. Macaulay, very sparing of praise, the first of Europe's critics, wrote a letter, to be shown me, full of encouragement and even eulogium. Rogers, the first of living poets, has honoured me with his friendship, and always speaks well of me. Were I to die to morrow I should occupy three lines in a biographical dictionary as a 'might have

been.' So much for social success. You say you have paid for it. Granted. But suppose —— had been your son, or even ——, would you have got it?

"Speaking morally, I do not pretend to any virtues, but I have few vices. I am too fond of wine, and I like women[1] . . . There is bad in this, and I must try to mend.

"But then there must be some good in me, for the most virtuous and amiable of my contemporaries are my friends. D——[2] is my bosom friend; that most virtuous of men, Lyttleton, gave me a copy of his works, and though I voted against him is sorry, not angry; Faber,[3] a man who gives up all he has in the world for conscience sake; Whitehead, who died a missionary in New Zealand; all these men love or loved me. So much for my character, which I am sorry to have to defend against a father.

"Now let me state finally my position. Had there been a dissolution the other day I would have lost my election, have had to raise money to pay my debts, which are about £800, and sunk so much income. You might have, probably would have, reduced my allowance, if not stopped it. Well, I had ——, or ——, to fall

[1] Sir William Gregory writes: "George was the profoundest adorer, and yet the most ruthless iconoclast of your sex. I have heard him pouring out his whole soul in ecstacies over some woman, and then, all at once, turn round and roll her in the mud."

[2] The name is illegible in the letter.

[3] The Rev. Frederick William Faber, who in his volume entitled "The Cherwell Water-lily," addresses two small poems to George Smythe, under his initials, G. S. S. In one of these (p. 189) he reproaches him with having allowed his "manly spirit" to fall into bondage:

"Fain would I warn thee; for too well I know
Be what thou wilt, thou must be dear to me!"

back upon, or I would have trusted to my pen, which is worth more, though not much more, than £100 a year. But now that politics look a little better, it seems to me that I have from February to July to work for two things, for a place and a marriage. This is a very difficult game to combine, for both exact time, and —to save time—the night.

"This year, independently of what I had from you, I made, by writing and my book on the Derby, £300, and yet I have nothing to show for it. All went, muddled away in meetings, dinners, &c.

"Now, to get a place I must speak, and to speak I must be well, for another breakdown would be fatal to both games.

"And yet I am much in the same position, and quite as likely to break down as I was in 1841 and '42. You may not believe this, but if you could see the state of my nerves since I have received your letter, as a physician would see it, you would, merely as a matter of interest, manage me a little more. You, with your admirable constitution, have no idea of the hellish lethargies, the morbid despondencies, the irritable debility of premature age in youth, nor would you grudge me—again as a matter of interest I put it—the only chance I have of doing anything, in the strength of mind, if not of body, that I get when I live abroad.

"For the future, one word more. It seems to me that I am in the position of a horse who, from his pedigree, ought to run well, but I am very much out of condition. I have cost a good deal of money, and I have very many engagements, but the public have a notion I will turn out a good horse some day or other, and you

may always sell me, say for £20,000. But though you are frightened at the enormous outlay, and are anxious to pay forfeit and to withdraw me from my engagements, in pure vexation you cannot forbear from a kick here and there, and a very well-deserved fustigation.

"But again, if it be only as a matter of interest, I would entreat you to devise, in your judgment, some means by which we could pull together loyally and peaceably for a common object.

"You worked and got back some acres,[1] but you indulged your fancy and married a widow Brown for love. Now I will build the house. I cannot work for that damned poet's temper of mine, but I will marry for money. Surely there cannot be a more self-denying proposition! For a year I have worked with this object, and if it was not attained the difficulty, as in the —— case, did not come from me.

"There is one other expression in your letter which I must notice. You say that I have 'not brought one ounce of honey to the hive.' That is only equivalent to saying that I have not got a place yet, nor married; the only ways of getting money from me. But show me a man who stands fairer for place, and had I been as devoted as Courtenay, with talents, great claims, and the oldest of names, I could not have got anything. Places are not so easy to get in these days as they were when you entered public life. It certainly has not been my fault if I have not got one, nor, as all must acknowledge, could I have played my cards better *quâ* political

[1] Lord Strangford had, on his return from Russia, purchased the old family house of Ostenhanger (now a dilapidated farm-house, though a very picturesque object), with a small portion of the original estate.

uestions. As Macchiavel said, long ago, of Cosmo de edici, 'the only way to do right is to pre-occupy the ular grounds.'

"I say there is no other way of getting money now-days, because, suppose I were to write a respectable ography, a work of time, it will not sell, and my pub-sher will give me nothing for it.

"As for my novel, there is a volume yet to write, and more, so you need be under no immediate alarm. Platonic was too strong a word. There were some passages slightly licentious, but these I have altered; but even for a novel I cannot expect to get much money, unless I were to write a very low one indeed, in the Jack Sheppard style.

"I have written frankly, my dear father, and perhaps in parts—though I did not mean it—without sufficient respect; but my sole object and hope and desire are to soften your just resentment, to obtain your pardon, and to live as happily as I might with you, not without a prayer that sooner or later I may be able to repay you by more happy feelings for all the anxiety my career and conduct may have caused."

George Smythe was right in believing that the Government were well disposed to purchase his adherence by the tender of office. Although he had on several occasions violently attacked Sir Robert Peel, and opposed his policy, the latter had formed a high estimate of his talents, and having now the under-secretaryship of the Foreign Office at his disposal, offered it to him in very flattering terms. He accordingly, on the opening of the Session in 1846, took his seat in

the House, pledged to support the Cabinet, or, as he expressed it, "fettered by party ties and muzzled office."

To a young politician there can be no more effect training for public life, no better cure for those theore flights to which irresponsible legislators are prone, th such a position as George Smythe now held; but h was impatient of control, and would not descend t the study of detail. It was irksome to him to sacrifice his personal views to a general policy, to undergo the drudgery of departmental routine, to echo opinions which he did not share, and to answer questions which he did not understand in a cut and dried form as prepared by his clerks. Pegasus was not more out of place in the plough than George Smythe seated as a subordinate member of the Government at the back of the Treasury bench. The emolument was, however, a matter of vital importance to him; and so, chafing, and champing his bit, he went through his work till, in the following June, Sir Robert Peel was driven from office, and Smythe's short-lived official career came to an end.

When at the general election which ensued he presented himself to his constituents, he was violently assailed for the support he had given to Liberal measures, and more especially to Corn law reform. He met these charges boldly, and in a very remarkable speech, delivered at Canterbury in July, 1847, claimed that the policy which he advocated was founded upon true Tory principles.

"The Tory party," he said, "is the true party of progress and of the people, as is vouched by a succession

of heroic spirts, a glorious martyrology, which opens with the name of Falkland and ends with the name of Canning," and he proceeded to pass in review the measures which he had supported and would continue to support, in alleged conformity with the pledges he had given to his constituents and with true Tory principles, the Tory party ever having been distinguished as "the friends of economy and popular rights."

Among other measures for which he claimed the sanction of Tory principle, were free trade,[1] secular education for the masses, extension of the franchise, the abolition of all religious disabilities, concessions to dissenters, and the disendowment of all church establishments, "considering that the less the minister of heaven has to do with the affairs of the earth the better."

In conclusion, he explained that he had opposed the policy of Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell because it had not, in his opinion, gone far enough in the path of reform.

Startling as these views must have been to the old Tories of Canterbury, who now heard for the first time that the party to which they belonged represented "a long line of democratic measures, which began with the Habeas Corpus and ended with corn law repeal." The boldness and novelty of these declarations, together with the eloquence of the speaker, served to convince them, and George Smythe was re-elected.

The King of Hanover was not so easily talked over however.

[1] A somewhat similar argument had been used in Parliament by Mr. Disraeli during the "Young England" epoch.

"I feel for you," he writes to Lord Strangford, on 30th July, "at the damnable radical speech of Smythe, which I own to have disgusted me as I read it, as it shows how a young man of talent can allow himself to be led away from sound principles, and then hold forth language, which though beautiful in language is diabolical in substance. I am glad if you can see Conservative principles, or any principles but such as are dictated by the accursed apostate and traitor Peel! Your parental love may blind you to the style and language of the address, so well given and well coloured, but still you see the figure of Satan behind it."

In the course of his address George Smythe had said that his "political watch was always five minutes too fast," but that he would "rather be one of the journalists who led than one of the statesmen who followed in the paths" of those reforms which he advocated, and when he spoke these words he probably already contemplated adopting journalism as a profession.

Early in the following year he was formally engaged upon the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*, then the organ of Sir Robert Peel and his party, and to this journal he continued to be a regular contributor for the next two years.

His political writings, and more especially those relating to foreign policy, attracted much attention, not only because of their brilliant style, but of the sound and close reasoning, and the knowledge of the subject which they evinced.

Lord Brougham, writing to Lord Strangford in the autumn of 1848, says:

"I always read the *Morning Chronicle*, it is the real paper for good news and good opinions on foreign affairs. I now send my own opinions and impressions through you to G. S., whose address I don't know."

Unfortunately, George Smythe's connection with journalism led him to neglect the House of Commons. He spoke but rarely, and seems to have lost all heart in parliamentary work; and when, in 1852, he once more presented himself for re-election at Canterbury, he was beaten by a large majority.[1]

Of the few remaining years of his life there is little to place on record. On his accession to the peerage in 1855 he was already in very failing health, and his mode of life was little calculated to restore him. Excitement had become a necessity to an existence which he had no desire to prolong at the cost of his pleasures. Nervous and restless, he sought relief in travel, which only increased his craving for constant change, and hurried his end.

In the autumn of 1857 he returned from Egypt in the last stage of consumption, and shortly after his arrival in London died, on the 9th November.

In one of his inexpressibly sad letters to his father, the seventh Lord Strangford thus sums up his short public career:—"My life has been made up of two blunders: I am a failure, and—I know it!"

[1] A dispute with one of his political opponents at this election led to a duel—the last bloodless encounter of this kind which took place in England, and which was rendered ridiculous by the fact of a cock pheasant rising at the most critical moment, and producing the effect of a body of police in dispersing the combatants.

A distinguished college friend,[1] who loved him dearly through all his follies and shortcomings, thus, in similar terms, wrote his epitaph:

"Poor George! he was a splendid failure!"

[1] The late Lord Lyttleton.

VI.

PERCY ELLEN ALGERNON FREDERICK WILLIAM SIDNEY SMYTHE, EIGHTH AND LAST VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

A Contrast—Constitutional Delicacy—Paternal Discipline—A Gloomy Childhood—Harrow—Dr. Wordsworth—Dr. Newman—The Gregory Scholarship—Merton College—Anti-Fellow Commonerism—Oriental Attachéship—Letters from Constantinople—Mr. Layard—Life in Pera—Learning Turkish—Abdul Medjid—A Revolutionary Wave—Oriental Professorship—Distaste for Diplomacy—War with Russia—Sir Stratford Canning—The Eastern Question—The Greeks—Honourable Henry Stanley—Promotion to Oriental Secretaryship—Retires from Official Life—Political Views—The Circassians—Schamyl—Honourable E. Erskine—Correspondence with Honourable T. Warren—Miss Beaufort—*The Saturday Review*—Curious Love-letters—Marriage—*The Pall Mall Gazette*—The Cretan Insurrection—The Earl of Derby—Social and Domestic Life—Ismail Pasha—Arabic Professorship—Bishop Wilberforce—Max Müller—Sudden Death—Public Regret—Opinions of M. Vambéry, Mr. Grant Duff, Mr. Hughes, and the Public Press.

A.D. 1825 TO 1869.

It is not unusual to find strongly-marked diversities in their moral and physical conformation among the offspring of the same parents; but it would not be easy to point to a more striking contrast than that presented in the natures of George and Percy Smythe, and it is interesting to trace throughout these two lives the direct influence of individual character and disposition upon their domestic relations and public careers. From boyhood upwards George was high-spirited and self-indulgent, Percy melancholy and self-denying; the one brilliant and idle, the other thoughtful and studious; each ambitious—the elder of achieving personal success, the other of doing good work for work's sake; the one like summer lightning, illuminating the atmosphere by

occasional vivid flashes, the other shedding around him a steady and continuous light. In physical attractions and social gifts the elder brother had greatly the advantage of the younger; in intellectual capacity he was, perhaps, his equal; in moral strength and power he was immeasurably his inferior. George Smythe had opinions, Percy had convictions; and while the one was swayed by impulse and passion, the other was guided by reflection and principle. As the one lived for pleasure, so the other lived for duty, and as, to the last, the one found social excitement a necessity to his existence, so the other sought in science and learning a solace under physical suffering. In this alone was there agreement between them: neither of these men, great as were their intellectual powers, has left after him more than a few fragments of his genius to edify or instruct mankind, while both lives serve to point a melancholy moral.

A QUAINT, sickly boy, in charge of his American grandmother; thanks to his Muscovite nurse, speaking Russian better than English, and winning the hearts of the dowagers of Clifton by his odd sayings and pretty ways.

The privations endured by his mother during her ill-fated Baltic voyage, from the effects of which she never recovered, had told upon her unborn child, and Percy, delicate and fragile from the cradle, as he grew in years showed a tendency to nervous excitability, which, together with defective eyesight, caused the studiously-disposed child to be prohibited from reading, and his general education to be retarded.

His natural intelligence, however, overcame this drawback, and when he was but four years old his grandmother proudly submits to Lord Strangford one of Percy's literary compositions:

"I send you a little story written by Percy. Everything that boy does astonishes me, though he is kept back as much as possible."

Lord Strangford, however, entertained some jealousy of his mother's influence over the child, and does not believe in female education, or indeed, in any educational system except his own:

"I can fancy the whole scene," he writes to her; "Percy insisting upon reading, insisting upon being near the fire, insisting upon anything, and gaining every point he chooses. I am more than ever anxious that he should be under my control. . . . A father can manage a boy better than any woman in the world, let her anxiety and affection be ever so strong. In you these feelings are too morbid to produce any useful or healthy action on the object of them. I wish you would read the first article, that on Lucretia Davidson, in the *Quarterly Review*, which came out two days ago, particularly the last paragraph, which sets the little value and the great peril of precocious acquirements in children in the clear, strong light of common sense. Read this article, which on every account is of the deepest interest and the most harrowing pathos."

So the child is removed, and subjected to paternal discipline.

"I told you," writes Lord Strangford in December, 1829, "that I would not keep Percy longer here than necessary. He is in excellent health and spirits now, and very good. The first row or two was quite sufficient to settle the point of my personal authority, to which he now submits with the most perfect good-humour, and he is so aware of the folly of attempting to resist me that I am quite sure that he and I might pass months together without any dispute, or anything happening to disturb his equanimity."

Thus the young rebel of four years of age is broken in by his diplomatic father.

Ten years later Percy writes to his sister from his tutor's at Brixton in a tone which would appear to justify the gloomy colours in which in after life he painted his childish days:

"I write to ask of you and Mrs. G. and Ellen to ask our father to let me come home for Easter, as I am very desolate and gloomy by myself, and, moreover, no lessons are done during this week and the greater part of next; so, will you all join your eloquence to persuade papa to let me come? . . but for goodness sake do not let him know that I asked you!"

Lord Strangford's educational system was peculiarly ill-suited to a child of a sensitive, gentle, and affectionate nature, and those habits of reserve and shyness, that tendency to live within himself, for which his father so often blamed Percy in after life, was doubtless in a great measure the effect of this training.

In 1841 Percy went to Harrow, not without many

injunctions from his father to remember his place in the family, and to bear in mind that he was not, "like George, the heir to a coronet."

"It is folly," Lord Strangford writes to his mother, "to think of giving Percy the education of an elder son, and he must soon begin to shift for himself." No such exhortation was needed; to shift for himself as soon and as completely as possible, to cease to be a burden upon others, and to make his way by dint of his own efforts, was the sole ambition of Percy's boyhood, and nobly and gallantly did he achieve the object.

Not only did he apply himself to his ordinary work with unremitting industry, but the leisure hours which his companions devoted to play were by him employed in the study of those Oriental languages, for proficiency in which he attained so eminent a reputation in after life, and his earnestness in this pursuit is illustrated by the fact that upon his father signifying his intention of making him a birthday present, the boy ventured to suggest that the gift should take the form of an Arabic dictionary, which he had long coveted.

Dr. Wordsworth, then the head master at Harrow, reports:

"Percy Smythe's verse is improving, but this, as well as his prose, requires a little more cultivation. In his conduct, I am glad to say, he unites the steadiness of prose with the harmony of verse."

Here is a specimen of his verse, which he sends to his father:

"There was a report here that Newman, who has long been shivering on the banks of the Tiber, had at

length plunged in and swum across to the Roman side; but his wanderings are not yet closed, and as he still remains afraid to advance and throw up his fellowship, as well as reluctant to retrace his steps, I have preferred to represent him in this situation:

> "Cur timet objecto tibere confidere? Vel cur
> Credere dilectis membra Neander aquis?
> Divitis hinc etenim retinat jactura cathedra
> Hinc Vaticani blanda querala senis."

In 1843 Percy won the Gregory scholarship, worth £100 a year, and this enabled him to gratify his ambition for a University education. He was accordingly entered at Merton College, Oxford, and from this time forth he not only entirely supported himself, but out of his official salary repaid his father a considerable portion of his school and college expenses. He left Harrow—for which he continued through life to entertain a warm affection[1]—with the best wishes of masters and schoolfellows.

Dr. Wordsworth writes to Lord Strangford:

"It is always with regret that I part from a pupil whom it has been a pleasure to have under instruction; but it does not often occur to be so entirely gratified by *all* that can recommend youth to the favour and high opinion of an instructor, as it has been my good fortune to be with Percy."

His father, however, during his first term at college, again impresses upon him the necessity of remembering that he is only a younger son, to which Percy replies:

[1] As a tribute to this sentiment his widow, in 1876, founded a Strangford prize for proficiency in geography.

"You quite misunderstand me if you think that I have not entirely thrown away all idea of my nobility, which is useless for one in my situation; and I have invariably hauled over the coals all the admirable specimens of the aristocracy who are up here."

In illustration he proceeds to quote instances of ignorance and incapacity on the part of some of his patrician fellow collegians:

"The warden gave a sumptuous banquet last Monday to half of the college. I was there, as was also L——, who handed Lady A. down, and otherwise tried to do the agreeable. Though no scholar, I thought he would at least be a master in the art of small talk, but his remarks were confined to the assertion of most undeniable facts relative to the autumnal fall of leaves. This was not quite so bad, however, as Lord B——, who was dining with Buckland, to whose wife he had to do the agreeable. Only one remark escaped his lips during the whole of dinner: 'Have you seen the new manure called guano? I hear it is very good.' The poor man thought he was asking a geological question."

These are fair illustrations of that "anti-fellow commonerism" with which he was so often reproached in after life. It was certainly not from his American ancestry that he inherited his republican contempt for rank, for they were ultra royalists; but at Harrow, as at Oxford, and later in ambassadorial palaces and in London clubs, Percy Smythe loved to proclaim war against the aristocracy. Nay, after he himself had become a peer, he was apt to speak disrespectfully of his own title, comparing it to a tin kettle tied to a dog's tail—a noisy,

worrying, obtrusive, and ridiculous thing, which he would gladly have dispensed with.

His career at Oxford promised to be a brilliant one, but came to a premature conclusion. In 1845, grasping at the first opportunity of self-support he competed for one of the two Oriental attachéships which had been instituted by the Government, and placed in the gift of the Vice-Chancellor. "A post of 250*l.* a year," he writes to his father, "is at any rate worth trying for," and having by his proficiency in Eastern languages distanced all competitors, he was nominated to the office, and in the autumn of that year embarked for Constantinople.

From his new scene of action he maintained a regular correspondence with his father. All his letters, graphic and witty as they were, are marked by his habit of discerning and dwelling upon the ridiculous or the unworthy side of human nature, and thus exhibit a tone of bitterness and cynicism which formed in reality no part of his character. Many years after, when on the eve of marriage, he, in a touching letter to his future wife, endeavours to explain away this "constitutional habit of sting driving,"[1] a habit which, however, never overcame his intense appreciation of what was good and true, or soured his gentle and affectionate nature.

On his way to Constantinople Percy Smythe describes his fellow passengers as "young brutes going to India for the first time, and old fools returning there for the last, from whom you seek in vain for information on Indian history or politics;" nor does he, on his arrival at Pera, find the company at Misseri's hotel any better.

[1] See *apud*, page 282.

"I have recently been reading Thackeray's paper on Continental snobs. Need I say that among the eight or ten Englishmen at table every variety of them is to be found?"

The dullness of ambassadorial dinners and réunions is thus hit off:

"The best thing about a Pera gathering is the clearness and sharpness with which the ranks are divided. In fact, a diplomatic party very much resembles the Chatham ball in the beginning of 'Pickwick,' where garrison don't talk to dockyard, and dockyard don't know townspeople."

His letters were passed from hand to hand through the family, and appreciated by all. George Smythe writes in October, 1845:

"I have sent you back Percy's letters, which are worth all we shall pay in postage and a great deal more. How admirably they are written; as quaint as Lady Mary Wortley's and as clear as Ellen's.[1] I had always thought him too much of a philologist, too much mega-theorised to condescend to be so truly picturesque and agreeable."

The sister referred to is equally appreciative of the charm of Percy's correspondence, though she cannot forgive him his anti-aristocratic tendencies, and has evidently no respect for the profession of journalism:

"Poor dear Percy! I believe he means to have the same horror of gentlemen through life that he used to

[1] His sister, afterwards Marchioness of Sligo.

have for gentlemen commoners. . . . None of those who see him at the Pera diplomatic réunions looking as if his arms and legs had just undergone the *question extraordinaire* in the rack of shyness, would probably give him credit for such wit and humour, and so keen a sense of the ridiculous, as are displayed in his letters. His painting, however, is quite in the Teniers line—*boors and newspaper editors*, &c., and his title-ophobia remains evidently as intense as it used to be at Merton."

Cynical as Percy's tone was, no one, however, could be more ready than himself to do homage to intellectual merit; and when he meets with personal kindness he acknowledges it with a mixture of surprise and gratitude which is very touching. Thus, on recovery from a severe illness, he writes to his father:

"It is rather too late to mention the great kindness and attention the Wellesleys showed me during my illness, but it is such as I shall never cease to be mindful of. To think that the English aristocracy contains so much good in it after all!"

And in many incidental passages in his letters we learn with how much generosity and delicacy he, slender as were his means, extended his sympathy and material help to those who needed it.

"I have inquired, and shall continue to inquire," he writes to the Hon. Henry Stanley, "about that poor Armenian family you speak of. I take an interest in victims, especially when outcast and helpless; but they must first turn up."

Here is a graphic description of the Nineveh discoverer, then a quite unknown man:

"My principal friend here is a man of the name of Layard, whose history is somewhat romantic. Some years ago, being in the Company's service, he arrived here on his way out. Here he foregathered with a countryman; and these young Delhis[1] started off on foot, with a compass, to see the world. They arrived at Bagdad; one went by the Persian Gulf to Bombay; Layard disappeared, and about three years after reappeared in the ambassador's palace here. He had wandered on foot and alone through the wildest part of Kurdistan and South Persia, and walked back again, when tired, in the guise of a Kurd or Arab, or some such wild animal. . . . His great passion is ancient and Oriental geography; he is a fair scholar, well up in Herodotûs, and a grand router-out of antiquities. . . He had been all last year at Mossul in the thick of the cholera. His workmen used to die by cart-loads. I never spent so pleasant a month as this last while he was living with me and Hughes. He is a very remarkable man, of the most prodigious knowledge, not of books, but of men, gained by ten years' travel between the Danube and the Indus without a penny in his pocket, rising daily without knowing where he would sleep, with his very life in hourly danger. To all this he adds a most correct judgment, much reading, and many accomplishments. He has, I believe, obtained a post in this embassy, where he will be invaluable, and will,

[1] Madmen.

I hope, rise to be its head.[1] His intellect and force of character are fully equal to those of Sir Stratford, and his knowledge is infinitely greater."

Admirable are Percy Smythe's pictures of Constantinople as it was thirty years ago:

"MODERN GREEKS.

"Sept., '45.

"You, who have only seen the Greeks in their national dress slinking along the streets in abject fear of the Turk, can have no idea of their number, their impudence, and their tittlebatism at present. One's ideas, however, are not shocked at this, when one considers that these snobs have little enough of the real ancient blood in their veins. . . . It is a relief to pass from such fellows to the respectable old Turks—albeit, their respectability in appearance is not improved by the substitution of the fez for the turban, and the frock-coat for the caftan. The other day I had to wait five minutes before a Turkish shop while the shopkeeper was finishing his prayers; though I had read of something of the kind, the reality was startling enough. The Turks, moreover, still maintain something of their character of bullies; but, not daring to bully Franks or Greeks, the storm descends upon the unhappy Jews. But the violence these suffer at the hands is not equal to that inflicted upon them by the Greeks, who not only thrash them, but take away their characters by swearing that they steal their children for sacrifice at Easter."

[1] A hope which his colleagues at Constantinople then probably smiled at as a very wild one, but which has recently been accomplished.

"IONIAN SUBJECTS.

"Decr., 1846.

"As I do not believe that the murder season existed in your time, I will briefly explain it. All our Mediterranean subjects from Malta and the Ionian Islands, whose native place is too hot for them, or who are otherwise hard up, come here. Now, they are British subjects, and the Turks, if they catch them, can't touch them, and our people won't; and, in this manner, being at liberty to rob and murder,[1] they exercise their vocation to such an extent that it is dangerous to go about at night except in bodies of three or four.

"A NOBLE FISH.

"Lord Pomfret is off to Malta. I happened to observe to Ahmed Effendi[2] (who is censor of the press here) that there was a delicious kind of fish at Bombay called a pomfret. To my great astonishment, in the next week's *Journal de Constantinople* appeared—'Sir Pomfret, autrefois renommé à Bombay, se rend aujourd'hui pour Malte."

"ON THE CHOLERA.

"The conduct of my Turkish master affords the best preservative I know. The contempt he feels for the cholera itself is only parallelled by that which he feels for the crowds of white-livered starving Pera Christians.

[1] See ante, page 135, where the sixth Lord Strangford, writing thirty years earlier, describes our Ionian subjects in almost identical terms.

[2] Now the President of the first Turkish Parliament.

When he sees the miserable tribe, with pale faces, slinking along the sides of the way, with camphor up their noses, talking fearfully of the daily number of deaths, and cowering from the dreaded approach of their own, he will never cease to believe that his people are the chosen people of God, and these Franks are but conscience-stricken infidels and blasphemers."

"I am delighted beyond measure," writes his sister Ellen (whose own letters sparkle with wit) to her father, "with Percy's correspondence, which would do honour to Baliol. . . . Do send me his last letter, for, with the exception of yourself, you know no one appreciates him as I do. Pisani is quite right in calling him your worthy son, for his letters are quite agreeable and well-polished enough to prove him to be of kin to you. I wonder if he has got on with the language, and if his passion for philological roots still continues as intense as in the days when he used to bore me by *scenting, and hunting, and digging for them like a truffle dog.*"

Percy Smythe was but ill pleased with his official position at Constantinople; he describes himself as being "not an attaché, but a sort of second chop dragoman, doing duty for the inferior race as much as Mr. Bennett[1] might do if compelled to officiate in a dissenting chapel." With characteristic conscientiousness, however, he devoted himself to his work, employing every hour that he could spare from the drudgery of official routine to improving himself in Oriental languages. In November, 1845, he writes:

[1] The Rev. W. S. Bennett, once notorious as the Vicar of Frome.

"The dislike which I at first felt for the language I easily got over, and have now made some valuable progress in literary Turkish. I have got up a better knowledge of the rudiments of Arabic, without which you are actually helpless. People and teachers think that all the Arabic will come as you read on in Turkish, and this is true in the process of time, after some three years, but the other plan puts the key of Turkish literature into your hands at once. Persian is a secondary consideration to Arabic, but without some knowledge of its peculiarities not much progress will be made in Turkish. The vulgar and idiomatic Turkish is a distinct language, with different words and idioms."

Here is a picture of the Sultan Abdul Medjid:

"May, 1847.

"Last week there was a great launch of a line-of-battle ship, at which the Sultan appeared, and walked about, in a pair of gloves which, to save propriety, were of a delicate flesh-colour. The day was hot, and the honest, good-natured fellow was hustled and mobbed most relentlessly by the crowd of Franks, particularly the English, who could hardly be kept from *feeling him or writing their names on him*, or indulging in other manifestations of English emotion. He took it all very well, and actually kissed Wellesley's little girl, and I am not sure that he did not want to kiss Mrs. Wellesley too."

The great tidal wave of revolution now sweeping over Western Europe made itself felt on the Bosphorus.

"March, 1848.

"The place has been thrown into delightful excitement by the great French news. All the Italian population at once hoisted caps of liberty and shouted about the streets "Vive la République" to the bewilderment of the Turks and the horror of Stürmer. Poor Bourgenay, the French ambassador, is in a sad way, and has sent down to Galata for a pair of razors, to commence life again, as he began it, in the capacity of a barber."

"1st June, '48.

"There was grand fun here the day before yesterday. It was the Emperor of Austria's fête-day, which is, of course, duly saluted and celebrated by the said emperor's representative here. The guns on board the vessels were loaded and ready to be fired, when, suddenly, the Danube steamer is seen rounding in. The news of the emperor's flight and of the establishment of a provisional government in Vienna soon spread, and the sailors, in spite of Stürmer and their captains, fired off their guns in honour of the provisionals. The same day Aupic, the new French ambassador, arrived; he did not land, but proceeded up to Therapia. The report immediately spread that the Turks had refused to recognise his Government or to have anything to do with him, owing to the threat of a mysterious Russian admiral, who is by way of cruising even now with six sail of the line and twelve frigates. . . . However, Aupic has now landed, and the city is not bombarded. On his landing, he drew his sword, and harangued a multitude of his fellow-citizens, telling them that though his

head was grey his arm was strong. Not only does he thus put forward his primitive notions of diplomacy, but he has another similar *ultima ratio* in the shape of four attachés, all full colonels in the army, and a fifth a colonel of engineers. These people have brought out a *citoyenne*, and intend to teach the benighted Christians of this country to dispense with marriage, by their example."

Hard work and climate had told severely upon Percy Smythe's constitution, and towards the end of 1850 he returned to England, broken in health, and with his nerves shattered. Clifton and a course of hydropathic treatment at Malvern, however, restored him, and in the following year he returned, unwillingly enough, to his post, after some vain efforts to obtain more congenial employment. One of his schemes, which he had submitted to the Foreign Office, was the establishment of an Oriental professorship, to be attached either to the Foreign Office or to one of the Universities, for the purpose of training a class of English gentlemen as attachés or dragomans in the East, and thus to supply the want of qualified and trustworthy interpreters.[1] For such a post Percy considered himself peculiarly qualified, but Lord Strangford strongly opposed his son's wish to abandon his diplomatic career.

"It is very easy," writes Percy, bitterly, in 1852, "to talk of financial and political suicide, but, after all, I am not an absolute fool. I merely mentioned resigning as an alternative to lingering on in a sort of life in death

[1] After the lapse of twenty-five years the Foreign Office has practically admitted the wisdom and necessity of the proposed arrangement.

here. Real physical suicide would perhaps be better for all parties."

Lord Strangford, by way of compromise, suggested a transfer to the legation at Athens, but to this proposal his son rejoins:

"As my social habits incapacitate me for court etiquette, so do my mental habits revolt against the intrigue and *tracasserie* which are more rife at Athens than elsewhere, and for dealing with which I am quite unfit. . . . I had far better endeavour to obtain one of the suitable consulates in the East—that at Rhodes or Beyrout, both eligible in point of climate, salary, and nature of business. For the fact is, the East is my career. Here I have formed my habits, my friendships, and my character, and if rooted out and planted in a Western diplomatic career, I would, as you very properly observe, be a fish out of water, or, to preserve my metaphor, a plant out of soil."

The ordinary life of a young attaché at a foreign court was one peculiarly unsuited to the habits and pursuits of Percy Smythe. Social accomplishments were entirely out of the province of Percy's capacities, but his working powers were extraordinary, and he knew best what he was capable of succeeding in. His father, however, with that obstinate adherence to his own views of the fitness of things as they affected others, which he so often exemplified in his correspondence with his eldest son, now resented Percy's arrogance in opposing the paternal will, and attacked him with sneers and bitterness, and unmerited reproaches.

"If," writes Percy, "I have offended you in any way in my last letters, written hurriedly and under agitation, remember that you had your revenge upon me by a letter in which I was pained to find both coldness and sneering. Don't alarm yourself at the prospect of my being a burden upon you. I have no intention of going home for the present. I must also beg of you to remember, before criticising and cutting up the style of my letters according to our Smythe habit, that it is not easy, for me at least, to drudge over copies of rubbish in the chancery, and at the same time write a connected letter with neat periods, and no repetition."

Some time after he again urges upon his father the advisability of his claim for the Oriental professorship being pushed:

"The Turks are a practical people, and with no small knowledge of the world, and their experience on the subject of place-hunting is conveyed in a proverb, literally translated, 'It is the squalling child that gets the milk,' the application of which it is not for me to point out. You must acknowledge that, after all, a diplomatic career is not one congenial to my tastes, or likely to afford me opportunities of distinction, or means of comfort and ease. My present scheme would afford all these, and you may be sure that while on the one hand I should have more than a competence, on the other I should make a far higher name for myself, and have the satisfaction of effecting more useful and permanent achievements than if I were Consul-General at Bagota or even Minister in Greece."

The declaration of war with Russia, and the concentration of an English army on the Bosphorus engaged in preparations for the opening of the campaign, taxed to the utmost the resources of the English embassy; and Percy Smythe's peculiar qualifications, as a direct medium of confidential communication with the Turkish authorities, together with his well-known working powers, caused an undue and excessive weight of labour to be thrown upon his shoulders. He toiled night and day without complaint or remonstrance, but his health was unequal to the strain, and now were developed the more marked symptoms of that extreme delicacy and nervous irritability, which preyed upon him in later years, and hurried him to an untimely grave.

The hardships of the official drudgery to which he was condemned were aggravated by the painful relations existing between him and his chief, whose splendid talents, and what Percy Smythe called "férocious energy," were blemished by a hard and unsympathetic nature, by serious defects of manner, and by an utter incapacity to court or win the affections of those under his orders. A less sensitive nature than Smythe's might not have winced under "this daily exposure to discomfort and toil, annoyance and humiliation," or would have found means of repelling the offence so frequently, if unconsciously, given. Unconsciously, for as he writes: "The idea of S. C. hurting my feelings, or of any employé of his having feelings to hurt, never entered his head;" but his letters show how much he suffered from "withering under the cold shade of Canning as better and nobler natures have withered before me," and how discouraging he felt it to toil and labour to the utmost of his powers,

without one word of appreciation, and not unfrequently under unmerited rebuke.

In the spring of '54 he writes:

"Lord Raglan goes off to-morrow, a nice gentlemanly old man, of whom I regret very much having seen so little. He spoke to me in the kindest terms, and alluded to his acquaintance with you. It makes me melancholy to see men like him, who involuntarily force the comparison between themselves and him whom I have the honour to serve—the one adored by his subordinates, who will do anything for him, and sacrifice their own convenience in every way; the other grudgingly obeyed by men whom he has universally given cause to hate him and whose esteem a word might have secured."

When, later in life, their official connection had ceased, and they met on common ground in general society, though the contrast between the past and present in their relative positions gave rise to recollections that sometimes excited his sense of humour, not a trace of resentment remained in the generous mind of Percy Smythe, who seemed only to remember his former chief's intellectual powers, and the good service he had done his country. Writing to his wife, in 1862, he says:

"I want Lord S. de R. to feel that his position in foreign politics is that which was held by the Great Duke in war, and by Lyndhurst in law, and that he is not only able, but bound, before it is too late, to survey the world from his height, and to speak of the future

with impartial utterance, like Moses from Mount Pisgah."[1]

The opinions on Eastern politics which his long and close observation, his study of the habits and manners of the Turkish people, and his intercourse with men of various shades of thought, had induced Percy Smythe to form while at Constantinople, he retained unshaken to the last hour of his life. Recent events have shown how accurate his perceptions were, and in how prophetic a spirit he had forecast the crisis to which events were tending. It requires, however, a closer study of his writings than is usually given to contributions to the public press to understand his political creed. Because he always opposed that unreasoning predilection for the Hellenic race prevalent among certain classes, and founded partly upon classical association and partly upon religious sympathies, he was sometimes denounced as a fanatical believer in the Turk. Never was a charge more groundless. No one had a more clear insight into the defects of Turkish character and Turkish rule; no one had more emphatically condemned those vices in their systems of government which, in his opinion, if not eradicated, threatened their extinction as a European power. Writing to a friend not long before his death, he said, "I am an anti *φιλέλλην*, but I am a pro *φιλορωμαιος*." This distinction is not always intelligible to people who talk glibly on the "Eastern question," and who conclude

[1] In an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (12th May, 1866) he gave public expression to these views, and says: "The great weight deservedly attached everywhere, more especially abroad, to the words he utters on the rare occasions he addresses the House, indicates him unmistakably as the genuine and naturally selected Nestor of foreign politics."

that anti-Philhellenism must of necessity imply strong pro-Turco proclivities. Percy Smythe was an advocate for upholding the integrity of the Turkish Empire, not because he believed its rule to be good, but because he did not believe in the possibility of any other rule taking its place at present without inflicting greater evils. The gradual advancement of subject races would, he believed, sooner or later undermine the Ottoman power in south-eastern Europe, but his hopes for the regeneration of the Byzantian peninsula rested not upon the Greek, but upon the Bulgarian, to which race he attributed the possession of far higher capacity for self-government, and in whose steadily-increasing strength and prosperity he ever took the warmest interest.

He believed that the inherent and deep-rooted duplicity of the Hellenic character unfitted the Greek nation for extended rule. In a letter, dated in March, 1855, to the Hon. Henry Stanley[1] (then Secretary of Legation at Athens), he says, with reference to an article in a Greek journal:

"The ethnology in the first column is glorious. Six millions of Hellenes between the Danube and Sperchine, two ditto of Hellenising Thracians (whatever that may mean), two ditto of warlike Serbs (rather of Serbian war maniacs), and three of rich Dacians (3,000,000 Wallachs *south* of the Danube!!), all kept under by one million poor and unwarlike Turks! All I can say is that, accepting the facts, as we are bound in deference to Greek veracity to do, the said Turks must be monstrous clever fellows, or the said

[1] The present Lord Stanley of Alderley.

Hellenes must be degraded savages. Alas! my dear Hellenes; when will you learn, not the excellence of truth, but the danger of falsehood? You throw off your lies as a novice does a bomerang, and they come back and break your heads. Did it ever strike you how inferior the Greek is to the Persian, though bearing much resemblance in character? After all, Sadi speaks more to the point than you or I ever shall, and has hit off the Greek in one couplet. 'That bi-huner fellow is just like an onion, all skin, while he fancies he is a pistachio nut, with a kernel inside him.'"

Again, he says:

"The Greek ought either to have a sheer hard, grinding Russian despotism, not one of sporadic oppression, of social inequality joined with personal liberty, as under the Turk, but an all-pervading systematic tyranny; in short, destruction of all liberty of thought, word, and deed. Tried in this fiery furnace, they would have a chance of purifying themselves from their manifold evil qualities; or else they should have an out-and-out republic with full swing; and a nice community of Kilkenny cats they would be! God forgive me for comparing the likes of them to anything Irish."

Percy Smythe was not amongst those who thought that the conclusion of the Crimean war had afforded a solution to the question which had given rise to it:

"I do not at all like or understand the peace," he writes to Mr. Henry Stanley in February, 1856. "Honest people with consciences, and designing people

with keen reflections, must both feel and see that the Eastern question is deferred, not solved; that it is but an adjourned debate after all; and I fear that we are exactly where we were before the war as regards this country with the force and tendency of circumstances, or what Carlyle would call *laissez faire*, all moving in favour of Russia, or at least against ourselves."

Percy Smythe was but a poor courtier; and having, in the beginning of 1857, found his claim for promotion to the Oriental secretaryship covertly opposed by his chief, having, moreover, no interest to bring to bear upon the Foreign Office, he resigned himself to his fate with his accustomed philosophy:

"I shall certainly *not* go and see Palmerston," he writes to Mr. Henry Stanley from London, "as I don't know him from Adam, and if I did he would not listen to me, but think me excessively impudent and presumptuous for talking. As a great favour, I might perhaps get a real card for an actual Saturday night, but I don't know that that would do anybody any good anyhow, except in as far as the unwonted sight of many beautiful women might kindle my susceptibility. So I bow down before the divine right of Whigs, and acknowledge their gift of prophecy. Were I one of them, I too might give tongue; but not being a Grey or an Elliott, with no chance of promotion or provision or of pension, being tied with Foreign Office tape from Hammond's drawer, marked 'separate,' and put on the shelf, I have clearly no right to an opinion in this London of ours. Not that I care a rap about want of promotion and the rest of it, except for the abstract injustice of

the thing. I have pretty good health now, and bread to eat, and I want no more."

On Mr. Allison's promotion to the head of the Legation in Persia, the pre-eminent claims of Percy Smythe could not, however, be overlooked, and he succeeded to the Oriental secretaryship in 1857. Towards the end of the same year, the peerage having now devolved upon him by his brother's death, and his health having again failed him, he retired from the diplomatic service, resolved to devote the rest of his life to more congenial occupations, and to those studies which were so dear to him. Could he at this time have roused himself into taking a part in public life he would doubtless have acquired distinction in the House of Lords,[1] but here again, not only did the state of his health deter him from active labours, but the effect of his father's training, which had made his youth a long and painful effort of self-repression, almost of self-effacement, and the isolated life he had since led, stood in the way of his entering the parliamentary arena on equal terms. He was not, it is true, unconscious of his great powers; indeed, there were times when he asserted these with singular simplicity and honesty, as a fact not to be ignored; but he could not teach himself to turn them to practical account. "I have been an exile, living as a Dervish, all my life," he used to say, when urged to attend Parliament, "what do I know of Turnpike Trust

[1] Lord Odo Russell wrote to Lady Strangford in 1866: "I heard Strangford make a speech at the Asiatic Society's meeting. It was quite admirable, and I was greatly struck by his excellent voice and clear diction. The House of Lords seldom hears anything better; what a pity he does not speak; he would at once command attention."

Bills?" He accordingly devoted what time he could spare from more severe studies to journalism; and it was mainly in anonymous contributions to the newspaper press that his vast accumulation of well-digested knowledge, and his sound critical judgment, found expression in such English as it was always a pleasure to read.[1]

Another cause which made him reluctant to take up English politics was the high ideal standard of statesmanship which he had formed, and his inability to descend to the shifting manœuvres of party warfare. These views find eloquent expression in some of his numerous letters to Mr. Henry Stanley:

"You have probably been reading the papers consecutively, and, being more of a London man than I am, will be better able to appreciate or understand the motives and principles of action which influence the various parties engaged. For my own part I am sad and disheartened enough at the whole thing. It does not seem to me, indeed, that any one of the whole lot, Whig or Tory, or whatever conventional name they may bear in the classification of English state science, rises in any degree beyond personal or party considerations. This party spirit, this *το σταδιωδες* of the ancients, is one of the causes of our falling character and inefficient action. Take as an illustration Roebuck's committee questions. The absolute truth or falsehood of the various propositions advanced never enters any one's head; it is their relative truth or falsehood, their greater

[1] A selection from his writings in the *Quarterly Review*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Athenæum*, and the *Saturday Review*, was prepared by his widow, and published by Mr. Bentley in 1869.

or less power of damaging an adversary, which is the only thing regarded; and it is with despair that I read, day after day, the plausible hopeless dilettante spirit pervading all modern shades of political thought, of which I suppose Gladstone may be taken as the purest and most typical form. Not as statesmen, full of faith in the reality of their work, but as advocates pleading at the bar in some cause in which they do not believe, and about which they do not care, except as means to a fee. I do not say this in any spirit of querulousness, or carping at aristocracy; those who raise class cries of this kind speak either mischievously or shallowly, mistaking effect for cause. The primary cause is the ignorance and the complacent vanity of the English people, which leads them to live for themselves alone, and not for their country; to neglect the first duty of citizens, that of making individual existence subordinate to that of the state, and lightly to delegate their own legitimate business to the incompetent hands of worn-out old standard-bearers. It was this unconscious recognition of the duties of a citizen which formed the greatness of ancient Rome and modern America; it is the want of it which causes us at this moment to stand out an object of distress to our friends, and of mocking contempt to our enemies. It is from this cause that we talk of disregarding all moral obligations, and of violating treaties, of annexing, occupying, or doing some such thing to Turkey; administering a *placebo* by shouting out abuse of the shiftless Turk, who cannot govern his own empire, and therefore ought to lose it. I doubt whether the wolf in the fable had got to the sublime state of transcendental moral perversity which we have

reached; whether he had talked himself into the belief that he was no wolf after all, but a just and necessary shepherd's dog." . . . . .

"After all, the bad of Turkey is identical with that of England, being Whiggism, pococurantism, *Khud-peresti*, or whatever you may call it, among a stifling upas growth of spurious aristocracy playing with principles like cards for the stake of personal power, and choking all good and noble development in the nation whose interests they are appointed to guard and to advance. I don't use the term Whigs in its conventional sense, but in a wider one, to denote all those who look on truth and principle as a means and not as as an end. . . . . .

". . . I have not mixed much in society, it is true, but the people whom I have seen are, on the whole, above the average, either in education, intellect, or position, and I can come to no other conclusion than that we have very little knowledge of facts and circumstances, while we are not influenced unanimously, as the members of a free state ought to be (and are in America on all external questions at least), by one guiding principle as believed in by all. The rising intellect of Oxford and Cambridge is far too sharp to believe in anything; it is hair-splitting, eclectic, sentimental, anything but practical and believing. You will think me a Puseyite for thus talking of faith as esential; I am not so at all, but I am convinced that no people ever was, or will be, great, whose national life is not the embodiment of some great principle or truth firmly believed in by every individual of the state, and recognised as his religion. Such was the principle of religious liberty in Elizabeth's time, of civil liberty

under the Commonwealth, of social equality under the French Revolution. Such was vital Islam under the first Khalifates, under the earlier Turks, and now in the marvellous little state struggling in the inaccessible heart of the Caucasus, every day and hour of whose existence adds to its own glory and to our shame. I call it a state, because the united influence of strong religious belief, and with a greater pressure from without weighing upon them for many years, has had the effect of consolidating a handful of squabbling mountain robber tribes into an organised nation of warriors, and their chiefs into statesmen and heroes. Neither faith nor romance is dead when a man like Enim Bey can make his appearance, friendless, and penniless, among strangers ignorant of their country and language, separated from his own people by some 400 miles of mountains and forest occupied by an active enemy, and in eight years can actually break down in a great measure the feudal institutions and cherished traditions of his adopted country by his vigorous propagation of truth, and his statesmanlike energy. The foulest chapter in Turkish history consists in the intrigues set on foot by the Turks against the Naib, and their only justification lies in the probability of their having been instigated by others. if that be a justification. And it is to this man's greater chief and spiritual parent that we address Vizirial letters in the name of humanity written in Gallicised Porte Turkish, requesting him to give up two ladies whom the Russians—poor injured lambs!—say he had seized. Did the Russians ever spare his people? Shamyl has God's truth and God's justice on his side, but his cause is being tried in Europe before a tribunal

where man's truth and man's feelings form the only measure, and of course the verdict will be against him; but it will as surely be reversed in the other Court."

Lord Strangford had an honest admiration for the American people, but was not blind to their individual defects nor to the vices inherent in their form of government.

"What is all this row with America?" he writes in 1856. "It seems to me that we are in a state of chronic apology towards that modest Government, and that they are not content with this, but want to change it to one of acute humiliation. There is something very bad about a Government which can stoop to make political capital by fixing wolf and lamb quarrels upon its neighbours; above all, when the lamb is no lamb, but a tough-horned old ram in reality; and something very mean about a people which, at best, while blaming the act, recognise and applaud the smartness. One begins to suspect that American greatness and energy are more an ethnological than a political fact, and are less to be attributed to any extraordinary merit in their institutions than to happy natural accidents and the greatly increased vigour and impulse which always presents itself at the evolution of a new race, for such the Americans are, in spite of after dinner clap-trap about Anglo-Saxon greatness, &c., at a Lord Mayor's feast, and such like conventional or official ethnology. I confess that I have a great contempt for a certain class of writers not uncommon in our Liberal press, who are always crying up this community of origin as though it explained everything, or had any action or

hold upon the American Government or upon the people who make that Government." . . . .

Here is Lord Strangford's explanation of that strange tendency to fraternisation prevailing between the most free and the most despotic nation in the existing political system:

" . . . . After all it is some time since I have foreseen and foretold that the Eastern Question would be reproduced in the West, and that this latter was an exclusively English, while the former was a European, concern. Spain is the Western Turkey, and America is the Western Russia, and it is the perfect sense and entire consciousness of this, existing in every free and enlightened breast, which causes the Americans to sympathise so cordially with Russia. It is better to acknowledge this frankly and in time, and to take measures accordingly against the worst, than to whimper, like some of the papers, in the tone of an outcast lover, about freemen and brothers sympathising with despots and slaves."

In the early part of 1861, Lord Strangford, as we must now call him, revisited the scenes of his official career, when his friend, the Honourable E. Erskine, then Secretary of Legation at Constantinople, thus speaks of him:

" He used to pass much of his time in my room, and as I was usually very busy, he sat in a corner reading, and occasionally amused and instructed me, by his quaint remarks about the people who visited me, or about the business with which I was occupied. Every

Turkish document that came in his way was examined with curiosity, and he would make fun of the translations, by Mr. S. and others, of the more important papers. We seldom left the embassy till late in the afternoon, when we all strolled out to the Grand Champs, and sat in a café overlooking the Bosphorus, listening to Strangford's inexhaustible flow of conversation. He never dined or spent the evening out, and it was difficult to persuade him to pay visits even to Ahmed Vefyk, or any of his numerous Turkish acquaintances."

One of Lord Strangford's most intimate friends in London was the Honourable John Warren, a son of Lord de Tabley, in his correspondence with whom he gives a loose reign to his humour, which breaks out into wild and grotesque exuberance, to add to the fun of which he employed a more than familiar phraseology, mis-spelling his words, and adopting a variety of fictitious and ludicrously combined signatures. These letters place him in such an entirely novel light, displaying in a marked degree that deep sense of humour[1] which so often underlies a melancholy temperament, that a few quotations will not be out of place.

ARISTOCRATIC ACQUAINTANCES.

"Here is —— come in a raisin' that toonful pipe of his, so that I can't write for his confounded perlite jab-

[1] In a biographical sketch published after Lord Strangford's death in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, this trait is thus referred to by one who knew him well: "Few of all those who saw the irritableness of sickness upon him suspected the fun of which he was capable in his easier hours, or the happy playfulness that made his companionship so delightful to the few who were his intimate friends."

ber. O! i like your fashunable comp'ny, your Grosvenors and the rest on 'em, wery much, and i ope it agrees with yer. I too have had my share, bein' neerly interdooced to Capten Luke Smithet of the *Vivid* steamer, as were made Sir Luke only on Satterday last." . . .

* * * * * * * *

DEAN STANLEY.

"I sat opposite a person at dinner last night with old Colonel Baillie, and, promiscuous-like, I ast the Colonel if he knew whether Arthur Stanley was a' goin' with the Prince arter all. 'O,' said Surplice, 'which Stanley is that?' 'O, don't you know,' said me—'why Canon Stanley, to be sure!' 'Oh yes, he wrote a book didn't he? and he 's a cleverish sort of feller I have heard,' said the dog. 'Sir,' I said, 'yes they do, so he is a man of ability.' Had it been any use I'd 'ave said Shakespeare too was a clayver man." . . . . .

A LORD MAYOR ON SCIENCE.

". . . . Geography[1] went off very ill, but there was lots of people. I sat between Palgrave and the Lord Major, who warn't bad. He talked about the Greeks in the City; and I wish Freeman had been there to have heard a regler old English municipal magistrate's opinion, and given without the old English letter H, too, on the swindlin' ways of them Hellenes, whom I had to defend, so he must have been hard on 'em. 'I'm a successful man,' he said, 'but there 's nothin'

[1] A meeting of the Geographical Society.

as gives me so much pleasure as bein' able to meet men of science. Why, I'd a great banket—I dersay your lordship 'eard of it—in the City last Friday, with a couple of 'undred of 'em. . . . Now, don't you think that 'Uxley a clever fellow?'" . . . .

ZOOLOGICAL REFLECTIONS.

"I went to the Zoological yesterday, and was bitten in the leg by a young gazelle—nipped quite hard. The little wretch took me for French beans I think, or saw the remains of some on my trousers; but I did not care for the pain, only asked myself, 'Is this here a omen?' Then I saw a keeper sweeping the Bactrian camel with a garden broom, for all the world as if he were a gravel walk, and I said 'This here is a existence worth livin' for!"'

This graphic nonsense was written on the eve of his marriage, hence the allusion to the gazelle and the omen.

In August, 1861, Lord Strangford had written a critique in the *Saturday Review* upon two volumes of Eastern Travel,[1] by the youngest daughter of the gallant sailor and eminent geographer, Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort. His verdict was very favourable upon the whole, but he had read the work somewhat cursorily, and had dealt severely with certain technical errors and shortcomings, venial enough in a young lady's first work.

On a more careful perusal he saw reason to re-

[1] "Egyptian Shrines and Syrian Sepulchres."

proach himself with harshness and injustice, and hurried up to town in order to expunge the more censorious passages of his criticism; it was too late, however, and all he could do to counteract the mischief was to append a few apologetic lines.[1]

"I am reading the book for pleasure now," he writes to Mr. John Warren some time later, "and I feel I've been too hard upon her; the descriptions and narrative are adorably good. You will never hear from me again, for I am going to throw myself into the river; she has gone away, and won't be back till January, and my heart is sick!"

His personal acquaintance with the authoress had rapidly ripened into friendship, and something warmer. On the 25th October, 1861, he writes:

"DEAR MISS BEAUFORT,

"Do not think for a moment that I do not entirely respect, and sympathise with the distaste for irony and ridicule which an ardent and reverent nature cannot fail to have; all I wanted to plead for was that the majority of writers who go to make up the aggre-

[1] The critique concludes thus: "It is no pleasure to rap amiable young ladies on the knuckles. We had rather bow courteously over the delicate and shapely articulations . . . . but we cannot in duty allow what we believe to be serious defects in an otherwise good work, even though so many of her inferiors have remained not only unreproved but praised. We should like nothing better than to appease her offended spirit by slaughtering a hecatomb of such. And when we think of the sincerity and fervour of affection with which she fondles and pets the recollections of her dear and beautiful Syria in every chapter, we have to struggle with a rising inclination to dash the pen through all our past criticism."

gate Review are not in themselves hateful or scornful, but are 'dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn;' I may add the love of love, though you cannot see that in us, any more than you can realise the benevolence or conjugal tenderness of a police magistrate. By you, I mean the world at large. I myself am vehement, and liable to lose my self-control in conversation, as all those who live the lives of recluses are, and it is very many years since I have been on other than the most formal terms with ladies; and this must be my apology for the rudeness of which I was guilty in talking of your friends. With regard to the *Saturday Review*, please believe me, that I did not make a personal matter of it, but endeavoured on the contrary to merge my personality in the abstraction, or rather in the majority of the writers, with whom I have so much sympathy, that I feel as they do, collectively speaking; and it was my power of expression that failed in producing the desired effect. I wish I could make you see, which I shall sooner or later succeed in doing, how wholly impossible it is for anything you may say to sow grief between us."

It would appear that Lord Strangford's habit of saying bitter things alarmed and shocked Miss Beaufort, for we find him again and again defending himself on this point:

"Irony is with me," he writes, "unfortunately or fortunately I cannot say, not the sign of a cold and unloving heart, be well assured, but the shelter and refuge of a warm, over-tender, and, I fear, a weak one. I have never told you, nor does any one know, whether or not

I have suffered to exhaustion in times far past; and if the head has stepped in and filled the vacuum or paralysed the work of the heart, it is for self-preservation. . . . From accident or circumstance and the habits produced and determined by them, my life has been very lonely, and I have long tried to do my best to master the customs of friendship, and to exercise, acknowledged or unacknowledged, its acts.

". . . . As for being malicious, or saying things that so appear on the surface, it is in my constitution and blood, and cannot be got rid of. In a Persian fable, a scorpion unable to swim is allowed by a tortoise to cross a river on his back, and in doing so lets drive with his sting all the time at its well-cased friend. 'You ungrateful wretch,' said the tortoise, 'what made you do that?' 'My friend, it is not ingratitude,' said the scorpion, 'it is *niyat i nish zeden*, a constitutional habit of sting-driving which I have got.' I have been a scorpion, in every sense of the word, for many years myself, so I give you warning to cast me off in time; but I am your friend always whether you are or are not mine."

The originality of thought and expression and absence of conventionality which marked Lord Strangford's character extends even to his *billets-doux*. Did ever a man give expression to his love in such terms as these?

"Was ever woman in such humour wooed?"

"The other day, when I suggested a parallel between the aspirations of Mr. Noel, as seen in his writings, and the Emperor Akbar, you thought I was about to make a monkey joke, and shuddered. What I *was* thinking of was a letter from the Emperor to the King of Europe

(*i.e.*, Portugal), in which he asks for copies of the holy books of the Christians, and in which most curious compound of pedantry, sentiment, and excellent spiritual aspirations, occurs the following sentence: 'In the world of humanity, which is the mirror and reflection of the world of God, there is nothing equal to love or comparable to mutual affection.'[1] For many years I have known and felt this, though I never said it till to-day to any second person. . . . . When you next write, please give me the possessive pronoun of the first person, because forms must not be one-sided when they are expressions or symbols of realities."

The marriage took place in February, 1862, and thenceforth Lord Strangford found himself soothed and cheered by that affection and sympathy for which his affectionate nature had long yearned, and surrounded by that tender care and those home comforts that his delicate health so much needed, but to which hitherto he had been a total stranger.

He now devoted his time with increased assiduity to his favourite pursuits, occupying himself with geography and philology, and bringing his special knowledge of Eastern politics to bear upon passing events. In a letter addressed to Lady Strangford in June, 1869, the present Lord Derby says:

"While connected with the Foreign Office, and while the Cretan war continued, I never failed to read the comments which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on

[1] This curious letter is quoted in a rare work, the "History of Nadir Shah, formerly called Thamas Kuli Khan," published by James Fraser in 1742.

the events then in progress, and though not at the time aware of the authorship of these papers, I was continually struck by the thorough and minute knowledge—a knowledge, I am bound to admit, far exceeding mine—which the writer evidently possessed, both of the actors in the business and of the localities where it was carried on. I may perhaps add, that being then in a position to estimate their effect on the public mind, that their appearance did more than anything else to prevent an outbreak of ignorant and mistaken, though sincere sympathy, with a cause which neither honour nor policy would have justified England in supporting."

Lord Strangford, though his great conversational powers and varied knowledge made him a valuable acquisition in any circle, kept as much as he could aloof from general society; but few men were ever more beloved by the friends who were admitted to his intimacy, and in whose company he himself took pleasure. That combination of high intellectual gifts with a childlike simplicity of manner which is not uncommonly the characteristic of superior men, formed one of Lord Strangford's greatest charms, and all the more so from the playfulness of tone in which his conversation, when most instructive, was frequently pitched.

That honest consciousness of his own powers, which has been already referred to, never took the form of arrogance; but he was impatient of everything that bordered on imposture or quackery, and had a happy knack of calmly administering stinging rebuke to pompous incapacity or pretentious ignorance.

At a dinner-table a loud-voiced and superficial man,

a *petit maitre*, who, while professing to know many languages, had barely mastered the philosophy of his own, said, after hearing Lord Strangford's explanation on an intricate philological question, "Ah, you seem to have picked up something about it; but I should like to ask Max Müller what he thinks." With unruffled brow, and the quietest but most exasperating smile, Lord Strangford remarked: "Max Müller will send you back to me;" and, turning to his neighbour, he added: "he actually does not know why."

The solitary life which he had led, and the unsociable habits formed during his long sojourn in Turkey, made love and matrimony a somewhat perilous experiment to him. The practice, too, of self-repression, which had become his second nature, during the earlier years of his marriage made it difficult to him to admit a full partnership of feeling, or to acknowledge a reciprocity of sympathy. The necessity of adapting his life to his altered condition did not seem to occur to him, and his wife wisely abstained from all attempts to break him into habits of connubial domesticity. He accordingly, for the first two or three years after his marriage, indulged in his independent wanderings abroad, and his club dinners in town, precisely as during bachelorhood; but by degrees home influences worked upon him, and as time passed he became more and more weaned from his nomadic habits, and attached to his fireside. In nothing is the change which a happy marriage had worked in him more marked than in the tone of his letters; these are as graphic, anecdotal, and witty as ever, but there is no sadness in them now, and no bitterness; though they express his old views with unimpaired

vigour. Thus, during the Cretan insurrection, he writes to his old friend, Mr. Norris[1]:

"Easter week, as you know, is the regular period for outbreaks, when the "dogs"[2] have their bodies gorged with roast lamb and their spirits maddened with paschal fanaticism. Now I am not an advocate for actively supporting the Turks as things stand, but I am decidely hostile to Russian and French interference against the Turkish government, and I would use every means to prevent it. *The Turks will fight single-handed if we desert them; and, depend upon it, they will die hard.*"

On the occasion of the Sultan's visit to England, Mr. Norris had expressed a wish to pay his personal respects to his Majesty, and Lord Strangford accordingly offered to present him.

"I will introduce you," he writes to his friend, "as the greatest Cornish scholar of the present or of any age, and if his Majesty should ask what Cornish is, I'll tell him, in the words of Squeers, that it is more easier conceived than described, and that it's a holy thing."

The following anecdote occurs in one of his many charming letters to his wife:

"Yesterday that dear old Kmety[3] called upon me and talked about —— and his carpet campaigns, and his

[1] The eminent philologist and editor of the Cuneiform (Assyrian) Dictionary.

[2] The generic term by which he designated the Greeks.

[3] Ismail Pasha.

laying himself out for English weak points, Delane, high women, and Palmerston. But, oh me! when will Kmety ever speak English? He talked all the time about his winter spent in Turkey, which I thought all right, till he said something about the Great Western Express, and it dawned upon me that it was *Torquay* he had been staying at!"

It has been shown how at one time of his life it had been Lord Strangford's ambition to fill an Oriental professorial chair; the tender of such an office was now made to him in these flattering terms by Dr. Wilberforce:

"My Lord, "20th March, 1868.

"You are, I know, aware from the testimony you have borne to Mr. Chinnery, that the Lord Almoner's Rectorship in Arabic at the University of Oxford is now vacant.

"There is a very strong desire, among some of those best qualified to judge in such a matter, as to who could best fill the chair, that you should yourself occupy it; and I venture to ask you whether you would yield to this wish and allow me in nominating you to the office to dignify it with your name, and provide it with your large acquirements.

"I am most truly yours,

"S. Oxon."

With much reluctance Lord Strangford felt com-

pelled to decline this proposal; upon which Professor Max Müller writes to him from Oxford:

"I am truly sorry to hear from the Bishop of Oxford of your declining the Arabic professorship. You would have been very happy here away from the pomp and vanity of the world, and you would have been driven to do some great and lasting work. Oxford is not what it used to be; it is growing, expanding, and awakening. In the world of youth and promise you would have found a more genial sphere than in the House of Lords. I am afraid it is too late to say this now, but I grudge a man like you to the world, the so-called world. England is not so rich in scholars who have a conscience as to be able to waste them like water on the land."

It certainly was not the attractions of "the world," nor his duty to the House of Peers, which he but rarely attended, that induced Lord Strangford to forego a position so thoroughly congenial to his tastes; but his health was now too broken to allow of his incurring the labours and obligations of a salaried public office. In spite of a debilitated frame, and shattered nerves, he continued to study and to toil in his own conscientious if desultory way, laying up materials from which others should construct works calculated to guide and instruct future generations; but the sword was wearing out the scabbard. On the 9th January, 1869, he was suddenly seized with an effusion of blood upon the brain, under which he sank in a few hours, dying in the

arms of her whose tender care had prolonged his frail life, and whose love had lent it the only sunshine it had known.

* * * * *

So unobtrusive had been Lord Strangford's labours, that beyond the province of scientific associations and a small circle of intimate friends, his name was hardly known as one of more than average attainments. Not till he died did the public learn how great a mind had passed from among them. Then the press, not only in England and on the Continent, but across the Atlantic, burst forth into pæans of regretful praise; then leading men in many branches of knowledge seemed for the first time to realise how great a loss they had sustained, and to ask themselves who should fill the big gap in their ranks.

It conveys some idea of Lord Strangford's vast and varied acquirements to learn that he had, for many years, been one of the guiding spirits in the Geographical, the Ethnological, the Philological, and the Asiatic Societies of London, the members of which now met to mourn around his vacant chair, and to lament bitterly that they should no more hear his voice in those halls where his quick step, his keen and nervous face, and the eager stoop, caused by extraordinary shortness of sight, were so well known.[1]

Letters of condolence poured in in quite extraordinary numbers, and from every part of the world, including Bagdad, Pesth, Boston, and Berlin.

[1] See *Pall Mall Gazette*, January 12, 1869.

M. Arminius Vambéry, the great Oriental scholar and traveller, writes:

"The late Viscount Strangford was unequalled, not only in Great Britain, but on the whole Continent, as regards his precise, deep, and correct knowledge of various Asiatic languages.[1] . . I will only allude to his astounding knowledge of the Tchagatai or Tartar Turkish, a dialect of which, I believe, but only a few people have a slight notion. Fancy my astonishment, after returning from Central Asia, when I met with the late learned Viscount, to hear him quote the Tartar classics as well as any mollah in Khiva or Bokhara, and speak the Tchergotai better than myself!"

This eminent scholar describes Lord Strangford as "his noble-hearted protector, the only man in the whole world who was able to appreciate the aspirations of science, who encouraged without flattering, who supported without the slightest allusion to intended patronage."

Mr. Grant Duff says of Lord Strangford's "unique powers:"

"It would be difficult to put it into words; but one realises it best by thinking how many, many men of first-rate ability might have dropped from the

[1] He was equally conversant with European dialects, and, among others, spoke that of the Gipsies fluently. A selection from Lord Strangford's philological papers, under the editorship of his widow, is in course of publication.

scene and left less of a blank. The seminal minds —the men who teach the teachers—are so few in a generation."

One of his oldest friends, Mr. Hughes, his colleague in their early diplomatic career, in a letter of condolence to Lady Strangford, bears this testimony: "No one could fail to appreciate his marvellous talents and genius, but only our two selves, and perhaps Warren, could know how truly good he was, and how entirely free from those moral evils, envy, malice, and uncharitableness."

But while all admitted Lord Strangford's great gifts, all equally regretted that they had borne so little fruit.

One who knew him well says, in the course of a generous tribute to his memory[1]:

"A scholar, the like of whom we have had but few, has not left behind him a single volume to preserve his name among men. A man, versed perhaps above all others in some of the great questions of the day, himself a member of one branch of the legislature, has never publicly opened his mouth to enlighten the world on subjects which none knew as well as he. When we see such a man taken away in the prime of life the regret is deep, because the loss is irreparable. The profound and varied knowledge of Lord Strangford has died with him."

* * * * *

[1] *Saturday Review*, 16th January, 1869.

A modern poet speaks of those

> "Who, gifted with predominating powers,
> Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace;
> . . . . Who die betimes;
> Whose story is a fragment known to few." [1]

As a noble and a precious fragment do those few who know it best treasure the life-story of the last of the Strangfords.

[1] Sir Henry Taylor's "Philip Von Artevelde."

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